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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[REJECTED LOVE.]

Shadow was one of his followers, and more than that, his friend.

The fellow discarded his ragged, dirty, and antediluvian costume, on his way to the office of his lawyer; and when he entered the house in a suit of new clothes, of the ordinary fashion of the day, the clerks at first did not recognize him.

"Ah! Mr. Shadow, I scarcely knew you," said little Mr. Petherston, the head clerk; "your trip into the country has done you a world of good. Had a pleasant time, eh?"

A livid smile passed over the man's lips.

"A pleasant time, in truth," he muttered. Then he added aloud: "Tell Mr. Merryweather I have important news for him, and I must see him immediately."

This somewhat peremptory message was at once transmitted to the lawyer, and in less than five minutes after John Shadow entered, he had passed into the little room behind.

Oh, that little room! what dreary secrets did it not conceal?

How many aching, weary hearts had issued from it more aching and more weary still. What tales of widows wronged—of children robbed—of parents left penniless—of homes broken up, and hearts broken, could be read in those solemn rows of shelves, with their little piles of neatly folded blue papers tied with red tape.

Merryweather rose smilingly when John Shadow entered.

"Ah! Shadow," he said, "I am delighted to see you. Has your trip down to Thornton turned out as well as you expected?"

John Shadow glanced round the room.

"We are quite in private here, of course?" he asked. Merryweather rubbed his hands.

"Quite—quite!" he said; "you know this room of old, Shadow; no one outside can hear a syllable pronounced in here. What has happened?—for even you, the most imperturbable of imperturbable men appeared strangely moved!"

The man laughed.

"Bah!" he said, "it's an ugly business, but as I had no hand in it there's no occasion to be flustered about it.

You remember I told you that Ralph Conyers, the lost heir to Milton Hall, was taken to Australia."

"Yes, yes, but begin at the beginning. From your last letter it seems that things are approaching a crisis." John Shadow smiled grimly.

"They are approaching a crisis," he said, "but as to my revelations, let them be in bad order, if you like, but let them be what I choose. As I said before, Ralph Conyers was taken by a person to Australia."

Merryweather took notes.

"In Australia he became acquainted with a young man named Saville—Granny Saville—a dashing fellow, somewhat younger than he, and they became bosom friends. This Grubby Saville I have discovered to be my own son."

The lawyer started.

"Your son?" he cried.

"Yes, why not?"

"You said you had but one child—little Esther, who was starved to death."

Shadow's form trembled with emotion as the lawyer spoke.

"Speak not of that," he cried, hoarsely. "I am a bold man, if you like; but a mention of that poor girl's name unmans me. No—no, she was not my only child. I had another, a boy, born before her. His mother, when she deserted me, fled to Australia, and took him with her. She left me the infant girl. This boy, who is but a year younger than Ralph Conyers, was brought up with him, and they never quitted one another till a short period ago, when Ralph, hearing from his new friend that he was heir to a fine estate, came to England to claim, not his fortune, as it might have been thought, but the love only of his friends."

"And he is, at the present moment, I suppose," said the lawyer, sipping some cold sherry and water, "in the bosom of his delighted family."

"Not so," returned John Shadow; "he is dead!"

Merryweather, villain as he was, was unprepared for such an announcement as this, and still more unprepared for the manner and the voice with which these words were uttered.

"Dead!" he repeated, "dear me! this is very sudden."

John Shadow gazed at the window, and never once looked the man of law in the face.

"It is sudden," he answered, "he was murdered!"

A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

By VANE IRETON ST. JOHN,
Author of "The Queen of Night," "In Spite of the World," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

He was a villain, my good sir—a thorough-paced villain as you might meet in a life's ride—*Old Play*.

WHEN John Shadow left Milton Hall, he directed his steps towards a little hamlet which lay some four miles on the London Road, and slept at a little cottage where his presence would never have been suspected, but where he had passed the preceding night.

The following morning he entered the train, and arriving in the metropolis made his way at once towards the office of Mr. Samuel Merryweather, a solicitor, whose office was in Coleman Street, City.

Mr. Samuel Merryweather was a "solicitor of some standing," so said the world.

The appearance of his office proclaimed this. The brass plate on the door was always scrupulously bright, the blinds were always clean, the carpeted offices were always spruce and pleasant-looking, and three or four clerks were always at work.

Mr. Merryweather himself was a tall, well-built man, of some forty years of age—a man whose lot in the world had apparently been invariably cast in bright places—one of those broad, showy, loud-speaking personages, whom one expects to see in the chair at a public meeting, or in the position of director to some flourishing company.

Yet that office, bright and cheerful as it seemed, hid many a dark secret, and fair and open as Merryweather's practice seemed, he was less to be trusted than perhaps any other man in the profession.

No matter how queer the business—no matter how ugly it seemed in his own eyes, and how ugly it would of necessity seem in the eyes of the world, Merryweather would undertake it; and share the plunder with his clients.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that John



"Murdered!" cried the lawyer, leaning forward, and grasping his arm; "tell me, not by you?"

Shadow turned round and eyed his confederate—for he was no better—with a glance of contemptuous pity.

"By me!" he repeated, "why should you suppose me capable of such a crime, and what object do you imagine I could have for committing it? No, no; Ralph Conyers met his death by foul means; but I am guiltless of his blood."

He then narrated to Merryweather the same story he had before told to Burnett Crowe.

The lawyer listened, and took notes again.

His hand trembled, however, so that he could scarcely write, and his face was ashy pale.

He evidently was as little credulous as the old schoolmaster had been before him.

"On the evening after the murder," continued the villain, "I had an interview with Isabel Conyers."

"Indeed? was she a consenting party to this interview?"

"Yes, she gladly saw me. She expressed a doubt as to the dead stranger being Ralph Conyers; and said that Mr. Conyers was unwilling to believe that he was. I removed her doubts, to a great extent, by giving her conclusive evidence, as she imagines. For this evidence she gave me two thousand pounds."

The lawyer was becoming interested.

Evidently he was about to hear some deeply laid scheme, in the plunder consequent upon which he would share; and so, carried away by his avarice, he forgot his terrible suspicion.

John Shadow proceeded:

"Before I say more, therefore, you know that, in the event of failure, I have the immediate means of paying you handsomely, and therefore I entreat your hearty co-operation in my plan."

The lawyer, at any other time, would have grasped his hand, and begged him to consider him his best friend.

But, somehow or another, he could not bring himself to touch his quondam friend, and he contented himself, therefore, with rubbing his hands, and saying:

"Never mind the money, you may be certain I will aid you."

In spite of this show of disinterestedness, however John Shadow had taken out his pocket-book, and drawn out a bank-note for four hundred pounds.

"I changed my order," he said, "as I came along, and am enabled therefore to give you an earnest of my good-will."

The lawyer took the note with a tremulous hand.

"What villainy am I expected to do for this?" he thought, but he said aloud—"Many thanks, Mr. Shadow—many thanks; and now explain to me your scheme."

"You see, Merryweather," continued John Shadow, "this young man murdered at Thornton wood was Ralph Conyers. I know it. But I allowed Isabel Conyers, nevertheless, to believe that there was a doubt, in order that at a future time she may be prepared for the catastrophe. Naturally she desires her son Reginald to inherit the property, and of course she was the more grateful to me because I had extricated her from difficulty."

"Just so, but I cannot yet see your drift."

"It is easily explained. As I said before, the dead man is Ralph Conyers; but I am about to adopt him as my son."

The horrid levity of the fellow made the lawyer shudder.

"Adopt a dead man!" he cried.

"Yes," he said. "My real son will come to England in a few weeks, and he will pass for the heir."

The lawyer was aghast at the man's stupendous villainy; it threw quite into the shade his own pettifogging plots and trickeries.

"But are you sure?" he asked, "that your son will agree to this?"

Shadow smiled.

"I will take care he does," he answered. "Besides, he will not know that he is my son, until after he has obtained the marquisate."

The lawyer glanced at him in wonder.

"Who, then, does your son suppose himself to be?" asked he.

"He fancies himself to be Granby Saville," answered John Shadow. "I can easily produce documents to prove that he is Ralph Conyers. This I shall not delay longer than I am positively compelled; and when he is once safely installed in his estate, you and I step in to share it with him—do you see, eh?"

Merryweather did see it.

"Yes—yes my friend," he said, "I see it all; you are a bold and a clever man."

He took his hand and grasped it warmly as ever.

"Tell me," he added, "how I can assist you at present."

"There are some statements which require reducing to good, lawyer-like documents—among them a will. I will fill in the names and obtain signatures."

"I understand," said Merryweather, his face turning

of a greenish pallor. "I understand; leave the papers and all shall be arranged as you wish it."

John Shadow handed over to him the papers of which he had spoken, and then rose to go.

"Adieu my friend," said Merryweather, laying his hand on Shadow's shoulder, while his whole body trembled with excitement, "you may rely upon it that I will aid you in anything; but just for the sake of old friendship, and my peace of mind also, tell me again—you did not kill this man, now did you?"

"Fool!" cried John Shadow, shaking him off and opening the door; "you are a coward as well as a knave. A little more of such snivelling as this, and I take my money elsewhere."

The lawyer detained him.

"I did but jest," he cried. "Be not so hasty—when shall I see you again?"

"When I require your services," returned John Shadow, and left the room.

"A terrible and an armed villain," said Merryweather, as he sat down, drank half a tumbler full of sherry, and then wiped his moist brow with his pocket-handkerchief. "I can swim safely with him I know, almost anywhere, but I fancy he is going into water a little too troubled to be comfortable."

As he spoke, the head clerk entered with a card.

"The gentleman who sends this is very anxious to see you, and will wait if you are engaged."

Merryweather remained for a moment gazing at the card in blank amazement.

At length he raised himself.

"Show him up directly," he said.

The clerk vanished.

"Reginald Conyers! Reginald Conyers!" repeated the lawyer, as he glanced at the card; "what can bring him here on the trail of his deadliest foe?"

He had not much time for reflection.

Reginald Conyers entered.

He was, as I have said, a tall, handsome fellow; and he entered and sat down with the easy nonchalance of a man used to good society.

"I have been recommended to you, Mr. Merryweather," he said, "by Lord Porsfield."

"Ah, yes! his lordship and I have had many transactions," returned the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "I have known him for years. Are your requirements at all similar to his, Mr. Conyers?"

The young man laughed.

"Well, to tell the truth, they are—exactly similar," he said; "that is to say, I am in want of money; but my securities will not be exactly of the same kind. My mother, Mrs. Conyers, of Milton Hall, has a private fortune of her own."

Mr. Merryweather, as usual, took notes.

"To what extent?" he asked.

"Twenty thousand pounds," replied young Conyers. "This amount she has left to me by a will, executed while I was abroad."

"Just so. You have doubtless obtained from her a copy of this will?"

The amiable young man, for whom Isabel Conyers was sacrificing peace of mind for ever—perilous, may be, her very soul—exhibited some confusion at this question.

"Well—no!" he said; "my mother, in fact, is not aware that I know anything of this will. I learned of its existence quite accidentally; in fact, I overheard a conversation between her and Mr. Conyers on the day of my poor brother's expected arrival. This poor brother having met with his death suddenly—a shocking thing, and quite distressing to me, I assure you—I naturally shall inherit the title and estates; and this private fortune of my mother's may, without fear, be spent before I get it. You understand it, Mr. Merryweather?"

"Perfectly. You desire to raise money on this will?"

"Yes: that is it. I like you, Mr. Merryweather, you are so clear-sighted, and help a fellow on in his business. You do, upon my honour. Well, how soon can this be arranged?"

"Where is the will?"

"At my mother's solicitor's, Mr. Hardy, of 5 Chancery Lane."

"Good; in three days you can have a loan. How much do you require?"

"As much as I can get. My debts are large, and I am not particular as to the interest. But can you let me have some money to-day—a couple of hundreds, just to keep me going?"

Mr. Merryweather looked grave, doubted seriously whether it could be done, and wound up by lending the two hundred pounds, and taking a receipt for two hundred and ten—which he was to deduct from that advanced on the will.

Reginald Conyers thanked him, and left the office satisfied. At the door was a brougham, and in it, a showily-dressed, handsome girl, about twenty.

"Drive to the London and Westminster Bank," said he to the coachman, as he jumped in. "And now, Alice," he added, "don't look so terribly cross. I'm going to buy that dress you so much admired this

morning, after which we will turn round again and dine at Richmond."

The girl smiled, tapped him on the cheek with her fan, and quickly resumed her good-humour.

And this was he for whom, as I have said, Isabel Conyers was periling her soul, and wandering ever in the shadow of a great dread!

CHAPTER VIII.

When thus her face was given to view,
Although so palid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear,
To those bright ringlets glistening fair.

Marmion.
It was about a week after the funeral of Ralph Conyers, and a fortnight thereafter after the departure of Cicely Crow for London, that Mr. Conyers and his wife were seated at breakfast at the hall.

Mr. Conyers looked pale and ill, as if the anguish he had of late suffered was enhanced by the noiseless workings of some secret malady.

Mrs. Conyers was scarcely less pale. Her eyes were wild and restless, as if sleep had long been a stranger to her, and she sat in a listless, weary attitude, as if she were tired of long watching and waiting for the end.

They had been silent for some moments, when a servant entered, bearing several letters, which Milton Conyers received with an indifferent air.

But what is it which makes the life-blood fly to his cheeks, and then rush in a tumultuous torrent to his heart?

Why does he clutch that letter, and why do his hands tremble as he reads the superscription?

His wife gazed at him in astonishment and alarm. His form was agitated violently for some moments; then tears burst forth and coursed down his cheeks, while he murmured in a broken whisper:

"My boy—my poor boy! too late—too late!"

"What is the matter, Milton?" asked Isabel Conyers; "you seem strangely affected."

Her husband handed to her the letter.

"Death," he said, "is busy with our house. That superscription tells its own tale."

Isabel eagerly glanced at the letter and its address. It was edged with black, and the address ran thus:

"To the Most Noble the Marquis of Castleton,
Milton Hall,

Thornton, Bucks.

"Fool!" exclaimed Isabel Conyers, inwardly, as she tore open the letter; "he trembles at this, whereas to me it restores courage and hope."

She read the letter aloud.

"MY LORD MARQUIS.—I have to inform you that the Marquis of Castleton died yesterday morning at his residence in Eaton Square. Your attendance in town is earnestly requested, as upon your lordship devolves the painful duty of superintending the last ceremonies of respect to the deceased."

"I am, my lord marquis, your very humble servant,"

"Jacob Messenger!" exclaimed Isabel Conyers, starting; "who is he?"

"He is the steward of the late marquis," returned Milton Conyers. "I suppose I must proceed to town at once."

"You must let me accompany you."

"No, no. You are ill, dear Isabel, there is no need for you to come."

She bit her lips impatiently.

"I do not wish to remain here," she answered; "I would rather come with you. I am sure you will be glad of some one to advise and uphold you in this trial. I know it will be a trial to you, dear Milton, because the very sound of your title will bring back to you sad memories."

The marquis rang the bell.

A servant entered.

"You rang, my lord," he said.

The news had travelled quickly.

"Yes, Manners; let the horses be put to the carriage at twelve. I must go to London to-day!"

He walked to the window and gazed out for a moment.

Then he returned and took his wife's hand.

"Isabel," he said, "you can well imagine that this place has grown hateful to me. For a time, at least, I should be glad to avoid it. Stay, therefore, until tomorrow, to make your arrangements, and bring Laura up as well."

This was exactly what the marchioness desired.

She smiled with evident pleasure.

"I am glad you have come to this decision, dear Milton," she said, "for I, too, have begun to hate this place. A few more months here would be my death."

So Milton Conyers—the sixth Marquis of Castleton—departed for London, and on the following day was joined by his wife, Laura, Reginald and Madame Delaune.

Reginald contrived to assume a decent show of grief, though, in reality, he was only thinking of the great benefits conferred on him by Providence which was so rapidly clearing away all obstacles from his path.

Besides, he could now hope for a larger allowance from his father, and was called, moreover, the Honourable Reginald Conyers.

The houses in Eaton Square, dreary-looking on the outside, as nearly all houses in London squares are, was equally dreary within.

The deceased marquis had died at a very advanced age, and had not by any means been exempt from the eccentricities which are too often the accompaniments of it.

He rarely visited his friends, and still more rarely received company.

His household, consequently, was not large.

He hated a number of faces around him; and had it not been from a desire to hide his own oddities, as it were, he would have lived in the great house, with only his steward, Jacob Messenger, as his companion.

This Jacob Messenger was a man of some fifty years, with a form erect and vigorous, a face of masculine strength, and a keen and bright eye.

He had been the right hand of the old Marquis of Castleton.

The marquis, odd and reserved as he was, was yet indolent, and averse to all kinds of business. One would have naturally imagined that as he had so little to fill his thoughts, he would have welcomed with gladness any business to occupy his mind; but it was not so. His eyes seemed ever directed to the past—to some green spot which once had been an oasis, but which now was merged in the great desert of Time!

On the day after the arrival of the Marchioness of Castleton, a family council was held, at which assisted Mr. Hardy, Lady Isabel's lawyer, and Mr. Brantree, the lawyer of Milton Conyers, and the will of the deceased nobleman was read.

With the exception of a few trifling legacies to servants, including a large sum to Jacob Messenger, the marquis had left the whole of his property to Mr. Conyers, without any reservation whatever—unless one may term as a reservation, a hope he expressed to his heir that Jacob should be retained as his steward.

"It is odd that the late marquis has left nothing to Lady Isabel," suggested Mr. Hardy, who thought it necessary to say something.

Lady Isabel flushed.

He had unwittingly given vent to her exact thought.

"He scarcely knew me, Mr. Hardy," she said; "any special bequest to me from him would assure you, have been as surprising to me as it would have been useless."

"The will is a great surprise to me," observed the marquis; "I wonder that his lordship, who knew so little of me should not have reserved something for charities. However," he added, with much emotion, "I am grateful for the sake of my children."

So, in four days after the old Marquis of Castleton was buried, and the world which had known nothing whatever of him when alive, discovered when he was dead, that he had been a great politician, and a man of distinguished benevolence.

A fortnight after his funeral Lady Castleton was seated in her boudoir, when a servant informed her that a gentleman desired to see her.

"He gave his name, I suppose?" she said, languidly.

"No; he said he came from Thornton Wood, and you would be sure to see him."

"I will see him," returned the marchioness; "is the marquis at home?"

"No, your ladyship; he went out an hour since."

"Show this man up here then," said Lady Isabel.

She knew who this was who came from Thornton Wood, for the sentence had been a kind of password agreed on—it was John Shadow.

He entered the room with a smile, and, altered by dress and living as he was, Lady Isabel felt less of that shuddering dread which she had usually experienced in his presence.

"Good evening, Mr. Shadow," she said; "pray be seated. You can retire," she added, to the servant, who yet lingered.

"Your ladyship does not look well," returned Shadow.

"I am not; but let us not waste time. For what have you come—what fresh and terrible news do you bring me? I ask this because you never make your appearance except as the precursor of some storm."

John Shadow smiled.

"You are not complimentary, my lady," he said; "but never mind, I am not particular. I came to inquire after the health of the new marquis."

Lady Isabel started, and grasped the arm of her chair convulsively.

"You have come to insult me," she said, in a low tone.

John Shadow at once threw off every trace of banter.

"Indeed, no, my lady," he said, in a tone which left no doubt of his sincerity; "indeed, no. I came here to tell you something of serious import, and to ask after the health of your husband. First tell me, how is he?"

"His health is not such as it was," returned Lady Isabel, feebly.

"He takes his medicine regularly, I presume?" said Shadow.

"He does."

"That is well. I believe I understand you; and now to my story. I have received news of something which may upset all our plans."

"Tell me quickly—what is it?"

"I told you that I believed the dead man to be Ralph Conyers. I still believe it; but there may yet be sad trouble about this matter. The Rodney mail-steamer, from Australia, which will arrive to-morrow at Liverpool, has on board a young man, named Granby Saville, who claims to be the veritable heir to Castleton."

"Great Heavens! but what proofs can he possibly have?"

"That remains to be seen," said Shadow; "for a certain time he can, no doubt, be kept out of the way; but after that he might become troublesome. Proceed on, therefore, in the way you have marked out for yourself, Lady Castleton—let no trepidation be in your steps. You have begun, and a life of remorse could not undo what you have done. Time is short, and fortune is fickle."

Lady Isabel worked her hands nervously together.

"Then why this hurry—why this sudden haste?" she asked.

"Because possession, as the proverb says, is nine points of the law. Your son once Marquis of Castleton, it would be more difficult to dispossess him. A young man, long lost, returning from a distant land, where he has worked hard against adverse fortune, naturally obtains some degree of sympathy; but on the other hand, a young man—handsome, accomplished, and a marquis, has a large following, as a matter of course."

Lady Castleton avoided the man's searching gaze, and glanced into the fire.

"You seem strangely interested in all this, John Shadow," she said; "I can understand my own desire to do anything for my son; but of your anxiety I confess I am at a loss to conceive the motive."

The man sighed.

"Bad as I may be," he thought, "I too have a son, and for him am willing to do anything."

"Lady Castleton," he said, aloud, "you have rarely found me guilty of insincerity."

"I grant that."

"Why then suspect me now?"

"Because I can conceive no motive."

Shadow smiled blandly.

"I have the one great motive of all men," he said; "gain. I fight your battles, and, as a faithful general, I shall expect my reward."

He rose as he spoke, and took his hat.

"Good-night, Lady Castleton," he said.

"Good-night, Mr. Shadow."

He leaned forward, and whispered in her ear words which seemed too terrible even for him to pronounce aloud.

"Remember," he said, "the Marquis of Castleton has lived long enough; to your noiseless hands I commit him!"

He left the room; and Lady Castleton remained trembling like an aspen-leaf, by the embers of her smouldering fire.

"This is terrible—too terrible!" she murmured: "would I had never known this man. And yet this must be done—this must be done. Were my husband, before his death, to discover my one great secret, where would there be a home for me and my son, except in some dismal corner, where I might hide away our shame for ever?"

Weak criminal! how she exaggerated her own fear, and the necessity which urged her to her sin!

CHAPTER IX.

Years had rolled on, and fast they speed away,
To those that wander as to those who stay;
But lack of tidings from another clime
Had lent a flagging wing to weary time.
They see—they recognize—yet almost dream
The present dubious, or the past a dream.
He lives—not yet is past his manhood's prime,
Though seared by toil, and something touched by time.

Zora

LADY CASTLETON was still sitting gazing at the fire, when a knock was again heard at her door.

"Come in," she said, wearily, though she had sufficient curiosity to turn her head to see who it was.

It was Jacob Messenger.

"Can I have speech with your ladyship for a moment?" said he gravely.

"Certainly, Jacob. Come in and sit down," answered Lady Castleton: "in truth," she thought, "it is

a blessing to speak to an honest man, when one's whole being is suffused with a chill from John Shadow's presence, and one cannot take refuge in oneself."

"I wish to say something to your ladyship," said the steward, as he sat down awkwardly on the edge of a chair, "only I'm afraid of giving offence."

"Do not fear that—speak out, Jacob. I dare say it is nothing very dreadful—something wrong in the household—some quarrel among the servants, or something they are displeased with in my arrangements—if so, I do not wonder, for I fear I am a little exacting."

Jacob Messenger listened respectfully.

Then he gravely shook his head.

"No, your ladyship," he said; "no—it refers to the man who has just been here."

Lady Castleton trembled.

Could he have overheard anything?

"What of him?" she said, somewhat sternly.

"I fear he has come here to impose upon you," he answered, not observing his mistress's manner; "he evidently does not wish to see the marquis. He has called three times, and always refused to come in when his lordship was in the way. I know him of old—he is a returned convict."

Lady Castleton started.

"A returned convict!" she cried, with well-feigned annoyance and surprise; "you are surely mistaken."

"No—no; I know him well," said the old steward, warmly; "you will grant, your ladyship, that once seen, his face is not easily forgotten. I am not mistaken; and I only hope that when I give you the proofs, your ladyship will forbid him the house."

Lady Castleton made a gesture of impatience.

"This is preposterous, Jacob," she said; "it is some absurd idea of your own. This person is a friend of mine, and I am half inclined to be angry at your ridiculous suggestion. What is the name, pray, of this convict you speak of?"

"He called himself Frederick Norris, but his real name was quite different—very odd name indeed—something like Shadow."

"That is enough, then; this gentleman, whom I have known for many years, is a Mr. Edward Courtney. I must beg, therefore, that you will not again presume to speak of him as you have done to-night."

Jacob Messenger saw that her anger was the result more of agitation than real annoyance at his words.

"What mystery is this?" thought he, as he rose to go.

"There is one thing I must add, to your ladyship," he said very firmly, but respectfully; "as I am convinced that this man is Frederick Norris, and that he is imposing upon you, I shall let the marquis know when he next comes, that he may see him. Besides, my lady, I am an honest man, and I do not wish a robbery to be committed in this house under my very eyes, when I have the chance of preventing it."

"This man's imperturbable honesty will spoil everything," muttered Lady Castleton.

"Jacob," she exclaimed, somewhat angrily, "understand this. It is my wish that the marquis should not be made aware of this person's visits at present. Therefore I desire you will keep silent. Even were your absurd suspicion true, I can bear witness that you have warned me."

"Very well, your ladyship," returned Jacob, though only half-satisfied. "I will content myself with having warned you in time."

He then bowed and left the room.

As he was passing along the passage, a woman glided from the doorway of one of the chambers and clutched his arm.

He started round.

It was Madame Delaume—pale, agitated, half-wildered with emotion.

"What ails you, madam?" he said, with much surprise.

"Come in here—in here, where no one can overhear us," she whispered. "I have something I must tell you this night."

The man, stupefied and alarmed by the wildness of her manner, suffered himself to be led into the room, the door of which she closed behind them.

About this time the good ship Rodney was nearing the shores of England.

A broad band of moonlight was upon the waters, which were scarcely more in motion than those of a lake, the stars shone brightly above, and were reflected below, a light breeze filled the foresail of the steamer, and kept her steadily in her course.

On the deck were several passengers, enjoying a stroll before retiring to rest on their last night at sea.

Against the bulwarks near the stern were leaning two persons.

The one was a young girl of some eighteen summers.

She was a beautiful creature, with rich golden hair falling over her shoulders in bright, luxuriant curls; large eyes which glittered like the dancing stars, and a sylphlike figure.

By her side stood the other, a man about nine-and-twenty, looking younger, however, and seeming

younger, because of his hearty, pleasant, bright manner—a handsome fellow, be it said, with eyes which spoke of depth of thought and heart.

"These nights are weary, weary nights, Granby," said the girl. "I am so grateful this is the last."

"That is a bad compliment, Clara," he answered, laughing. "I am sorry—most sorry that it is the last. It keeps in my mind the memory of some of the happiest days I have ever passed, and may be the happiest I shall ever pass. When we reach England we shall be separated by circumstances, and who knows when we shall meet again?"

The girl did not answer.

Had Granby Saville glanced into her face at that moment he would have seen that she was a prey to some violent emotion—that she was, in fact, keeping down some great inclination to speak.

But he was looking at the wavelets, and thinking of the love he bore the fair being at his side, and of the certainty of separation when they reached England.

"There is one thing I envy you, Clara," he said at length.

"What is that, Granby?"

"You are going to your friends; while I, poor devil, am alone in the world, and after fighting uselessly against fortune for years, I have come hither, as you know, to try my luck again, and find myself a father somewhere if I can."

He spoke lightly, as if he were but jesting; but Clara Mansfield knew how his heart was in every word he spoke.

"You have not been so very unfortunate, Granby," she said, kindly; "many men of your age would be glad to return to England with five hundred a year. You must keep your eyes open, you know," she added, gaily, "and find some rich heiress to marry."

Granby Saville started as if a snake had stung him.

"For Heaven's sake, Clara," he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "do not jest with me on that subject. There is only one hope which sustains me through all, and for that hope I am willing to risk everything. That hope once gone, the world has no longer a place for me."

The girl did not reply, and for some time both were silent.

Clara was the first to break it.

"What idea have you as to your parentage?" she said; "what clue have you to your father's name—for I have heard you say that it is not Saville?"

"No; it was not Saville; and I can assure you I have no idea what it was; I was brought, so I am told, to Australia when I was five years old, by a woman, who was afterwards joined by a man. He had another child with him; and after residing some time in Sydney they went away, some miles into the interior, and settled in a little plantation. We lived there for a twelve-month, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, as they called themselves, were very kind to us. They called me Granby Saville, though they frequently told me it was not my name, and my companion, who turns out to be Ralph Conyers, heir to a splendid estate, they used to speak of as Henry Rafton. One evening, about thirteen months, I suppose, after we went to the cottage, I and Henry were playing in the meadow, and did not return until twilight. We had noticed two rough-looking men who went to the cottage, remained there some time, and then returned; but though we hid ourselves, thinking they would tell where we had wandered, we suspected nothing, and returned to the cottage about seven, expecting a good scolding, nothing more. When we arrived there, however, we stumbled over something which lay in the doorway. It was the dead body of Mr. Barnett. Inside we found Mrs. Barnett, also murdered, and everything of value taken by the thieves, who were afterwards discovered to be two notorious bush-rangers."

"You were in a difficult position," said Clara Mansfield. "What did you do?"

"Terrified beyond measure, we ran from the house, and never stopped until we arrived at a farm-house near, and told our story. Our subsequent history is not long. Through the sudden death of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, all clue was lost to our identity, but when we grew up certain papers were found which spoke in decided terms of the eldest of us. We knew nothing of our ages, but my friend seemed the elder of the two, and, moreover, his early recollections and the description given of him tallied with the fact of his being Ralph Conyers. This was subsequently confirmed by the arrival in the colony of a man named John Shadow, who, from certain evidences, was convinced he was heir to the Castleton peerage. This John Shadow left us an address in London, and directed us to come over to England together as soon as he communicated with us."

"How is it you did not come together?" asked Clara.

"Ralph became impatient and would not wait. I, however, having no reason for being so eager, remained behind, resolved to await my summons. I, you are aware, dear Clara, had other motives to remain; and

had you not left Sydney, I would never have come to England at all."

The young girl trembled.

She evidently expected now a declaration which she had long feared.

The young man leaned forward and took her hand.

"To-morrow, dearest Clara," he said, in a tender voice, "we part for some time—you go to your friends, and I to a useless search, perhaps, and a fresh battle with fortune. Give me strength for this battle, Clara, by renewing to me the promise but half-given to me before."

"Still that wild dream—that wild dream," she murmured.

Granby Saville started.

"Wild dream!" he cried, "why, Clara, it is my only hope in the world—this hope of one day making you my wife. Life without that one blessed hope would be a blank—a void, may, a terror to me. For Heaven's sake, Clara, do not destroy this one—this only dream of happiness. Tell me those words did not apply to me."

Clara Mansfield was moved—who would not have been?—by the earnest, wild manner in which these words were uttered. But her heart responded not to his appeal; she only felt chagrined by the awkward position in which she found herself by the discovery that a timid response given thoughtlessly, to avoid questioning, should have been construed into a consent.

"Oh Granby!" she said, "do not torture me, do not remind of idle, foolish, thoughtless words. You must forgive me for them; you must forget me, for I never loved you. I cannot longer lead you along a hopeless path. I never, never, can be your wife!"

Some men would have pursued this scene and pressed their suit again and again.

The words of the young girl, however, and the favour with which they were spoken, left no room for doubt, and the terrible reality showed itself to him at once.

Ship, sea, sky, seemed for a moment mingled in one confused mass, and then he reeled away, blinded, stunned, with a weight as of mountains upon his heart.

To his cabin he went without a word, and there, in the darkness, he sat and pondered for hours, wondering how such a terrible misfortune could come so suddenly, crushing him, blighting him, blotting out for ever from his path the brightness and sunshine of life.

And about midnight he started up, as if by a sudden impulse, and threw himself on the bed to sleep. He forgot all else—forgot that others had hearts to break, and sweet dreams to realize—forgot that around him, above him, were living, breathing souls; and prayed that in that sleep the ship might go down into the sea, and the waves close over him for ever.

(To be continued.)

AFRICA has slain another victim. Young Mr. Richard Thornton, of the Royal School of Mines, who volunteered to accompany Dr. Livingstone as geologist and topographer, died on the 21st of April, on the Shire, of dysentery and fever.

THE GEORGE AND BLUE BOAR.—A relic of old London is now fast disappearing—the Blue Boar Inn, or the George and Blue Boar, as it came to be called later, in Holborn. For more than 200 years this was one of the famous coaching-houses, whence stages went to and where they arrived from the north and midland counties. It is more famous still as being the scene—if Lord Orrery's chaplain, Morrice, may be credited—where Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, cut from the saddle-hap of a messenger a letter which they knew to be there from Charles I. to Henrietta Maria. They had previously intercepted a letter from the Queen to her husband, in which she reproached him for entering into a compact of reconciliation with Cromwell and his party. This letter was sent on, and now they intercepted the reply, in which Charles spoke of them as rogues whom he would by-and-by hang instead of reward. According to Morrice, this sealed the king's fate. Such is the legend connected with the Blue Boar, Holborn, which is described in Queen Anne's reign as "situate opposite Southampton Square."

M. K.—, of WARSAW, is a man of about fifty years of age, of a vigorous constitution, and endowed with rare tranquillity of mind. "I saw him," says the correspondent of a contemporary, "in a very pitiable condition, but smiling and cheerful. 'What are you doing at Warsaw?' 'Oh, I have come to lodge somewhere, as they have burned my house, and made my farms desolate. I was slightly wounded by a Cossack, so that I cannot ride, and I must therefore take care of myself.' All this was said in a manner which would lead one to believe that there had only been a trivial accident which could be easily repaired. 'And your son?' 'Dead,' he replied, 'but he died bravely.' 'And your younger son?' 'Oh, he is only wounded. He is being nursed in a secret place, and one of these days he will be in the saddle again.' 'And where is

your library?' 'Burned, my dear sir. I prized it very much; but I have been taught philosophy. What can one do? They have burned many others, and I have only a few hundred florins left, and a quiet conscience.' He then saluted me and went on his way, his noble countenance not bearing any indications which would lead one to suspect so many misfortunes. What cannot be done with such men, whose heroism is so simple and natural, and who only appear to do their duty when they sacrifice all?"

VEIVE E THIRIDGE; OR, THE VILLAGE DIogenes.

CHAPTER I.

Your face is no uncommon face;
Like it I have seen many a one,
And may again before my race
Of care is wholly run.

Your face no sleepless midnight fills,
For all its serious, sweet endeavour,
It plants no pang, no rapture thrills,
But ah! it pleases ever! — Owen Meredith.

I AM the daughter of a proud race, and strange as proud. From generation to generation the Ethridges have been haughty, reticent, self-poised, and so enclosed in their reserve, that but few have appreciated or understood their character. The family portraits which look down from their walls have a proud curve of the lip, a stately arch of the neck, that marks the Ethridge blood; and the powdered hair, the broad ruffs and crimson brocades of the ladies, the flowing overcoat, embroidered vests and lace-bordered frills of the gentlemen, accord well with their royal bearing. Stately names befit the daughters of our race; there have been Catherine, Isabell, Horatius and Dianas, but never a Genevieve till I was born. It is said that my aunts and uncles smiled derisively when they learned what I had been christened, and thought it a strange freak of my father's to give me a name immortalized in a poet's song.

As for me, I am the last person you would fancy the embodiment of a poet's dream. Gazing into the mirror on my eighteenth birthday, I saw reflected there a face which certainly had no claims to beauty; the features were not faultless; the complexion undeniably dark—not sallow, but clear, healthful olive, inherited from my mother. There was no habitual glow on my cheek; only strong emotion could make it burn, and then so vivid was the contrast between this and my usual self, that I scarcely recognized my own face. My forehead was too high, my eyes were of the darkest brown, changing to black when I was in a passion, as I not unfrequently was in those days, and flashing out angry sparkles. For the rest, I have the Ethridge lip and neck, which are indisputably fine points, and really beautiful hair.

Such was I at eighteen, when I left school and returned to my father's estate. As I sprang from the carriage at the door, he stood on the steps waiting to welcome me with the stateliness of the old régime softened by a father's love for his only child.

"Welcome, welcome home!" he exclaimed, folding me to his heart; "it is high time that you were here to preside over the household, and be a companion to me."

"And I am delighted to be with you again," said I, as I returned him kiss for kiss in that first glad hour of our meeting; "besides, I am eager to assume my new dignity as mistress of your establishment—the Ethridges like power, you know, papa."

"Yes; and now," he added, "let me look at you. I have not seen you for eighteen months, and you have avoided sending me any miniature while abroad, though I several times requested it. I was no anxious to know what sort of a young lady I was to meet on my return."

"Ah, sir," I rejoined, "I shall disappoint you in my personal appearance. The Ethridge women have been beautiful for many generations, but I do not do credit to my gentle blood—I am plain, indisputably plain, and you never should have called me Genevieve, a name for poets and romancers. I have shortened it to Veive; that cognomen suits my dark, elfin face and gipsyish ways far better."

While I had been running on thus, my father had drawn back, and was gazing at me with intense interest.

"Well," he began, "you are not so beautiful as some of the ladies of our race, but you are not plain; no; you have the elements of a fine woman. Your figure is good at eighteen, and I predict that it will be superb by and by. I see no reason to be ashamed of my daughter, Genevieve."

"Thank you, papa; your words roll off a great burden, but—but—"

"But what, child?" interposed my father.

"Please drop the Gene, and let it be only Veive."

"No," he replied, with a dissenting shake of the head; "the sobriquet of Veive is well enough among

your school-fellows, but it will not do between us."

"Of course I shall not quarrel about it, and it may be I shall learn to like it."

There was a brief silence, and then he said:

"I will not keep you waiting longer on the steps; you shall soon be installed in the new dignity of which you spoke. Come!"

And offering me his arm, he conducted me into the house with as much Chesterfieldian politeness as if he had been escorting my mother at my age through a crowded ballroom.

Mrs. Marsh and several of the servants who had been in the family for years, stood in the hall in holiday costume, and from them I received a cordial greeting.

"Mrs. Marsh," observed my father, "I have just been telling my daughter that it affords me great pleasure to install her as mistress of my establishment."

"Yes, sir," replied that worthy, dropping a stiff, old-fashioned curtsey, and smoothing out her pink cap-ribbons; "I'm sure it does a body good to see Miss Genevieve back, and know she's to take her mother's place. It'll be a great responsibility for me, and I shall be glad enough to give up the keys."

With all due pomp she resigned the keys, and after I had spoken a few moments with the servants, I hastened to my own room. I was ere long summoned to dinner, where I found three gentlemen whom my father had met abroad. I entertained them to the best of my ability, but I often perceived the host's keen eyes furtively watching me. When they had gone, he drew me to him, and said:

"Since you were so pleased with my praise this afternoon, I will add a word more. I like your manner; it shows your blood and your breeding; and you have fine taste, too. That wine-coloured silk, with its folds of black lace, becomes your style of beauty."

"Not beauty, papa."

"Your style of face, then," he continued, with a smile; "the odd necklace and bracelets I sent you from abroad harmonize with the tone of your dress, and the rare flowers in your hair are the only ornament it needs. Why, if you lived in the olden time your tresses might, like Berenice's, be transmuted to heaven by the gods, and shine among the constellations."

"You are complimentary, papa."

"And yet I do not pronounce you beautiful, in the fullest sense of the word; it requires a connoisseur to appreciate you, and I am certain my friends were interested in you to-day. It pleases me to have a brilliant young lady at the head of my table, and to know she is my daughter. You are all I have in the world Genevieve, and perhaps I shall not keep you with me long—perhaps you have already learned to love another better than your old father?"

"No," I replied, "I am not likely to marry; I have never yet seen the person I could love."

"Ah, that is because you know but little of the world. I suppose you have only met the French professors and German and Italian music and dancing-masters, with an occasional introduction to a raw cadet or a college wiseacre on a visit to his sisters?"

"There you mistake. I spent the winter vacation at Ethel Wynne's, and in what is called society."

"And yet you are heart-free?"

"Perfectly heart-free, papa. Love is not for the Etridges; they have married as pride and policy dictated, and I would live and die in utter loneliness, rather than be doomed to such a fate."

"You are a strange girl, Genevieve."

"I am an Etridge, sir."

My father smiled, and adroitly changed the subject; but when I found myself in the solitude of my chamber, I again and again recalled my conversation with him. What was this love of which he had spoken? Why did it shed its glamour over the novelist's page, and pulse through the poet's song? With my heart full of these thoughts, I took down a volume of poems and pathos, but it did not thrill my frame as if I had understood its meaning. I admired the imagery, the genius which had strewn its gorgeous fancies over the poems, like the blossoms of a tropic clime; but I was not in sympathy with the author. "Heigho!" I said to myself, as I leaned from the window, when I had thrown the book aside. "I wonder if any man will ever have the power to quicken my pulse, and soften and subdue my wild heart? No, I do not believe it—in love-matters I am a profound sceptic. I shall always be content to stay here with my father; I will live and die Veive Etridge!"

CHAPTER II

But blame us women not if some appear

Too cold at times, and some too gay and light

Some griefs gnaw deep—some woes are hard to bear—

Who knows the past, and who can judge us right?

A MONTH after my return home, my father was obliged to leave on imperative business, and he sent me to spend the period of his absence with an intimate friend, at whose wedding I had stood a bridesmaid.

Hers had been a love-match, and yet, in the atmosphere of her pleasant home, I was still a sceptic with regard to what the French term *le grande passion*.

It was during my stay at Myrtle Cottage that Dr. Edward's, my friend's husband, proposed to celebrate his birthday by a picnic in the adjacent woods. I was sitting lard by when he and his wife were inditing their notes of invitation, and heard the doctor say:

"Oh, Nellie, we must invite Hamilton Harper."

"Yes, I suppose we must, and that will be the end of it. He'll not be there, I can assure you."

"Who is Hamilton Harper, pray?" I asked.

"My wife shall answer," observed Dr. Edwards.

"I call him the village Diogenes," said Nellie, and her clear laugh echoed as cheerily through her little cottage as it had through her father's grand drawing-rooms.

"Explain yourself, Nellie; I am forgetting my classical lore, and do not wish to parade my ignorance before your wise husband."

"There, Veive, you know as well as I do that Diogenes was a great philosopher, who lived in a tub. Hamilton Harper is a retired clergyman's son, a prodigy of learning, they tell me. He reads ten or twelve languages, is an accurate mathematician, and has sufficient literary taste to succeed as an author, if he pleased."

"A genius, upon my word."

"Yes, but he might as well be the veriest dol in Christendom, for he buries his fine talents—literally 'hides his light under a bushel.' He might be professor, or even president of a college, edit a magazine, or publish essays that would astonish the world; but like Diogenes, he clings to his tub. He is rarely seen in our village coteries, and so people here seldom send him invitations now, except out of respect to his father and sisters."

"Is his personal appearance disagreeable?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," replied Dr. Edwards, with emphasis; "on the contrary, he has a splendid physique, and when he is in one of his accessible moods, few men can be more fascinating. I like him, and fancy he is unpopular among the ladies only because he does not fall in love with every pretty face."

"Since Ross has taken up the gauntlet in his new friend's defence," said Nellie, "I must cry for quarter."

Dr. Edwards smiled, and the two were soon so deeply absorbed in their plans for the *fête-champêtre*, that I was left to amuse myself after my own fashion. I had watered the flowers, fed and petted the parrot, and watched the gold-fish in the aquarium till I was tired, when Bertie, the doctor's younger brother, entered, on his way from school, with a bow and arrows in his hand.

"Where is Nellie?" he asked. "I want her to come out and see me shoot at a mark; I beat all the boys; she'll be proud enough when she sees my arrow in the very heart of that peony!"

"Your sister is busy," I replied, "but you are a prime favourite of mine, Bertie, and I will go with you, and report your prowess."

The next moment I stood in the piazza beside Bertie, watching as his arrow cleaved the white heart of a blood-red peony which he had chosen for a target.

"Bravo, bravo!" I shouted, and clapped my hands merrily as he turned toward me in high glee.

Now it chanced that among our gymnastic exercises at the boarding-school where I was educated, target shooting had been practised, and I had been pronounced quite an adept.

"Let me try, Bertie," said I, grasping the unstrung bow.

Bertie assented, kindly offering to string the bow, but I declined his assistance, strung the bow, and sent the arrow quivering amid the petals of a rose I had singled out as a target.

"Capital, capital!" cried Bertie, and taking off his cap, he waved it round and round his curly head.

Suddenly I heard a step, and glancing back, saw a gentleman pause to ring the door-bell. He was a man of stately presence, tall, dark, regal; his head was massive, his face was a grand one, with the great, calm brow of a thinker; large hazel eyes full of thought and feeling, and a mouth whose expression puzzled me. His dress was simple in fabric and fashion, but whatever might have been his garb, you would have pronounced him undeniably a gentleman. Who could he be? I was asking myself this question, when Dr. Edwards appeared on the threshold, and the stranger said:

"Good-afternoon. The village Diogenes is again forced to seek the village Esculapius."

Both he and the doctor laughed, and then the visitor continued:

"There, I will drop that inflated style of speech, and use language which will be understood among the common herd. Is the cordial you promised to prepare in readiness?"

"Oh, yes; how is Miss Mary to-day?"

"About as usual, thank you; I hope you are all well?"

"Very well, sir."

"Pray, Dr. Edwards," and Hamilton Harper's eyes wandered to the spot where I stood, "is your house haunted?"

"What do you mean, Harper?"

"Why, I saw what must have been an Indian hunting, or the goddess Diana, in your piazza just now. Ah! I can see her at this moment, cross-bow in her hand, and arrows at her feet."

"'Tis a guest of ours," exclaimed Dr. Edwards, his gaze following in the direction indicated by his friend, a school-companion of my wife's. "Come, come, Veive, don't beat a retreat—I wish to present you to a friend."

I felt a sudden tide of crimson surge over my face, for I was in a sad plight for meeting visitors, as in the excitement of the target-shooting my hair had become unloosed, and swept in a heavy mass about me, while the sleeves of my dress were pushed back from my arms, and my whole costume seemed to be in disarray. I would have begged to be excused, but the quizzical smile of the village Diogenes irritated me, and I came forward as haughtily as any Etridge of my race could have pleased.

"Miss Etridge," said Dr. Edwards, "I have the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Hamilton Harper."

I greeted him with frigid politeness, and when, after retiring to rearrange my hair, I was astonished to find him still there on my return. Mrs. Edwards had invited him to stay to tea, and wonderful to relate, he had accepted the invitation. I thought we should have the dullest of all dull evenings, but that night Hamilton Harper was in his most genial mood.

"Since the village Diogenes has come out of his tub," he said, gaily, "he will not be a shadow in the midst of so much sunshine."

He kept his word, and, in spite of my previous prejudices, and my resolve to call the Etridge pride to my aid, I was obliged to acknowledge to my own heart that Hamilton Harper was the most fascinating man I had ever met. He sang duets with me, he played backgammon with Nellie, promised to show Bertie his cabinet at no distant day, and even condescended to gallantry, when he plucked the rose my arrow had cleaved, and placed it in his button-hole, exclaiming:

"I used to be a skilful marksman, and should like to renew my practice; when do you and Bertie resume your target-shooting?"

"Any time when we can find somebody to admire and flatter us."

"Some men praise, but never flatter; I am one of that stamp, and to-morrow afternoon, if I call, I shall expect to be invited to the archery."

I gave a laughing assent, and when we parted, I ran up to my room and glanced into the mirror. There was a vivid glow on my cheek, a new light in my eyes, a certain something which softened the Etridge pride on my lip, but Nellie's light tap recalled me from my dreams, and I hastened to admit her.

"Well," she began, "the village Diogenes has taken tea with us, and played the agreeable charmingly. 'Tis an unheard of thing, Veive, and we never should have had the honour, if he had not been attracted by the sight of you at your target-shooting."

"Nonsense! he and your husband are on the best of terms."

"But he never stopped at Myrtle Cottage an hour before; I persist in declaring you are the magnet. How do you like him?"

An impulsive answer rose to my lips, but I crushed it back, and said:

"I found him far more passable than I expected."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nellie, "you are an Etridge now—the old pride spoke in your reply, and I will leave you till you are simple Veive again."

She tripped away, and while the summer night brooded above, dropped balm and peace from its dusky wings, one image haunted my sleeping and waking visions—it was Hamilton Harper's!

A week went by, and during that period I had seen more of the village Diogenes, as Nellie gaily declared, than any stranger who had visited the town for a long time. If Bertie and I were practising at our target-shooting in the garden, he would often lean over the fence and watch us; occasionally, too, he took the bow, and with a steady eye and firm hand, sent arrow after arrow in quick succession at the target, proving his excellence as a marksman as well as a scholar. Besides, he had begun to take an interest in the doctor's aquarium, and brought several fine specimens to inhabit the glass palace; then there were pretences of bringing a basket of strawberries for Mrs. Edward's table, a book of which I had spoken, or my favourite flowers, the pure white water-lilies.

The day appointed for the *fête-champêtre* at length dawned, and never did a lovelier morning break since that glad hour "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Peace brooded in the white fleeces of the drifting clouds—peace breathed in the summer wind—peace seemed to rest on the purple mountains, the green slopes of the far-off pasture-land, and the broad fields, where the hay-makers were early at their toil.

It had been agreed that those who were able should go on horseback, and the others follow in carriages, as suited their convenience. The hampers containing refreshments were packed into a large wagon, of which Dr. Edwards' serving-man took charge. The cavalcade was to form at Myrtle Cottage, and thence proceed to the wood known as Lovell's Grove. I had been for some time on the watch for Hamilton Harper, when I persived their plain family carriage, and the two sisters who went into society seated within, while he rode beside them on horseback.

I had just made these observations when a superb woman came dashing up to the door. She rode a dappled grey horse, and Queen Bess never looked more stately than she in the saddle. Like a dazzling vision there flashed before me that royal woman, with the black riding-habit sweeping about her form, and the plumes of her helmet-shaped purple cap half-shading her fair, fair face, framed in by heavy braids of golden hair. In another instant, Hamilton Harper was at her side, warmly shook hands with her, and rode round to her father's carriage at her bridle-rein. On inquiring of Nellie, I learned that she was a rich widow, who had casually met Hamilton Harper when he was geologizing among the mountains, had fallen desperately in love with him, and come to board at where he was staying, in the hope of winning him. I made no reply, but I could not account for the pang with which I listened, or the ungenial temper her words aroused.

When I joined the cavalcade, Mr. Harper attached himself to me for a time, but Mrs. Avonel soon managed to draw him from me, and the sound of their laughter and chit-chat brought back my ungenial mood. I had installed Bertie my cavalier, and at last I laid my hand on the flowing mane of his pony, and said—

"Let us not go at this snail's pace—why, we actually creep."

"Say the word, and I'll give my pony the rein," whispered the boy.

I gave the signal, and away we flew, over hill and dale, almost with the speed of wings. Bertie was safe, for he was a fearless rider, and the animal he rode perfectly gentle; but ere long I began to realize my peril, accustomed as I was to the saddle, and the blood-horses in my father's stables, I could scarcely keep my seat, or retain my grasp of the reins.

"Bertie!" I cried, "Bertie!"

The boy saw the terror in my face, and with a spirit worthy of a riper age, shouted to the horse, and seized the bridle. One moment the animal slackened his pace, but the next he would have rushed on with wilder speed, had not a firm hand grasped the reins, and brought the steed to a sudden stop, foam-flecked and panting.

At that hour neither Hamilton Harper nor I could speak, but our silence was more eloquent than words, and when he saw tears in my eyes, he grasped my hand, and held it, I fancied, as if I had been the woman he loved.

I had coaxed Bertie to keep my danger and my rescue a secret, and when the cavalcade came winding along, none were the wiser for my escapade.

The sight of Mrs. Avonel banished my better self, and when a gay and handsome cousin of Nellie's appeared upon the scene, asserting that he had run down from the city expressly to meet me, I accepted his attentions, and played at cross-purposes the whole day.

Mr. Harper allowed himself to be monopolized by the charming widow for a time, but finally approached me, and murmured:

"I promised to show you the rare spar of which we were speaking at Dr. Edwards' last night; would you like to go now?"

"Thank you," I replied, "I do not see how I can leave Mr. Graham; he has only gone to speak with Nellie a few moments."

"Of course," said Mr. Harper, "I would not trespass on his privileges!" and bowing coolly, he withdrew.

I did not meet him again till, on emerging from a shadowy spot, where Lisle Graham had declared his love in such terms that I could not help feeling compassion, even though my heart gave back no answering throb, I saw him approach with a face whose meaning I could not interpret. Mrs. Avonel was leaning on his arm, and with her creamy white complexion, lit up to vivid crimson on either cheek, her lustrous blue eyes, her red and dewy lips, she was positively radiant, while the effect of her beauty was heightened by the wild vines twisted amid the gold of her hair, and dropping their blue petals against her neck. On one arm she carried a basket containing mosses and fragments of the spar which Hamilton Harper must have obtained for her at no little risk, and I believed then, in my sudden anguish, that he was an accepted lover. The Ethridge blood boiled in my veins, but I thought I would rather die than betray the truth, and I was the gayest of the gay. Lisle Graham proposed that I should accompany him to the station, where he was to take the train to the city, and I yielded a ready assent. He had left his horse on the opposite shore of a stream which wound through the grove, and had mounted and stood awaiting me there. A rustic bridge spanned

the waters, and I was riding toward it, when a voice which had the power to thrill every nerve of my frame shouted:

"Miss Ethridge, do not trust yourself to that bridge! It was designed for a foot-bridge, and is old and dilapidated now—it would be madness to cross it!"

As he spoke, Lisle Graham leaned forward and cast an eager glance upon the scholar; perhaps he read more than a friendly interest for my welfare in that eloquent countenance, and thought him a rival. Be this as it may, there was a bitter emphasis in his tones when he exclaimed:

"I am certainly the last person who would seek to lead Miss Ethridge into danger; I believe the bridge is perfectly safe, but if she fears to cross, I will ride over and meet her on the opposite shore."

"Fear is a word unknown to Veive Ethridge," said I, and dashed toward the bridge. I had well-nigh reached it, when Hamilton Harper's tall figure rose before me; his face was perfectly colourless, and there was a depth of meaning in his troubled eyes which made my own heart beat fast.

"Do not go, I implore you," he murmured; "I tell you the bridge is but a crazy affair!"

"Mr. Graham thinks it quite safe," I rejoined.

"But he is a stranger; he does not know so well as I, for I have crossed it a thousand times."

For a moment I hesitated, smoothing the mane of my horse with restless fingers; my good angel whispered me to accede to Hamilton Harper's wishes, but at this juncture Mrs. Avonel perceived that my horse began to grow restive, and exclaimed, laying her white hand on his arm—

"Look out for that horse, Hal, or you will be trampled down."

Her evident anxiety, and the familiar name Hal, deepened my chagrin; it seemed to afford proof positive that they were betrothed lovers, and deafened the voice of my better nature. I struck my horse sharply with my whip, and in another moment his hoofs sounded on the ill-fated bridge, but I now saw that Hamilton Harper's fears were well-grounded. I felt the bridge tremble beneath me, and fearing my doom was sealed, but I could not speak, I could not lift my hand to make one frantic gesture for help: my whole being seemed paralyzed. I was half-way across the bridge when the shattered planks parted, and with a deafening crash, I and my horse were plunged with falling timbers into the stream. There were shrieks and sobs from both banks of the river, and then I heard a voice, which rang like a trumpet-call through the tumult—a voice which I knew to be Hamilton Harper's.

"Cling to the saddle," he cried; "be brave and calm, if possible; your horse can swim—try to bear up till I can reach you!"

Instinctively I obeyed; with a wild grasp I clung to the saddle-bow, but one of the heaviest timbers struck the animal's head, killing him instantly. I expected to share a similar fate, but as my soul sent up a prayer to Heaven, Hamilton Harper's hand grasped my arm, and I forgot everything till I awoke to consciousness on the shore. Dr. Edwards, his wife, and Bertie were near, and my deliverer also.

"Mad girl!" exclaimed the doctor, "you have well nigh lost your own life, and broken our hearts."

"Mr. Harper told you what a frail thing the bridge was," cried Nellie, "and yet you would cross it."

Tears rose to my eyes, and I thought there was a peculiar music in Hamilton Harper's tones as he murmured:

"I am so rejoiced to know you are safe, I cannot find it in my heart to upbraid you."

Nothing more was said for some moments, but when Mr. Harper tried to rise, he sank back, and a spasm of pain contracted his fine features.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"Not much, I think; but it would be hard to make one's way amid those timbers, and not receive a slight injury at least."

"Let me look at your foot," observed the doctor, and though Mr. Harper protested that it was nothing, he found some of the bones fractured, and the foot terribly bruised. He bound it up to the best of his ability, and I noticed that the sufferer's cheek reddened, and a smile parted his lips, when I offered both my handkerchief and scarf as bandages. He was removed to a rambling old farmhouse, owned by Dr. Edwards, in the immediate neighbourhood; a messenger was despatched to apprise his father and invalid sister Mary of the accident, and the other two remained with him. Mrs. Avonel went home with the rest of us, and therefore I knew she could not be his affianced wife. The next day Mary Harper was so much more feeble, that Dr. Edwards was summoned, and one of her sisters obliged to leave Hamilton, but Nellie was a frequent visitor at the farm-house, and almost daily her husband invited me to ride over, when he went to call on his new patient. At length, at his request, I began to prolong my stay, reading to him from his favourite authors, or singing some old song he liked to hear. During that period, I am sure that all which was true and tender in my being awoke to life; I breathed a charmed atmosphere;

sphere; I trod enchanted ground. Finally Mary Harper came to visit her brother, and I could not account for the emotion she manifested at the sight of me, when I entered with some jellies which I had brought from Mrs. Edwards' stores. Her great, wistful brown eyes followed me wherever I moved, and after I had gone out I heard her say, earnestly:

"Hamilton, do not fall in love with an Ethridge!"

"Your caution comes too late," replied her brother; "remembering your blighted life, I have hitherto guarded my heart, but God only knows how I love Genevieve Ethridge. I have struggled against it, but in vain."

"Does she know it?"

"I have never dared breathe it, but if she were as poor as I, instead of the heiress of a proud name and a vast estate, I would declare my love at once, and learn my fate. What think you, sister mine?"

"Put no faith in an Ethridge—their pride is their God."

That was all I heard, but I could not help asking myself where she had obtained her information with regard to my race, and her words irritated me beyond measure. They engendered a bitter mood, and when I sat with Nellie in the afternoon of the same day by Hamilton Harper's lounge, I grew gay and careless again.

"Do you know," said Mr. Harper, addressing Mrs. Edwards, "that your friend is the most incomprehensible girl I ever met?"

"Indeed, I have not been acquainted with her for four years without becoming aware of the fact; she has two natures; sometimes she is Miss Ethridge, proud, cold, tantalising—sometimes gentle, lovable Veive, and 'tis Veive I like."

"I wonder which of these characters she wears to her lovers," observed Mr. Harper, not without a slight tremour in his voice.

I forgot his great love for me, the noble heart on which I was trampling, and with the true spirit of my race, replied:

"I am a sceptic in love matters; I shall live and die Veive Ethridge."

Hamilton Harper did not speak, but he gave me a quick, searching look; my face was inexplicable as that of a sphinx, and he turned from me with an expression which haunted me long afterward.

The next morning my father arrived, and without even a parting word to any but the family at Myrtle Cottage, I was obliged to leave.

Three years passed, and a change of fortune had swept away my father's wealth, when one morning a servant announced Hamilton Harper. We had never met since that memorable day at the old farmhouse when my pride had gained the ascendancy of my love, and I could not have been more moved had his footsteps fallen on my heart-strings. The morning sunshine took a mellow tint from the stained glass and crimson brocante through which it shone, but even in that rosy light his face looked very pale, and I felt mine must be wan to ghastliness.

"Miss Ethridge," he exclaimed, "I have much to say, and yet I hardly know how to begin. You recollect what I was when I met you—what a hermit life I led; a bitter disappointment which clouded poor Mary's life made me resolve that I would never be burdened with similar griefs. I therefore kept aloof from society, and buried myself in my books. The sight of you at your target-shooting with little Bertie was a new era in my existence, and in spite of my preconceived notions, I was madly in love with you, and before you left Myrtle Cottage, I might have been presumptuous enough to have revealed it, had you not ward off my confession by declaring that you would live and die Veive Ethridge! We have not met since then, but I have never learned to forget you.

My cheek burned, as I replied:

"I was false to myself and to you, that afternoon; I have repented it a thousand times!" and I proceeded to a full confession of the motives which had prompted my language. I will not dwell on the scene which ensued, but that night I retired to rest, with the delightful consciousness that I was Hamilton Harper's beloved bride.

The next day we all set out for Myrtle Cottage, and as we passed the old clergyman's home, the pale face of invalid Mary appeared at the upper window. My father gave a start, and was dreamy and preoccupied the rest of the day. At length he grasped my arm and whispered:

"Has Mr. Harper a sister named Mary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you go there with me? I loved her in my youth, but the Ethridge pride rose between me and happiness. I married a lady of rank and wealth, but I have never forgotten Mary Harper!"

I walked with him to the clergyman's house, and that evening two who had been long estranged were reconciled.

I have been for three years Hamilton Harper's wife, and though I am not rich, I know the still handsome and dashing Mrs. Avonel envies me my quiet home,

my husband, and my boy Hal. My father leads a happy life with his second wife, Mary; the Ethridge pride has been subdued, and something of the brightness of their vanished youth has come back to both their hearts and faces.

C. F. G.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HEART.

There's beauty in the lofty brow,
The brightly flashing eye,
The ruby lip, the roseate cheek,
And locks of ebony;

The graceful, well-proportioned form,
Ere fashion's cruel hand
Hath racked it from its heav'nly mould,
With corset, brace, and band.

But though the outward form hath charms
Admiring eyes to win,
It doth not always faithfully
Give index of within.

Flush'd vanity, imperious pride,
Too often lurking there;
While nobleness and worth doth wed
Some form not half so fair.

External beauty ill allied
Lives but a little while,
To suit itself, and revel in
The world's poor empty smile.

The bloom departs, the flower fades,
But brief, indeed, its day;
And those by whom 'twas most caress'd,
Now thrust it from their way.

But when the beauty lives within,
Its pure effulgent light
Shines through to life's extremest hour,
Unalterably bright.

The good and true bask in the warmth
Its gen'rous beams impart;
Tell me, what beauty equals them
The beauty of the heart?

J. C. W.

HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING PERSON.—It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above the water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above the water for an hour. If seized anywhere else, the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN FRANCE.—The town of Rouen was visited with an earthquake a few days before that which was felt in England. About three in the afternoon on Sunday, while the corps of firemen were eating their annual dinner after the inspection of their fire engines, a violent noise like the firing of a cannon was heard, followed by a smart shock of an earthquake. All the inhabitants of the town rushed out of their houses in a state of terror, fearing to be crushed. The shock was likewise felt at a considerable distance from Rouen. The inhabitants of Anneville, who were attending vespers in the village church, were terrified at the shock, and with some difficulty retained their seats. The same shock was felt in the department of Eure.

ROCK OIL IN GASPE.—It has long been known that there were indications of mineral oil in Gaspe. Indeed, Sir William Logan described these indications in his geological reports, 20 years ago, long before the value of coal oil was known. We have intelligence now that oil has been struck at a depth of 560 feet. The oil is of a pale greenish-brown colour, and, even in its crude state, less offensive than some of the refined oil of Enniskillen. The well is said to be a flowing one. The limestone rock which produces this oil is found under conditions similar to that of Pennsylvania, and is three or four times the thickness of that of Enniskillen. The oil in this latter place has been flowing for many centuries, and man has only struck, as it were, the remainder, whereas the oil at Gaspe seems to have been more securely confined to its beds, as the stratum in which it is found scarcely crops out anywhere.

THE PRESERVATION OF ARMS.—A circular memorandum has been addressed to the army at home and abroad by the Adjutant-General, Sir James Yorke Scarlett, notifying that "the embarkation of troops for foreign service the subjoined directions for the preservation of the arms during the voyage are to be substituted for those contained in paragraph 9, page 320, of the 'Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army': Arm racks, instead of arm chests, are to be provided in all transports carrying troops, constructed for the reception of the arms of a regiment or detachment ordered to proceed complete on foreign service, in the ratio of one stand for each efficient man. In the

case of a detachment not taking its own arms, accommodation is to be provided for ten stands per 100 men. These arm racks will occupy that part of the vessel which is likely to afford the greatest freedom from rust, and at the same time admit of the arms being easily attainable, either for the purposes of inspection, drill, or for use on an emergency. Officers in command of regiments or detachments are to exact of all under their control the most scrupulous attention to the preservation of the rifles, and to see that they are not injured by neglect or carelessness.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.
Author of "The Jezebel," "The Prelate," "Minnigrey," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband;
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

Shakespeare.

On her return to London, Alice was but too happy to plead her infant as an excuse for avoiding the heartless hollow circle to which her gilded fetters bound her. Lord Moretown, having obtained all that he wished—the remaining portion of her immense fortune—speedily grew tired of his lately affected kindness, and left her to indulge in what he disdainingly termed her sullen humour. His days were generally passed in the society of Mademoiselle Athalie, who still maintained her ascendancy over his weak mind; his nights, in debates in the House of Peers, dreaming of coalitions and combinations which were to carry him to political power—the chimera for which he had already sacrificed so many real, substantial blessings.

As the neglected wife gazed upon her unconscious infant, she felt that life had still a blessing, as rich, even, as a husband's love. How often, when reflecting on her own hard destiny, did she thank Heaven that it was not a girl—a thing for man to oppress and trample on—to be sacrificed to its father's ambition or convenience.

"He, at least," she would murmur, "will never know his mother's pangs! Thank God for that!"

Bitter, indeed, must have been the sufferings which could have wrung such words from her lips, even when exercising the holiest office of maternal love! At times, the deep-blue, thoughtful eyes of the child would encounter hers: and the unconscious innocent would smile as he reclined upon her breast. Already he had learned to recognize her.

Lady Digby and her uncle were almost her only visitors. The very heart of the wealthy goldsmith seemed centred in his godson—who would entreat his niece to intrust him with, dance upon his knee, talk to, and caress, in the tone of a parent, and the garrulous fondness of a nurse.

Even Lady Moretown would sometimes smile to witness it.

"He is a brave boy—a noble boy!" he used to exclaim. "Only let him live to be a man, Alice, and you will not want a protector!"

"Or an avenger!" Lady Digby mentally added; but wisely kept the thought in her own breast.

The perverse retirement of his wife—as the earl chose to designate it—from fashionable life, occasioned many comments, though but little sympathy, amongst his friends. The Duchess of Ayrton, when the subject was alluded to in her own circle, used to shrug her shoulders, pity her poor brother, and charitably insinuate that her sister-in-law was mad—an impression which the earl did not choose to contradict. He was a far-seeing man, and felt that it might one day be useful to him.

Lady Digby, from her great age, unfortunately mixed too little in society to contradict the report; but she heard it, and took her measures accordingly.

The time was fast approaching when the victim of so much scheming villainy was to be deprived of the support which the rank and affection of her aged grand-aunt afforded. Toward the close of the season, the dowager was seized with a sudden illness, which her physician pronounced to be mortal.

"Do not weep, Alice!" said Lady Digby, as, propped in her easy-chair, she communicated the melancholy intelligence of her approaching dissolution to her adopted child. "Death hath dealt kindly with me! The King of Terrors hath given me due warning to quit this tenement of clay! It might have been sudden, Alice. In quitting a world," she added, "of which I have long been weary, I have but one regret—that it will deprive you of a friend!"

Her grand-niece was too deeply moved to speak; she could only bathe the hand she held in hers with her fast-falling tears.

"You are my nearest relative, Alice!" continued Lady Digby. "When I am gone, you will find that you were dearer to my heart than you imagined."

"Do not name it!" sobbed Alice; "bestow on some other your bounties! The memory of your affection will be treasure sufficient for me! Wealth," she added,

"has been my curse. Would I had been born a beggar!"

"You might have been happier, my poor child," was the response; "much happier."

The evening preceding her dissolution, the aged sufferer recovered sufficient strength to impress her last counsels upon the heart of Lady Moretown.

"I have placed my fortune, Alice," she said, "alike beyond your weakness and the control of your worthless husband. You will have merely a life-interest in it; the absolute reversion I have secured to my namesake and godson; use the power this independence gives you wisely. It may secure your tranquillity, though not your happiness. Let no inducement lead you to part from your child! The law—bad as it is—if you are firm, will protect you!"

"Part from my boy!" repeated Alice, struck with newly-awakened terror at the possibility of such an outrage upon her maternal rights; "they should take my life first!"

"I told you once before," continued Lady Digby, "that our affections were our greatest enemies. Your love for your child will be the instrument by which Lord Moretown will seek to bend you to his purpose. Alice," she added, bitterly, "why did you not yield to my wish—my entreaty—and seek for a divorce, whilst there was still a friend to advise and protect you?"

"I thought—I hoped—" sobbed her granddaughter.

Grief choked her utterance. She could not complete the sentence—which must have ended with the confession of her bitter disappointment.

"Ay," said the dying woman, "you thought and hoped—as women always will—trusting against conviction! It is our destiny! I cannot blame you, Alice—I cannot blame you!"

Exhausted with the effort she had made, Lady Digby sank back upon her pillow; and it was some minutes before she recovered herself sufficiently to bid her granddaughter "Good-night!"

"I cannot leave you!" replied Lady Moretown, struck with terror at the death-like hue which spread over her pale countenance.

"You can come in the morning!" answered the dying woman, composedly—for she was anxious to spare her suffering relative the scene of her last paus. "You forget little Digby will require his nurse."

This was said so cheerfully that Alice was deceived.

And so they parted—the firm heart and the weak one—never on earth to meet again. As her granddaughter left the room, Lady Digby silently blessed her, and felt, as she performed the act, that her last trial in life was ended—for she had lived too well to entertain any childish dread of that great change which humanity inherits.

When Mr. Brindley—who had been a mere spectator of the interview—returned from seeing Lady Moretown to her carriage, he found his aged friend still conscious, although obliged to be supported by her weeping attendant. Silently he seated himself by her chair, and took her withered hand in his—its unnatural coldness struck a chill to his kind heart.

"Strange," resumed the old lady, "how the affections cling around the heart! Leave me for a moment, and bring me the paper which my lawyer brought a week since."

This was addressed to her waiting-woman, who had served her long and faithfully. It was some minutes before the honest creature—blinded by her tears—could find the object of her search. When she had found it, she placed it in the hands of her mistress, who pointed to her to leave the room. As soon as they were alone, she gave the paper to the goldsmith; it was sealed with black, and addressed to his name.

"Your will?" whispered the old man, respectfully.

"No!" answered her ladyship, composedly; "my will is in the hands of my bankers. There can be no tampering with that! It is a codicil which I trust to you, to be produced in the event of two circumstances occurring."

"Two circumstances!" repeated Mr. Brindley, as to impress them religiously upon his mind.

"The first," resumed the dowager, "is Lady Moretown being separated from my godson by her husband."

"And the second?"

"The insanity—real or supposed—of my granddaughter!"

"Insanity!" repeated the goldsmith, as soon as he had recovered from the painful state of surprise in which the word had plunged him; "what chance?"

"Promise!" gasped Lady Digby, pressing his hand—for she was already too far gone to enter into any explanation of her motive.

Mr. Brindley did promise; and faithfully did he keep his word—for not even his confidant, Goliah, was made acquainted with his possession of the important paper.

The high-minded woman almost immediately afterwards fell into a gentle sleep, during which her soul passed from its frail tenement to the presence of Him who gave it.

Many and bitter were the tears of Alice, when informed on the following day by her uncle of the death of her aged friend. She felt that one of the few stays were rent from her on which her sorrows could have reposed. Not so her husband. He received the intelligence with secret satisfaction. It was an obstacle removed to a long-meditated act of villainy.

"Doubtless," he observed, in his blandest tone of voice, when the goldsmith communicated the intelligence, "Lady Digby died rich?"

His visitor felt his indignation rise at the inquiry of the heartless speculator, and experienced a strong inclination to kick him—or at least tell him what he thought of his character and conduct; but consideration for Alice restrained him.

"Doubtless, my lord!" he muttered.

"Lady Moretown, I believe, is her nearest relative?"

Mr. Brindley answered in the affirmative.

"I wonder," continued the peer, "if she has left any will?"

"On that point I am happy to satisfy your lordship!" replied the old man. "Lady Digby has left a will—and I believe a just one!"

"Ah! you know its contents, I suppose?"

This was an insinuation which his visitor firmly denied. It had been made, he said, by her own unbiased judgment without consulting him.

Shortly after, he took his leave, more and more convinced of the utter worthlessness of his noble relative.

On the day appointed for the funeral, the Earl of Moretown, attired in all the solemn mockery of woe, attended the opening of the will, at the mansion of Lady Digby. His legal adviser, Lawyer Quirk, accompanied him.

After the usual preamble, the testatrix bequeathed all her estate, real and personal—subject to certain annuities to her servants—to James Brindley, goldsmith, of the city of London, and John and Henry Pringle, Esquires, bankers, to be held in trust for the sole and separate use of her grand-niece, Alice, Countess of Moretown.

A muttered imprecation all but escaped the lips of the earl.

The will proceeded to limit the power of granting leases to the said trustees, and all leases so granted were to terminate on the death of the Countess of Moretown—when the estates, funded property, pictures, plate, jewels, and furniture, were to become the sole and absolute property of her son, the Honourable Digby Brindley Moretown, provided he had attained the full age of twenty-one. But, in the event of his dying before he attained his majority, or leaving any legitimate heir, the entire property to be sold, and the proceeds divided equally between the nearest relatives of the testatrix—share and share alike.

In conclusion, the document named Mr. James Brindley, goldsmith, of the City of London, acting executor, and directed that no act of the other trustees should be valid without his consent in writing.

Although his heart was secretly overflowing with gall and mortification, the Earl of Moretown was too much a man of the world not to receive the congratulations of all present with dignified self-possession. In his hatred to his wife, he would rather a thousand times Lady Digby had left her fortune to a stranger, than made her the sole mistress of it. He felt as if his victim was escaping him.

"And what do you suppose," inquired Mr. Quirk of the banker, who had produced the will, "may be the value of her ladyship's property?"

"Twelve thousand a year, at the very least!" was the reply.

Quirk and his noble client left the house together.

"It is evident," observed the former, "that Lady Digby's will has been executed with no very favourable disposition towards your lordship."

"She hated me!" was the reply.

Despised would have been the more fitting word.

"It certainly is provoking!" observed the lawyer; "the independence of a wife seldom conduces to the happiness of her husband! I have known fifty instances where it has proved fatal to it!"

"Oh, it has been well considered!" replied the peer, in an angry tone; "and every contingency provided against."

"Every contingency," repeated Quirk, "save one."

"And what is that contingency?" eagerly demanded his client.

"On that point, my lord," answered the man of law, "you had better consult counsel! The point is a very nice one—a case which might or might not occur! Few," he added, with a smile of self-complacency, "besides myself, would have discovered it."

"And whom could I consult better than yourself?" exclaimed Lord Moretown; "who for so many years have possessed my confidence?"

"Who did possess!" observed his companion, with marked emphasis on the words; "at least I flattered myself so, till I discovered that your lordship employed another solicitor in the purchase of the Riddle estate."

"Accident—accident, my dear Quirk—I assure you!" said the husband of Alice, impressively; "the fact is,

that I was seriously annoyed and inconvenienced at the loss of the income from the Briancourt estates—the affair was pressing—a coolness had arisen between us—I was in the country, you in London. It will be your own fault," he added, "if it occurs again."

The lawyer no longer hesitated. The agency of a client like the Earl of Moretown was too good a thing to be slighted.

"Well, then, my lord," he said, "the only circumstance which would give you the administration of Lady Digby's fortune is the insanity of your wife! The law, considering the life-interest which her ladyship possesses in it, and the absolute reversion of the property to your son, would assign you the revenue of the estates—or at least a portion of it—although the general management of them must remain in the hands of the trustees! That clause in the will," he added, "is strong—very strong! no possibility of shaking it!"

For some moments Lord Moretown gazed in speechless astonishment upon the speaker, mentally asking himself if the lawyer had not, by some peculiar power of perception, read the thoughts which he had long brooded over in the recesses of his own dark mind. Insanity had already removed an elder brother from his path—why should it not perform the same kind office for his wife, whom he hated for her virtues, as bad men hate the being whom they have most wronged and outraged?

"Such an event," he observed, "is by no means impossible, or even improbable."

Quirk silently smiled; for, without possessing the faculty which his noble client had given him credit for, he guessed what was passing in his heart.

"Lady Moretown," continued his lordship, "certainly has, since our marriage, betrayed considerable eccentricity of manner; but at present nothing more than eccentricity!"

"May I ask," said the lawyer, "in what those eccentricities consist?"

"An insuperable aversion—amounting almost to hatred—to my son by my previous marriage! She cannot endure him in the house with her! The consequence is, that I have been compelled to keep a separate establishment for him and his governess, seeing that he is too young at present to be sent to Eton!"

"Does that aversion extend to Mademoiselle Athalie?" inquired Quirk—who was perfectly aware of the earl's private arrangements—with a demure look.

His lordship coloured to the very temples, as he answered that it did.

"I thought as much!" observed his adviser.

"Since the birth of her child she has exhibited a marked love of seclusion—refuses to go into the world!"

"Good!" said the lawyer.

"And prefers the society of her own plebeian relatives to that of mine!"

"Premortuary symptoms, my lord!" observed Quirk, after a pause; "at present nothing more! It would be folly," he added, "to attempt proceedings, unless upon very sure grounds: but your lordship's affection and prudence are sufficient guarantees for that!"

"Certainly!" replied the peer, who perfectly understood the canon which his precious adviser intended to convey.

When Alice was informed of the noble bequest of her grand-aunt, she felt doubly grateful to her memory: not for the accession of wealth to herself—for she had long discovered the bitter truth, that riches do not always confer happiness—it was for her boy's sake she rejoiced. It placed him, as she imagined, beyond the cupidity and injustice of his unnatural father.

Little did she dream that the love implanted by nature in the mother's heart could be used as an instrument of torture and destruction.

Poor Alice! the world had not taught her half its lessons yet!

CHAPTER XXXV.

I find the people strangely fantasized—
Possessed with rumours—full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear—but full of fear!

Shakespeare.

From the nature of the office he had undertaken, Kelf was almost as much a prisoner as the two unhappy beings under his charge: his nights were fearfully lonely, and he began to hate the spot it had so long been his ambition to possess.

Like many irreligious persons, he was superstitious: a feeling which the old house of Bordercleugh was well calculated to increase—for when the wind whistled around its many gables and lofty towers, it seemed to complain with an almost human voice. The grotesque shadows which crossed his path by day, as he traversed the long passages and deserted rooms, startled him; and before many months were over his head, he became heartily tired of the place, and wished it had any tenant but himself.

After much reflection, he decided on taking some one to live with him; but the choice of that some one was a point of no small difficulty and danger: a domestic he could not trust—a wife he possibly might.

In his visits to the village, he had frequently noticed a fair, modest-looking girl, the grand-daughter of the parish clerk and schoolmaster.

If not absolutely pretty, she was quite good-looking enough to be agreeable. As far as his own comfort was concerned, all that Kelf required was a drudge—but his safety rendered it necessary that that drudge should be his wife; for he was perfectly aware that the law would severely punish him for the forcible detention of Maud and Mabel, if ever his villainy should be discovered. Not even the influence of his patron could protect him then.

So, after due consideration, he resolved to make the old clerk's grandchild the offer of becoming mistress of Bordercleugh.

"They are poor—wretchedly poor!" he thought; "and the girl will not require much wooing!"

For once he was out in his calculation: it would have taken a great deal of wooing to persuade Bridget Bruce to accept his hand—for, independent of her attachment to a young farmer in the neighbourhood, she had heard of strange appearances at Bordercleugh.

Like most of the country people, Bridget was superstitious; and her grandfather was even more superstitious than herself.

"Good evening, Bruce!" said Kelf, as he entered the cottage of the clerk, with a patronising air. "I dare say you are surprised to see me?"

"Weel," replied the old man, carefully taking off his spectacles, and placing them between the leaves of the book he was reading, "I cannae but say that I am! Not that ye are less welcome on that account! Biddy," he added, "place a stule, and get ane of the bottles of ale out of the neuk; there are but twa—ye cannae miss them!"

The girl rose from her spinning wheel, and lighting a small lamp, left the room in search of the ale.

"A pretty wench, that!" observed Kelf, in what he intended to be a complimentary tone.

"She is better than pretty," drily observed her grandfather; "she is good!"

"Of course," observed his visitor, with a coarse chuckle; "no one expects you to cry stinking fish!"

A dry, dissatisfied cough was the only comment which the clerk ventured to make on this not very polite speech. The old man felt, but was too prudent to show his dissatisfaction. Mr. Kelf was not a person to be quarrelled with on slight grounds.

"Biddy," he said, when the girl returned with the ale, "ye had better gang to the Widow Hazelton's for the flax before it gets late, while I am the factor ha's a crack thegither!"

"And when you come back," added the ruffian, chucking her under the chin and leering into her face, "maybe you will hear something to surprise you!"

"If it's ony gude of you," thought Biddy, as she made her escape, "it will surprise me!"

"I dare say, now, you are wondering, Bruce," continued Kelf, as the clerk poured out a couple of glasses of thin Scotch ale, "what has brought me here to-night?"

"I'll no deny it, sir," answered the old man; "though I trust I ken better manners than to speer it. It cannae be the rent," he added; "it'll no be due these three weeks."

"Curse the rent!" was the reply. "It will be your own fault, if, for the future, you do not live rent free."

At this observation his host became very attentive.

"The fact is," said his visitor, "I find Bordercleugh internally lonely. I am almost tired of living there."

"It must be horrible!" observed Mr. Bruce, with a shudder.

"What does the old fool mean by horrible?" mentally asked Kelf; then added, aloud, that "horrible" was a strong word.

The clerk eagerly assured him that he had not the slightest intention to offend him.

"The fact is, I have made up my mind to marry—and now the secret's out."

"An' ye wish me to speak to the minister?" exclaimed the parish clerk, his features brightening up at the idea of a wedding; "wi' muckle pleasure, sir! but when is the happy day to be?"

"I must leave you and your grand-daughter," answered his visitor, coolly, "to settle that."

"My grand-daughter!" repeated the old man, with a look of astonishment so intense, that Kelf broke out into a loud laugh; "what, Bridget?"

"Who the devil else do you suppose I mean?" exclaimed the ruffian, led by his vanity to suppose that the clerk's surprise proceeded from an overwhelming sense of the honour he intended him. It never entered his imagination that it could arise from any other cause.

"And are ye serious?" inquired the grandfather of Bridget Bruce; "or' only making sport of me?"

"Quite serious," was the reply.

"It's very kind of ye—very kind, indeed," observed the clerk, with great deliberation; "have you spoken to Biddy on the subject?"

"Not yet. I thought it best to open my mind to you."

"Maist prudent—maist prudent, indeed."

Although not the most quick-sighted person in the world, it soon became evident to the keeper that the old man's surprise and embarrassment did not arise from any pleasure or sense of advantage which his marriage with Biddy would bring. He almost began to suspect that it was distasteful to him.

"Why the devil don't you speak out?" exclaimed the suitor. "I should think that such an offer does not come to your door every day."

"Before I do speak out," said the clerk, "ye maun permit me to ask one question."

"A dozen, if you please."

"Where do you intend to live when you are married?"

"Why at Bordercleugh, to be sure," answered Kelf, who could not at all comprehend the drift of such a question. "Where else should I live?"

"In that case," said Mr. Bruce, firmly, "ye'll no wed wi' any grand-daughter of mine! Besides, Biddy has given her troth to an honest lad, a neighbour's son. They were bairns thegither, and I'm thinking she'd no like to break it."

The rejected suitor was not so obtuse, but he clearly perceived that the objection on the part of the grandfather, at least, was rather to his place of residence than himself.

"What objection can you possibly have?" he demanded, concealing his anger and surprise, "to Bordercleugh?"

"The place is no canny."

"Canny!" repeated Kelf, impatiently, "what do you mean by canny? I am a plain man, old fellow, and require a plain answer."

"Weel, then," answered the clerk, driven to a corner by the direct question of the keeper, "the house is haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed his visitor, with a loud laugh; "I did not think you had been such an old fool! Why, I have lived there now for several months, known the place off and on ever since I was a boy, and never yet saw anything worse than myself."

"Vera possible," was the somewhat sarcastic rejoinder—for the old Scotchman felt his dignity insulted in being called an old fool by a man whom he considered a mere upstart; "but fule or no fule, seeing is believing."

"And what have you seen?" anxiously demanded Kelf, who began to suspect that the affair might turn out more serious than he at first imagined.

"It's an auld proverb, and a true one, Maister Kelf," observed the clerk, gravely, "that a wise man should be careful how he pits his ladie into anither's parritch!"

"Hang your proverbs! I want to know what you have seen!"

"Weel, then," said the old man, "I suppose I mun e'en tell you. It's weel known to all the country-side that, since the death of Gilbert Rawlins, ye are the only person at present residing at Bordercleugh, and, consequently—"

"Of course it is!" interrupted the keeper, impatiently; "go on!"

"That being the case," continued the clerk, "how is it that whenever you are known to be absent at the fair at Haddington, or elsewhere, lights are seen to blaze frae the old tower of Bordercleugh?"

"Lights!"

"Ay, and flames too, for the matter o' that," added his informant. "Seeing is believing—and I ha' seen them wi' my ain een—and half the neighbours as weel."

"Curse them!" muttered Kelf, involuntarily—for he at once comprehended the cause of the appearances which had so terrified the speaker.

"Curse them!" repeated Mr. Bruce. "Curse who!"

"The knaves who have been playing me this pretty trick!" answered his visitor, with an air of confusion. "My lord's giving me the place caused jealousy in more than our quarter!"

"Vera likely!"

"And some of my enemies have gained admission during my absence!"

"It's just possible!" was the guarded observation of the Scotchman.

"Just possible!" repeated the keeper; "why, it can be nothing else! I am surprised that a man of your sense and learning should not have seen through the affair at once!"

Although the "sense" and "learning" were very graciously taken, Mr. Bruce was as far as ever from being convinced by the explanation of his guest. Like Dr. Johnson, he was a firm believer in ghosts and supernatural appearances, and his faith was not to be shaken either by argument or assertion.

"Well," said Kelf, "I am glad you have told me—for there is no knowing how far these tricks might have been carried! As it is, there will be no more lights and flames seen issuing from the old tower of Bordercleugh!"

"Possibly not!" answered the clerk, doubtfully.

"I'll lay the ghosts, I warrant!" continued the irritated ruffian, between his teeth.

"Ye'll be a cleverer mon than I am to do that, I'm thinking—wi' all the buke learning ye give me credit for!"

The information which the keeper had received—for that night at least—put a stop to his wooing; and, bidding the grandfather of the pretty Bridget "Good-night," he set out on his return home—meditating during his walk how to prevent such signals for the future.

After mature reflection, he decided to take no notice to his prisoners of the discovery he had made till the first of the following month, when doubtless they would imagine he had taken his departure for the fair at Haddington, as usual.

Although it wanted but a few days to the time, it was with the utmost difficulty that Kelf controlled his brutal temper, so impatient did he feel to wreak it on his helpless victims; but he did control it, and when the morning arrived—leaving the prisoners a double supply of provisions, as usual—he set out upon his pony, as if to the fair.

Maud and Mabel, confiding in the supposed absence of their gaoler, were busily occupied in feeding a fire which they had lit upon the ledge of the window, in the hope of attracting the attention of some passing traveller.

The materials of which it was composed were fragments of the decayed panels of the room and oaken floor, which, by the exertion of their joint strength, the prisoners contrived to tear up.

"Gude save us," observed Maud, "if assistance does no come sune, there will no be a plank loft."

Her companion cast her eye despairingly upon the floors and walls, which were already half-stripped.

"Heaven will not desert us," she said, "if we remain faithful to ourselves!"

During this brief conversation, the fire, fanned by the night breeze, which rushed freely through one of the broken panes of glass—began to crackle and burn brightly. When the flames were at their height, and the Long Chamber illuminated with their ruddy glow, a key was heard to turn gently in the lock of the stout oaken door.

The hearts of the prisoners beat violently—suspended betwixt hope and fear.

Was it their gaoler, or some friend sent by Providence to their aid?

The question was soon solved; for, kicking the door open, with a bitter curse, Kelf entered the apartment.

(To be continued.)

THE SCULPTOR OF MODENA.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCULPTOR AND HIS MODEL.

WITHIN A STONE'S-THROW OF THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF MODENA, THERE WAS AN ARTIST'S STUDIO. IT WAS ON THE FIRST-FLOOR OF A LARGE BUILDING, AND ITS TWO WINDOWS WERE FLANKED BY WIDE BALCONIES. WITHIN THE STUDIO, WHICH WAS DIVIDED INTO TWO APARTMENTS, APPEARED ALL THE APPURTENANCES OF THE SCULPTOR.

IN THE OUTER APARTMENT, WHICH CONTAINED IMPLEMENTS FOR MODELLING AND NUMEROUS PLASTER BUSTS AND FIGURES IN CLAY, AND WHICH WAS ALSO USED AS A SORT OF WAITING-ROOM, SAT AN ELDERLY LADY, ENGAGED IN LOOKING OVER A PORTFOLIO OF DRAWINGS.

She was dressed in a very rich garb, and had the air of one much used to the upper ranks of life; but for all that she was only a serving woman. She had a look of shrewdness about her, and ever and anon she would turn her eyes towards the screen that covered the arched doorway to the inner apartment, as if she would listen to what was going on there. Once or twice a half-mocking smile broke over her features, and when that smile passed away, she would shake her head and pat her foot, like one who had thoughts too complicated for utterance.

WITHIN THE STUDIO THERE WAS A DIFFERENT GROUP. NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM STOOD A MARBLE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN. THE ROUGH WORK WAS ALL DONE—THE DRAPERY THROWN INTO ITS REQUIRED FOLDS, THE HEAD AND HANDS FORMED, THE BOSOM WORKED DOWN TO ITS DUE PROPORTIONS, AND THE FACE PARTLY FINISHED. BY ITS SIDE STOOD ZANELLO, THE SCULPTOR.

He was a young man—perhaps thirty years of age—and he possessed a wild, dreamy beauty, that was startling at the first sight. He was of medium height, and rather slender of frame, but he lacked not in a muscle, nor in anything that marks the true physical man. His features were of the most faultless symmetry, but very pale. His eyes were large and black, containing a world of power and electric light, and his brow was broad and high. His hair was black, and hung in long flowing curls over his shoulders.

Near the sculptor, upon a low ottoman, sat a girl—a girl who had seen some twenty summers. She was a beautiful creature, for it was her very beauty that had called her there. Her beauty was of that quiet, modest cast, with none of that voluptuousness which appears to the outer senses, but made up of

spirit that looks only to the soul for appreciation. At the present moment her eyes were drooping, and the long silken lashes were traced upon the white cheeks. She was Marianna Torello, a distant relative, and a protegee of the Duke of Modena. She was acknowledged the queen of beauty in the city, and most people who knew her declared that her equal was not to be found in the whole dukedom. She was of noble birth, but an orphan.

The Duke Antonio had engaged Zanello to make him a statue of the Virgin, and the whim had seized him to have the face copied from the lovely features of Marianna; nor was the whim very wild, either, for it were hard for an artist to create a countenance better adapted to express the soul of the Christian Mother. The duke entertained no fears in thus trusting his protegee at the artist's studio, but as a guard against scandal, he always sent her in company with Dorina, one of his wife's trusty serving-women. Once, Julian Pazzi, an acknowledged suitor for Marianna's hand, who was a count, and a favourite of the duke, expressed a dislike to having the maiden go to the studio of the handsome artist, but the duke only laughed at him, and assured him that Marianna's heart was not open to such danger. But we shall see how the count looked upon it.

"Come, signor," said Marianna, in a very low tone, as she raised her eyes tremblingly to the artist's face, "you are slow with your work. The duke will not grant you many more sittings from me."

Zanello raised his chisel to the marble face, but he did not set about his work. He looked upon the living face he was to copy, and again his arm dropped to his side.

"Signora," he said, in a tone as deep and rich as the breathing of an organ, "tis a hopeless task. Go, tell the noble duke that I cannot do his bidding."

"Cannot?"

"That was my word. I would if I could, but I cannot."

"But Antonio will be angry."

"Then so be it."

"And you cannot finish the statue?"

"I said not so. If he will send me another face, or leave me to fashion one from my own creation, I will do the work, but I cannot put your face upon my marble."

Again Marianna's eyes drooped to the floor, and she turned strangely pale. She trembled, too, till her dark ringlets shook as though the wind were playing with them.

"Then you will not want me to come here again," she said, without raising her eyes.

The sculptor started. A wild commotion moved his features for a moment, but when he spoke he was calm again.

"No—there is no need that you should come here more. I cannot do the work for which you are sent."

"I fear the duke will be very angry," said the maiden, slowly raising her eyes.

"Then let him be so," said Zanello, speaking very slowly, and in a very low, calm tone. "I will tell the truth to you, but you need not tell it to him. I would rather brave his anger than to have my own heart crushed and broken. He ought not to have sent you here."

"I am sure he meant no harm, signor; nor can I see where there is any."

"Cannot you understand me? I will speak more plainly, then. Instead of transferring your face to this senseless marble, I have allowed it to become imaged in my own soul. I dare not see you smile again."

The sculptor ceased speaking, and sank into a chair. At the end of a few moments he cast his eyes again upon his lovely companion, but he found that her head was bowed.

"Signor," he continued, with a strange sadness in his tone, "long years ago I laid my mother in the cold grave, and then I was without a friend in the world. Since then I have been a solitary child of fortune, seeking no love and returning none. I have loved my art, and I had thought my heart could learn to love nothing more on this earth; but I have been mistaken. You came to me like a spirit from heaven. I saw you smile, heard you speak, and read the pure thoughts that dwelt in your soul. Already I love you with a passion that must henceforth leave its touch of pain upon my heart; but I dare not venture further. Go back to the duke and tell him that I will finish the work without a model. I hope I need not ask your pardon for thus telling the truth."

Zanello drew a screen over the statue, and then turned towards the outer studio. He had moved but a few steps, however, when he heard his name pronounced. He stopped and turned, and Marianna was looking full upon him. She was pale, and tears glistened in her eyes, but she did not tremble.

"Zanello," she said, "I, too, lost my mother long years ago, and since then I have seen little to love in the gaudy throng that has surrounded me. Few have known the feelings of my orphaned heart. Perhaps

the duke ought not to have sent me here; but it cannot be helped now. I have come—and—and you must not drive me away."

Marianna's eyes drooped again as she ceased speaking, and she now began to tremble. Zanello was not a man to resist the intoxicating flood that came pouring upon him. This drop had made his cup overrun, and without a word, he clasped the maiden to his bosom. She looked up and smiled through her tears, and then laid her head upon his shoulder.

At this moment the lovers heard movement in the other room, and soon afterwards Doriana looked in.

"Come, signora, it is time we should go," she said.

"I will be with you in a moment." Marianna was quickly prepared, and having wiped all the tears away from her face, she turned towards the door, but before she reached it she stopped.

"I shall come again," she said.

"Yes—I will go on with the work," replied the artist.

CHAPTER II.

THE DUEL.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon when Zanello was left alone. The emotions that had come to his soul were too powerful for calm thought. He did not think of Marianna's noble blood, nor of the barrier that the laws placed between them. He only knew that she loved him—that she had reclined on his bosom, and that she had received his avowal of love with a happy smile. If there was a tangible form to any of his thoughts, it was the thought of another land, where there was no stern duke to interpose between him and his love, and where he could fashion him a home beneath the sunshine of peace and safety. And so for an hour he lived in the realm of his own wild dreams, sometimes sitting by the statue, and sometimes walking up and down his studio.

At length the sculptor prepared himself for a walk in the open air. He had put on his cap, and hung his light rapier to his girdle, and was on the point of going out, when he suddenly stopped in front of the statue. He gazed upon the marble face, the features of which were just beginning to spring into life, and a new idea burst upon him. His dark eyes glowed with a deeper fire, his pale face was lighted up with a glow of new enthusiasm, and his whole frame seemed set to the strange thought that had come upon him. For a while he forgot the love-light that had found its way into his soul, for genius was overleaping everything that belonged not to its legitimate train.

The face of Marianna Torello had passed away from that marble, and another had taken its place. Up from his own soul the sculptor had drawn a form that was to live in the white stone. Perhaps he feared that he could not copy the features of the maiden he loved, but that as it may, the other form had come unbidden to him, and he was resolved to use it.

Having dwelt for a long while on the thought that had so strangely come to him, Zanello started up from his deep study, and prepared once more to go out.

He left his studio, and having gained the street, he turned his steps towards the Seccia.

He had passed on through several squares, when his attention was attracted by a party of young noblemen, who were coming towards him. He noticed that Count Pazzi was among the number, and also that their attention was directed towards himself. He would have crossed over and avoided them, but Pazzi interrupted him.

"Look ye, signor sculptor," exclaimed the count, "it appears to me that you kept Marianna Torello a long time in your studio to-day. By San Marco, this will not do. I shall accompany her the next time, myself."

"Very well," returned Zanello; and he would have passed on, for he saw that the young man was heated with wine.

But the count was not yet done.

"I was at the ducal palace when the lady returned, not an hour since, and she has surely been in tears. Now what has caused them?" he asked, in an angry tone.

"I know not the object of your question," returned Zanello; "nor do I choose to make a street talk of one like Marianna Torello. Let me pass on."

"Not yet, for by my soul you shall answer me first."

"I shall answer you no questions here upon that subject, sir count. If you respect the lady you will not make her name a by-word for your companions."

"Now, by the Parent of us all," cried Pazzi, drawing his sword and changing colour, "you shall answer for this."

"For what?" asked Zanello, apparently unmoved.

"For your insolence, vile dog."

The sculptor was keen enough to see that the count was desperately jealous. He was aware of the young nobleman's fiery temper, and now that the heat of the wine-cup was added to it, there could be little hope of pacification.

"Sir count, I beg of you that you will respect your-

self enough to avoid a street brawl. I would go quietly on my way."

"Out upon thee, dog. Draw, or I'll spit thee as I would a goose."

"Beware, or you may rush too far. Put up your sword."

"Oh what a coward! Take that, for your insolence."

As the count spoke, he struck the sculptor a blow across the cheek with the flat of his blade, and at that the other noblemen set up a loud, derisive laugh. Zanello drew his rapier and stood upon his guard, but he did not offer to strike.

"At him," cried one of the party, at the same time slapping the count upon the shoulder, to incite him.

"Ay," added another. "He's drawn. Point the dog!"

"One moment, gentlemen," said Zanello, with a strange calmness in his tone. "This broil is none of my seeking, and even now I would go on my way in peace. Let me pass, gentlemen."

"Not until you are punished," hissed the count.

Pazzi made a lunge at the sculptor as he spoke, but it was safely parried, and from that instant Zanello appeared a different man. A livid spot came upon either cheek, his eyes burned with a steady, deep light, and his muscles were set like iron.

"Beware, sir count," he uttered, as he parried the fourth stroke. "I cannot stand upon the defensive much longer."

But Pazzi heeded not the warning. He was too much blinded with passion to see that under the present circumstances the sculptor was his superior in every respect, and he continued to strike out with an utter recklessness, seeming bent only on taking the life of his antagonist.

"Signors," said Zanello, turning to the count's companions, but at the same time guarding against the blows that were furiously aimed at him; "will you not remove your friend and put a stop to this disgraceful scene? For see—the people are even now collecting."

But the young men were too much excited to do any such thing, and they only clapped their hands and urged Pazzi on.

Zanello had borne all that he could. At length he received a prick upon the shoulder, and his forbearance was gone. He advanced a step, threw off a blow that was aimed at his neck, and in the next instant his rapier had passed through the count's body. He withdrew his weapon, and after a few wild thrusts Julian Pazzi sunk upon the pavement. His friends were sobered in an instant, and they gathered about the fallen man and lifted him up; but he was dead!

"You had better flee while there is opportunity, signor."

Zanello turned and saw an old man standing by his side.

"God knows that I could not help it," he uttered, as he thrust his weapon back into its sheath.

"That is plain enough to me," said the old man, "for I saw it all. But you know the laws of Modena. Death is the inevitable punishment for such a crime as this. You have slain a Modenesse nobleman, and for a plebeian, that is death under any circumstances. Flee while there is yet time."

Zanello did hury away from the spot, but he went towards his own studio. When he reached his room he began to walk nervously to and fro. His mind was the seat of strange emotions; but at length he stopped before the statue, and having thrown off the screen, he became lost in contemplating the dreamy ideal that had moved him an hour ago.

CHAPTER III.

CONDENMED.

On the morning following the death of the Count Pazzi, Marianna Torello had prepared to go to the sculptor's studio, but before she set off, she received a summons to attend the duke. Antonio Guida, Duke of Modena, was a stern, iron-willed man, and about forty years of age. He ruled in the duchy with the most rigid adherence to the laws, and if he had any kind impulses, they never manifested themselves in connection with his dispensing of justice.

"Did you send for me?" asked Marianna, as she approached the duke.

"Yes, my sweet child. You need not go to the sculptor's studio, to-day."

"Shall I go to-morrow?"

"No. You need go there no more."

"No more!" faintly echoed the maiden, changing colour.

"No, Marianna. I have bad news for you. Shall I break it to you now?"

"Yes," tremblingly murrured the fair girl.

"You may as well hear it now, as at any other time. Your lover is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Marianna, with a quick cry.

"Zanello dead!"

"Zanello!" uttered the duke, starting as though he had been stung; "Marianna, it is the Count Pazzi who is dead."

A quick look of relief shot across the girl's features, but it was not quick enough to escape the eye of the duke.

He had long been used to reading people's thoughts from their faces, and it was no difficult task for him now to read the whole of his fair ward's secret.

Marianna knew that she had betrayed herself, for she hung down her head, and trembled violently.

"Marianna," at length resumed the duke, "you have revealed to me a thing I could not otherwise have believed. But it has come in season to save you. I will not blame you, for perhaps I am myself to blame. I ought not to have sent you there. But you will go there no more. Zanello is in prison. It was he who killed the count."

Marianna gazed for a moment up into the face of her guardian, and then she sank back.

She would have fallen to the floor, but the duke sprang forward and caught her.

She was insensible.

She had passed from the pain that had seized her heart, for the shock had bereft her of all power.

An attendant was summoned, and the form of the poor girl was borne away.

An hour later, and the sculptor stood before the ducal throne. He was in chains, and strongly guarded. The duke looked upon him sternly, but the artist did not shrink, nor even tremble.

"Zanello," said the duke, "you are charged with having slain the Count Julian Pazzi."

"He did fall at my hands, my lord; but I only defended myself, calmly replied the sculptor. "He taunted me most bitterly, and drew upon me without any provocation."

"And yet you killed him."

"Yes, my lord."

"You know your fate, then?"

"I know the laws, my lord."

"And that they are rigid?"

"Yes."

"Then I have but to pronounce sentence. You must assuredly die."

"It is hard, my lord duke. Had I not resisted, the count would have killed me. I resisted, and now the law kills me."

"You should have escaped."

"But I am only a man."

The duke was struck by this last answer—not only by the words, but by the strange tone in which they were spoken. But he could not help the artist, for there were two laws, either of which would condemn him. One was, that in all street conflicts resulting in death, the survivor should suffer; and the other, that any plebeian who should cause the death of a patrician, should pay the penalty with his life. From the former law the duke often made exceptions, but never from the latter, for even had he been inclined so to do, he would not have dared to meet the indignation of the nobility which would have been sure to follow it.

"Your doom is fixed, signor. You will go back to prison, and then to the scaffold. I hope God may have mercy on your soul."

The guard would have led the prisoner away, but he hesitated.

"My lord duke," he said, "I know there is no use in asking for my life, yet I have a boon to beg. I would not die until I have finished the task I have already so nearly completed."

"You allude to the statue of the Virgin," said the duke, while a cloud came over his face.

"Yes."

"And do you think you will have the Signora Maria for a model?"

Zanello changed colour, for he knew by the duke's look and tone that he had discovered the secret of his heart, but he quickly threw off the perturbation.

"Nay, most noble signor, I cannot copy those features, if I would. I have the ideal in my own mind, and I must give it life before I die. It shall be yours, and all it shall cost you will be the respite I need. Grant me this boon. In a week I can do it."

"But you cannot go back to your studio."

"I can have a room in the prison, and my implements may be carried thither."

The duke considered a few moments, and in the end he resolved to grant the sculptor's request. He wanted the statue, for he had set his heart upon it.

"Well," he at length said, "I will give you eight days. Will that be sufficient?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then do your work; and at the expiration of that time you die. I can do nothing more for you."

Antonio waved his hand as he spoke, and the sculptor was led from the hall. After he had gone, the duke sought the apartment of his ward, but he found her weeping so bitterly, that he could not find it in his heart to trouble her. He could only regret that he had ever thought of sending her to the sculptor's studio.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRISON VISITOR.

WITHIN a close apartment in the strong prison of Modena, the sculptor was at work. The window from which his light came was sufficiently large, but it was securely protected with stout iron bars. There was no need, however, of all this precaution, for nothing could have tempted Zanello from his work. He had finished the drapery, and the last touches had been put to the hands and breast. The face alone was now the theme of the artist's study. No one, to have seen him, would have dreamed that he was under the dread sentence of death. His every thought was upon the creation that was growing beneath his hands, and his dark eyes burned with the fire of genius alone. They betrayed no fear, no cowering dulness.

At times he would hesitate in his work, and commence pacing the narrow room. Then he would sink down upon his stool and bury his brow in his hands. But 'twas not his death-doom that buried him—'twas the ideal he sought—the features he would breathe upon his marble, and when he had called them to mind he would spring to his work again.

Thus he had worked for several days. The face of the marble Virgin had begun to assume the garb of life, and the artist was more enthusiastic than ever. It was late in the afternoon, and Zanello was improving the last rays of light that were to be his for that day, when suddenly he was aroused by the turning of a key in the lock of his door. He did not like this, for he had been promised that no one should interrupt him except at stated times. The door was slowly opened, and the form of a monk appeared. The visitor carefully reclosed the door.

"How now, monk," uttered the sculptor, somewhat petulantly, "have you come to shrieve me?"

Without answering this question, the unbidden presence threw back the cowl, and Zanello started on seeing the beautiful features of Marianna Torello.

"Hush!" uttered the maiden, holding up her white finger. "There may be danger at hand, so speak not too loudly."

"Blessed angel," murmured Zanello, moving forward and taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips. "Has the duke let you come to—"

"The duke would not have sent me in this guise," interrupted Marianna. "No, no, I have stolen my way here, and I have come to set you free."

"But surely the duke will not pardon me."

"No. You must escape. This garb will disguise you. The key of your door I will leave with you, and a trusty servant will be at the outer gate to let you forth. I have braved much to accomplish this, but at length I have succeeded. Oh, Zanello, you may yet be saved."

The sculptor sat down upon his stool, and buried his face in his hands. For a long while he sat thus, and then he rose and gazed upon the growing features of the Virgin.

"Marianna," he said at length, in a tone of deep sadness, "I cannot go now. I must finish this work first. I must see it done."

"But that will be too late," urged the maiden. "If you love life, save it now."

"Ah, signore, life is not so sweet to me as it was once. You would not flee with me."

"Would you ask me to?"

"No—no. God forbid that I should see you in danger."

"Then flee now, and when you find a safe home, I will come to you."

"Oh God, what sweetness of bliss do you whisper now into mine ear. You will come to me, and be ever with me, to bless and love me?"

"Yes, yes," whispered the maiden, bowing her head on the bosom of her lover. "Only flee now, and when you are safe, I will come to you."

The young sculptor struggled hard with the spirit that was thus called up within him. But at length his face grew calm, and he drew the maiden more closely to his bosom.

"Marianna," he said, "three nights in succession have I dreamed a strange dream. I thought I was upon the scaffold, and the executioner was ready to do his bloody work. Suddenly there came an angelic presence and stayed the axe, and I was free. I kneeled down to thank my preserver, and I thought 'twas my own marble Virgin that received my thanks. Thrice has that dream come. Oh! I must finish my work. I must see that marble as it appeared to me in my dream, and then I will flee."

"Alas! that may be too late. Let me be your preserver."

"Do not tempt me. I would rather die than give you pain, and I would rather die than live to see my work unfinished. I will hurry with it, Marianna—I will strain every nerve. If you can come to me in three days, I will have it done. The duke will yet wait five days for me. Come to me then, and I will flee. If you love me, let me do my work."

"If I did not love you I should not be here," re-

turned the maiden, struggling to keep back the tears that welled up from the fount of her deep feelings. But I will try to be here in three days from now. Will you promise to flee then?"

"Yes, Marianna, I will promise you that."

"Then God save you till that time. I think I can come then."

For a few moments longer those two bosoms beat together, and then Marianna Torello drew the dark cowl up over her head, and glided away from the prison-room.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAGIC OF THE MARBLE VIRGIN.

WITH the sculptor, the hours of daylight passed almost unheeded by. He worked upon his statue with unceasing diligence, and on the morning of the third day from the visit of Marianna, it was all done save a few finishing strokes that were needed to give it the full blush of life. The hours passed on, and the marble features began to throw off the last vestiges of coldness and assume warm tints of thought and soul. Zanello's dinner was brought to him, but he did not touch it. The afternoon was passed half-away, and the ideal had become real. The sculptor stepped back from his work, and with arms folded across his breast, he gazed upon it. A while he stood thus, and then he sank back upon his stool and wept.

An hour later, and the artist was startled by hearing heavy footsteps in the corridor outside his door. With quick movement he drew the green screen over the statue. Hardly had he done this, when the door was opened, and the duke entered alone. Zanello was not prepared for this, but yet he met the noble signor calmly.

"Well, Zanello, I have come to see how you progress with your work. You have given over the task for today, it seems."

"Yes, my lord. The light is failing me, and I am weary."

"But I will see how much you have accomplished."

"Not now, my lord. Come here at this hour tomorrow, and you shall see it."

"Yes, and I must see it now, too. Be not too jealous of your art, Zanello, for you will not live long to profit by it. Remove the screen and let me see how looks our marble Virgin."

"Not now, my lord duke," persisted the sculptor, with considerable agitation. "Grant me until tomorrow. To-morrow at this hour you may see it, for then it shall be yours. It is mine now."

But the duke was not to be put off thus. He had come to see the statue, and he was not a man to be balked of his purpose.

"You must excuse me," he said, as he moved towards the statue.

Under other circumstances, Zanello would have pushed the intruder back, but he dared not do it now. He only put forth his hand with a convulsive movement as he saw the duke pull the screen from the statue.

At this moment the door of the room was again opened, and the Lady Marianna, disguised as before, entered. She closed the door carefully after her, and then for the first time she saw the duke.

"Aha! whom have we here?" uttered Antonio.

Zanello was upon the point of assuring the duke that it was only a monk who had come to shrieve him, but the sight of her stern guardian operated so powerfully upon her that she uttered a quick cry, and trembled so violently that the cowl fell back from her face.

"Marianna!" uttered the duke, as he recognized the beautiful features of his ward. "Zanello, what means this? You have been deceiving me. This, then, is the secret of the respite you asked. Now, by my soul, you shall die this very night!"

This startled the maiden back to her senses. She sprang forward, and kneeling at the feet of the duke, clasped her hands together.

"No, no, my good lord," she cried. "Oh, he is not to blame for this. It is I—I who have done it all. Pardon, pardon, for Zanello!"

The duke was for a few moments silent. Dark clouds swept across his face, and wild emotions raged in his bosom. He loved the gentle girl who knelt at his feet, and he was more grieved than angry now that he found the sculptor likely to be innocent of the meeting.

"Marianna," he at length said, "why are you here?"

"I came to liberate Zanello."

"You love him, then?"

"Yes."

The duke turned away, and as he did so his eyes for the first time fell upon the marble features he had uncovered. He started back as he saw them, and for the time the sculptor seemed forgotten. It was a face of marvellous beauty that dwelt there upon that marble statue, and the beauty was as strange as it was marvellous. It was a maternal beauty—a soft, shining, heavenly countenance—full of soul and holy love. The hands were clasped upon the swelling bosom, and the

eyes were turned towards heaven. The duke gazed and gazed, and he placed his hands upon his brow and then gazed again. All signs of conflict were gone from his face, and in the stead thereof there was a radiant light breaking over his features. His own hands were slowly folded upon his bosom, even as were the marble hands upon which he gazed, and his eyes gradually turned heavenward. At length he turned toward the sculptor.

"Zanello," he said, in a hushed whisper, "your work is finished."

"Yes, my lord," returned the artist, strangely puzzled by the duke's manner.

Even Marianna had for the moment forgotten the startling scene that had just passed.

"Where is your model for that face?" asked Antonio, in the same low whisper.

"In my own heart, most noble duke."

"But how came it there?"

"I have carried it there from earliest childhood. Pardon me, my lord, for 'twas no sacrilege to put those features upon the Virgin Mother. A more holy countenance never shone on earth than the one I have imagined there."

"But who—who wore that countenance?"

"It was my mother!"

The Duke of Modena sank down upon the sculptor's stool, and though he gazed still upon the statue, yet it was evident that his thoughts were far away.

"Zanello," he said, after a long silence, "tell me more of this. Tell me what you know of that mother, for I, too, remember a face like that."

The sculptor was startled, for as he now gazed upon the duke's countenance a strange sensation came over him.

"My lord duke," he said, "I have but a very simple tale to tell. The first that I remember of life was in Dalmatia. In a quiet cot upon the banks of the Chera I lived all alone with my mother. She came from some place in Italy to escape religious persecution. My father was killed. I was her youngest child, and with me, then an infant, she fled. One other child, a boy of twelve years, she left behind, for he was at Rome with an uncle, and she had to go without him. When I was fifteen years old my mother died. I saw her buried, and then I came to Italy to study. My mother had advised me not to come hither, but I knew not why I should fear."

"And your mother's name?"

"I only know that it was Lucretia. She would never tell me more, for she said my name would only be a curse to me."

"Alas, poor Lucretia!" murmured the duke, as he bowed his head. "In one short month after she fled, the proscription was taken from her house, and she was searched for in vain. Zanello, your father did die—he suffered under the ban of proscription, but his memory has been cleared from all stain."

"And you knew my mother," said the sculptor tremblingly.

"Ay, Zanello, for she was my mother, too. In my own prison have I found my brother!"

The duke stepped forward as he spoke, and placed his arms about the sculptor's neck. Zanello would not have made the first demonstration, but now that he found that his brother loved him, he gave his heart up to the emotions that had found a place in his soul. No doubt existed of the reality of what he had heard, for it all came in heaven-tones upon his ears.

Marianna realized the whole in a moment, and as she leaned against the window-casing for support, her small white hands were clasped in hopeful prayer.

"Oh, how well do I remember those sainted features," murmured the duke, as he gazed again upon the marble face, but with his hand still upon his brother's shoulder. "I can see my mother, as I left her on the morning of my departure for Rome. I kissed her when she blessed me, and how I kissed my infant brother that lay upon her bosom. I never saw her again, and when I grew up my heart grew cold and severe. But it is warmer now, for I am not alone on earth. Our father, Zanello, was the lawful Duke of Modena, and when I came of age I followed to the office. Come, come, this prison is no place for you."

"And can you save me?"

"Save you? Yes. The law cannot harm you now, for you are one of the noblest patricians in Modena. By my faith, that marble Virgin has a wondrous magic in it. It has saved your life, given you a noble station, and bestowed upon me a dearly-loved brother."

"And has it done nothing for me?" whispered Marianna, moving to the duke's side, and laying her hand beseechingly upon his shoulder.

"For you, Marianna?"

"Ay, my good lord. You should not keep all the charm of the magic Virgin to yourself."

The maiden hung down her head as she ceased speaking, and Antonio felt a warm tear fall upon his hand.

"Ah, my sweet ward," uttered the duke, with a light smile, "I fear that your wickedness will triumph after all. You have trampled upon my authority—sought

to throw off my protection—attempted to set my prison-house at nought, now you would have me be kind to you. I have a great notion to put you away from me—Zanello, will you take her?"

The duke pushed the maiden towards his brother as he said this, and from the smile that dwelt upon his countenance the lovers knew that there was no more barrier to their love. The sculptor caught Marianna to his bosom, and when she looked up through her happy tears, she murmured:

"Ah, Zanello, your dream was true, after all."

There was wonder and excitement in Modena when it was known that the youngest son of the dead duke was returned to the home of his birth, and hundreds who came to gaze upon the marble Virgin, remembered well the loved features of the long-lost duchess. Zanello found friends on all hands, and even the relations of Julian Pazzi came to him and forgave him, for they knew that their kinsman had been all to blame.

There was a marriage ceremony in the ducal palace, and when it was concluded, the duke kissed the blushing bride, and then turning to Zanello, he said:

"Now, signor sculptor, you have the truant in your own keeping, and I advise you not to suffer her to show her face to any other artist for a model. There's witchery in the business."

"It's a marvellous pleasing witchery, at all events," returned Zanello, as he drew his beautiful bride more closely to his side, and looked lovingly into her radiant face.

Marianna only smiled in reply. She was too happy to speak.

The marble Virgin is still in Modena. It stands by itself in the chapel of the ducal palace, and the old Benedictine who attends there loves to point it out to visitors, and relate the strange circumstances connected with its history.

A. C. B.

A MODERN JACK SHEPPARD.

MARTIN SHREEN, who has recently escaped from Millbank Prison, has essayed to obtain his liberty on nearly a dozen other occasions. He is 28 years of age, though he looks somewhat older; is five feet six inches in height, of fair complexion, with iron-grey hair, and hazel eyes. He is somewhat inclined to be stout, and is, indeed, very stoutly built. His nose and right hand are broken. He is a surgeon by profession, a Roman Catholic in religion, and he was sentenced for 10 years' penal servitude for forgery, about 18 months ago, at the Central Criminal Court.

It appears that after his conviction, as above stated, he was removed to Pentonville, where he made certainly one, if not more, attempts to escape, but was frustrated in his endeavours, and removed from thence to the Penitentiary, at Millbank, for more safe custody. With a knowledge of his antecedents, he was there placed in what is called the penal class, being the worst class of prisoners, and during the time he has been at Millbank, he has made nearly a dozen attempts to escape.

On one occasion, indeed, he had nearly accomplished his purpose, having got out of his cell unperceived, and reached the roof of the prison, when he was detected, and for some time after kept heavily ironed. On that occasion he had in his possession a large knife, and it remains a mystery to the present day how he became possessed of such a formidable weapon, as it was not one of the knives in use in the prison. Moreover, the convict had, at that time, been in the prison for some months, and, according to the regulations, had been regularly searched and stripped twice in each week, the cell examined twice every day, and a search also made when he went out for exercise in the care of a warden, and also when he came in; each prisoner, as it appears, going out separately, with a warden in charge.

It would seem from this, almost impossible for any one of the prisoners to obtain possession of such a weapon as the knife referred to, or to keep possession of it if obtained, unless with the connivance of some one inside the prison. The escape lately made seems to have been effected in this manner, and certainly immense ingenuity and fearlessness must have been exercised in the attempt which proved so successful.

The windows of the prisoners' cells are about 38 feet high, and it seems that by some means, that cannot be ascertained, he managed to remove a number of bricks from one of the corners of the cell, making a hole large enough for him to get his body through. He must previously have provided himself with a rope, made of the coco-nut fibre, and which probably he had somehow gotten from the matting in the chapel. At the end of this rope was a hook, fashioned out of the wire by which the tin drinking-mugs are fastened round the rim, and which doubtless he had secreted at his dinner-time on the day of his escape.

By the aid of this rope, having got through the aperture he had made in the corner of his cell, he lowered himself down on to the roof of a building called the general ward, it being about twelve feet down.

The roof of this building is partially of glass, the building itself being used as a Roman Catholic chapel, and capable of holding from 280 to 300 prisoners.

Having got into this ward, through one of the skylights, the convict possessed himself of a piece of board, forming one of the tables, and also took all the sash-lines of the windows, and with these things returned to his cell by means of his coir rope through the aperture. Out of the piece of board he made a sort of platform hardly large enough to stand upon.

Coming out of his cell again, he made use of the coir rope by throwing the knob end of it up to the gutter, having previously somehow made a small bag of sand to give weight, so that he might throw it up as noiselessly as possible. This sand he probably procured from the allowance made for cleaning out the cells. The hook becoming fast to the gutter, the convict must have pulled himself up by the coir rope, taking the sash-lines with him fastened together. By that means he got on to the roof of the main building, and fastening the sash-line round one of the chimneys, lowered himself down into the garden. Safely there he made for the boundary wall, which is from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and again making use of the coir rope, with the hook and sandbag, reached the top of the wall, let himself down on the other side, and left the coir rope hanging there behind him. He had then only to cross the vacant piece of ground outside the building, get over some iron railings, and, as he undoubtedly did, make his escape.

This daring escape of another Jack Sheppard was from E ward, in No. 5 sexagon, the one that faces towards Ponsonby-place, and for coolness of execution and determination has hardly been surpassed. It is almost needless to say that the utmost vigilance is being shown to effect the recapture of the convict; but as he is not known as a regular offender, of course the difficulty of recognition becomes increased.

SELF-MADE;

ON,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LXI.

RECOVERY.

Something I know. Oft, shall it come about

When every heart is full of hope for man,
The horizon straight is darkened, and a doubt

Clouds all. The work the youth so well began

Wastes down, and by some dead of shame is finished.

Ah, yet we will not be dismayed:

What seemed the triumph of the Fiend at length,

Might be the effort of some dying devil,

Promised to put forth his fullest strength

To lose it all for ever!

Owen Meredith.

Awful as the anguish of his parting with Claudio had been, it was not likely that Ishmael, with his strength of intellect and will, would long succumb to despair. It was not in Claudio's power to make his life quite desolate; how could it be so while Beatrice cared for him!

Beatrice had loved Ishmael as long as Ishmael had loved Claudio. She had loved him when he was a boy at school; when he was a young country teacher; when he was a law-student; and she loved him now that he was a successful barrister. This love, founded in esteem and honour, had constantly deepened and strengthened. In loving Ishmael, she found mental and spiritual development; and in being near him and doing him good, she found comfort and happiness, and being perfectly satisfied with the present, she never gave a thought to the future.

If at times, on perceiving Ishmael's utter obliviousness of her own kindly presence, and his perfect devotion to the thankless Claudio, Beatrice felt a pang, she went and busied herself with her domestic duties, or played with the children in the nursery, or what was better still, if it happened to be little Lu's "sleepy time" she would take her baby-sister up to her own room, sit down and fold her to her breast, and rock and sing her to sleep. And certainly the clasp of those baby-arms about her neck, and the nestling of that baby-form to her bosom drew out all the heart-ache, and soothed all the agitation.

Except these little occasional pangs, Beatrice had always been blest in loving. Her love, all unrequited as it seemed, was still the sweetest thing in the world to her; and it seemed thus, because in fact, it was so entirely unselfish. It seemed to be her life, or her soul, or one with both; she was not metaphysical enough to decide which. She would not struggle with this love, or try to conquer it, any more than she would have striven against and tried to destroy her mental and spiritual life.

Loving Ishmael in this way, if she should fail to marry him, Beatrice resolved never to marry another; but to live and die, still hiding this most precious love in her heart as a miser hides his gold. Whether benign Nature would have permitted the motherly

little maiden to have carried out this resolution, I do not know; or what Beatrice would have done in the event of Ishmael's marrying another, she did not know.

When Claudia went away, Beatrice, in the midst of her regret at parting with her cousin, felt a certain sense of relief; but when she saw the effect of that departure upon Ishmael, she became alarmed for him; and, after the terrible experiences of that day and night, her one single thought in life was—Ishmael's good.

On the morning succeeding that dreadful day and night, Ishmael awoke early, in full possession of his faculties. He remembered all the incidents of that trying day and night; reflected upon their effects; and having prayed to God to deliver him from the burden and guilt of inordinate and sinful affections, he went down-stairs.

In the breakfast-parlour, he found Beatrice, the busy little housekeeper, fluttering softly around the breakfast-table, and adding a few finishing touches to its simple elegance.

Very fair, fresh and blooming she looked in her pale golden ringlets and her pretty morning dress of white muslin with blue ribbons. There was no one else in the room, but Beatrice advanced and held out her hand to him.

He took her hand, and, retaining it in his own for a moment, said:

"Oh, Beatrice! yesterday—last night!"

"Upbraid not the past; it comes not back again! Ishmael, bury it—forget it, and press onward!" replied Beatrice, sweetly and solemnly.

He raised her hand with the impulse to carry it to his lips; but refraining, bowed his forehead over it instead, and then gently released it. For Ishmael's affection for Beatrice was reverential.

"Let me make breakfast for you at once, Ishmael. It is not of the least use to wait for the others. Mamma, I know, is not awake yet, and none of the gentlemen have rung for their hot water."

"And you, Beatrice, you will also breakfast now?"

"Certainly."

And she rang and gave her orders. It was a *tête-à-tête* meal, but she made it very pleasant. After breakfast, Ishmael left Beatrice to her domestic duties, and went up into the office to look after the letters and papers that had been left for him by the postman that morning.

He glanced over the newspapers, read the letters, selected those he would need during the day, put the others carefully away, tied up his documents, took up his hat and gloves, and set out for his daily business.

In the ante-chamber of the court he met old Wiseman, who clapped him hastily on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"How are you this morning, old fellow? All right, eh?"

"Thank you, I am quite well again," replied Ishmael.

"Ha, ha! nothing like good brandy to get one up out of a fit of exhaustion."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ishmael with a shudder.

"Well, and have you thought over what we were talking of yesterday?"

"It was—" Ishmael began, and then hesitated.

"It was about your going into partnership with me."

"Oh, yes, so it was; but I have not had time to think of it yet."

"Well, think over it to-day, will you, and then, after the court has adjourned, come to my chambers, and talk the matter over with me—will you?"

"Thank you; yes, certainly."

"Ah, well! I will not keep you any longer, for I see that you are in a hurry."

"It is because I have an appointment at ten," said Ishmael, courteously.

"Certainly, and appointments must be kept. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Wiseman."

"Mind, you are to come to my chambers after the court has adjourned."

"I will remember and come," said Ishmael.

And each went his way.

Ishmael had not yet seriously thought of Lawyer Wiseman's proposal. This forenoon, however, in the intervals of his professional business, he reflected on it.

The proposed partnership was, unquestionably, a highly advantageous one, in a worldly point of view.

Lawyer Wiseman was undoubtedly the best lawyer, and commanded the largest practice at the bar, with one exception—that of the brilliant young barrister whom he proposed to associate with himself. Together, they would be invincible, carrying everything before them; and Ishmael's fortune would be rapidly made.

So far the offer was a very tempting one; yet the more Ishmael reflected on it, the more determined he became to refuse; because, in fact, his conscience would not permit him to enter into partnership with Lawyer Wiseman, for the following reasons:

Lawyer Wiseman, a man of unimpeachable integrity in his private life, declined to carry moral responsibility into his professional business. He was indiscriminate in his acceptance of briefs. It mattered not whether the case presented to him was a case of injustice, cruelty, or oppression, so that it was a case for law, with a wealthy client to back it, the only question with Lawyer Wiseman being the amount of the retaining fee. If his client liberally anointed Lawyer Wiseman's eyes with golden ointment, Lawyer Wiseman would undertake to try and make the judge and jury see anything and everything that his client wished! With such a man as this, therefore, whatever the professional advantages of the association might be, Ishmael could not enter into partnership.

And so, when the court had adjourned, Ishmael walked over to the chambers of Mr. Wiseman, and in an interview with the old lawyer, courteously declined his offer.

This considerably astonished Mr. Wiseman, who pressed Ishmael for the reasons of his strange refusal.

And Ishmael, being urged, at length candidly confided them.

Instead of being angry, as might have been expected, the old lawyer was simply amused. He laughed at his young friend's scruples, and assured him that experience would cure them. And the interview having been brought to a close, they shook hands and parted amicably.

Ishmael hurried home to dine and spend the evening with the family.

On the Monday following, at the order of Judge Merlin, preparations were commenced for shutting up the town-house and leaving for Tanglewood; for the judge declared that, let whoever would get married, or christened, stay in the city another week he could not, for his soul had already left his body and preceded him to Tanglewood, whither he must immediately follow it.

Oh, but Beatrice had a plenty of work to look after that week. She would have had to overlook the packing of the books also, but that Ishmael insisted on relieving her of that task, by doing it all with his own hands, as indeed he preferred to do it, for his love of books was almost tender. It was curious to see him carefully straighten the leaves and brush the cover and edges of an old book before he laid it away; or stop and mend a torn book, as conscientiously as he would have doctored a hurt child. They were his friends, and he was fond of them.

Ishmael continued steadily in the performance of all his duties, yet that he was still suffering very much might be observed in the paleness and thinness of his face, and in a certain languor and weariness in all his movements.

Beatrice, in the midst of her multifarious cares, did not forget his interests; she took pains to have his favourite dishes brought to table, in order to tempt him to take food. But observing that he still ate little or nothing, she took an opportunity of saying to him in the library:

"Ishmael, you know I am a right good little doctress; I have had so much experience in nursing father and mother and the children; so I know what I am talking about. I know, dear Ishmael, what a blow your heart has received; but let your great mind sustain that stricken heart until it recovers itself. And in the meantime try to get up your strength."

Ishmael smiled a very wan smile as he answered:

"Indeed, I am ashamed of this utter weakness, Beatrice."

"Why should you be? Has Providence given you any immunity from the common lot? We must take our human nature as it is given to us and do the best we can with it, I think."

"What a wise little woman you are, Beatrice."

"That's because I have got a good memory. The wisdom was second-hand, Ishmael, being just what I heard yourself say when you were defending Featherstonehaugh.

Ishmael smiled.

"And now, will you follow my advice?"

"To the letter, dear Beatrice, whenever you are so good as to advise me. Ah, Beatrice, you seem to comprise in yourself all that I have missed of family affection, and to compensate me for the unknown love of mother, sister, friend."

"Do I, Ishmael? Oh, I wish that I really did!" said Beatrice, impulsively; and then she blushed deeply at suddenly apprehending the construction that might be put upon her words.

But Ishmael answered them in the same spirit in which they were uttered.

"Believe me, dearest Beatrice, you do. If I never feel the want of home affections, it is because I have them all in you. My heart finds rest in you. But oh! little sister, what can I ever render to you for all the good you have done me from my childhood up?"

"Render yourself good and wise and great, Ishmael, and I shall be sufficiently happy in watching your upward progress," said Beatrice.

And, quietly putting down on the table a bunch of grapes that she had brought, she withdrew.

CHAPTER LXIII.

HERMAN AND ISHMAEL.

With a deep groan he cried: "Oh, gifted one, I am thy father. Hate me not, my son!"

Anon.

The exit of Beatrice was almost immediately followed by the entrance of Mr. Brudnell. He also had noticed Ishmael's condition, and attributed it to over-work, and to the want of rest, with change of air. He was preparing to leave London for Brudnell Hall. He was going a few days in advance of Judge Merlin and the Middletons, and he intended to invite Ishmael to accompany him, or come after him, and make a visit to Brudnell. He earnestly desired to have Ishmael there to himself for a week or two. It was with this desire that he now entered the library.

Ishmael arose from his packing, and smiling a welcome, set a chair for his visitor.

"You are not looking well, Mr. Worth," said Herman Brudnell, as he took the offered seat.

"I am not well, just at present, but I shall be so in a day or two," returned Ishmael.

"Not if you continue the course you are pursuing now, my young friend. You require rest and change of air. I shall leave for Brudnell Hall on Thursday morning. It would give me great pleasure if you would accompany me thither, and remain my guest for a few weeks, to recruit your health. The place is noted for its salubrity; and though the house has been dismantled, and has remained vacant for some time, yet I hope we shall find it fitted up comfortably again; for I have written down to an upholsterer of Baymouth to send in some furniture, and I have also written to a certain genius of all trades, called the 'Professor,' to go over and see it all arranged, and do what else is needed to be done for our reception."

Ishmael smiled when he heard the name of the Professor; but before he could make any comment, Mr. Brudnell inquired:

"What do you say, Mr. Worth? Will you accompany me thither, or will you come after me?"

"I thank you very much, Mr. Brudnell. I should like to visit Brudnell Hall; but —"

"Then you will come? I am very glad! I shall be alone there with my servants, you know, and your society will be a God-send to me."

"I feel your kindness very much, indeed, Mr. Brudnell; and I should be very, very happy to accept your hospitable invitation; but—I was about to say, it really is quite impossible in the existing state of my business for me to go anywhere at present," said Ishmael, courteously.

"Indeed? I am very, very sorry for that. But the reasons you give are unanswerable, I know. I am seriously disappointed. Yet I trust, though you may not be able to come just at present, you will follow me down there after a little while—say in the course of a few days or weeks—for I shall remain at the hall all the summer, and shall be always delighted to receive you. Will you promise to come?"

"Indeed, I fear I cannot promise that either, for I have a very great pressure of business; but if I can possibly manage to go, without infringing upon my duties, I shall be grateful for the privilege and very happy to avail myself of it; for—do you know, sir?—I was born in that neighbourhood, and passed my childhood and youth there. I love the old place, and almost long to see the old cottage where I lived, and the hall where I went to school, and the wooded valley that lies between them, where I gathered wild-flowers and fruits in summer and nuts in winter, and—my mother's grave," said the unconscious son, speaking confidentially, and looking straight into his father's eyes.

"Ishmael," said Herman Brudnell, in a faltering voice, and forgetting to be formal, "you must come to me; that grave should draw you, if nothing else; it is a pious pilgrimage when a son goes to visit his mother's grave."

There was something in this new friend's words, look, and manner that always drew out the young man's confidence, and he said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"She died young, sir; and oh! so sorrowfully! She was only nineteen, two years younger than I am now; and her son was motherless the hour he was born."

Violent emotion shook the frame of Herman Brudnell.

He had not entered the room with any intention of making a disclosure to Ishmael; but he felt now that—come life, come death, come whatever might of it—he must claim Nora's son.

"Ishmael," he began, in a voice shaken with agitation,

"I knew your mother."

"You, sir!" exclaimed the young men, in surprise.

"Yes, I knew her and her sister, naturally, for they were tenants of mine."

"I knew that they lived on the outskirts of the

Brudnell estates; but I did know you were personally acquainted with them, sir; for I thought that you resided mostly abroad."

"Not all the time; I was at Brudnell Hall when—you were born and your mother went to heaven, Ishmael."

Some of the elder man's agitation communicated itself to the younger, who half-arose from his seat, and looked intently at the speaker.

"I knew your mother in those days, Ishmael. She was not only one of the most beautiful women of her day, but one of the purest, noblest, and best."

Herman Brudnell hesitated. And Ishmael, who had dropped again in his seat, bent eagerly forward, holding his breath while he listened.

Herman continued.

"You resemble her in person and in character, Ishmael! All that is best and noblest and most attractive in you, Ishmael, is derived, under Divine Providence, from your mother."

"I know it! Oh, I know it!"

"And, Ishmael, I loved your mother!"

"Oh, Heaven!" breathed the young man, in sickening, deadly apprehension; for well he remembered that this Mr. Herman Brudnell was the husband of the Countess of Hurst-Monceaux at the very time of which he now spoke.

"Ishmael, Ishmael! do not look so cruelly distressed. I loved her, she loved me in return, she crowned my days, with joy, and—"

There was a gasping sound of suddenly suspended breath from Ishmael.

"I made her my wife," continued Herman Brudnell, in a grave and earnest voice.

"It was you then!" cried Ishmael, shaking with agitation.

"It was I!"

Silence like a pall fell between them.

"O, Ishmael, my son, my son! speak to me—give me your hand!" groaned Herman Brudnell.

"She was your wife! Yet she died of want, exposure and grief!" said Nora's son, standing pale and stony before him.

"And I—live with a broken heart! a harder fate, Ishmael. Since her death I have been a wifeless, childless, homeless wanderer over the wide world! O, Ishmael, my son, my son! give me your hand!"

"I am my mother's son! She was your wife, you say; yet she never bore your name! She was your wife; yet her son and yours bears her maiden name! She was your wife; yet she perished miserably in her early youth; and undeserved reproach is suffered to rest upon her memory! Oh, sir, if indeed you were her husband and my father, as you claim to be, explain these things before I give you my hand; for when I give you my hand, honour and respect must go with it!" said Ishmael, in a grave, sweet, earnest tone.

"Is it possible that Hannah has never told you? I thought she would have told you everything, except the name of your father."

"She told me everything that she could tell without violating the oath of secrecy by which she was bound; but what she told me was not satisfactory."

"Sit down then, Ishmael, sit down; and though to recall this foul woful history will be to tear open old wounds afresh, I will do so; and when you have heard it, you will know how blameless we both—your mother and myself—really were, and how deep has been the tragedy of my life as well as hers—the difference between us being that hers is a dead trouble, from which she rests, eternally, while mine is a living and life-long sorrow!"

Ishmael dropped again into his chair, and gave undivided attention to the speaker.

Mr. Brudnell, after a short pause, commenced and gave a narrative of his own eventful life, beginning with his college days, and detailing all the incidents of his youthful career until it culminated in the dreadful household wreck that had killed Nora, exiled his family, and blasted his own happiness for ever.

Ishmael listened with the deepest sympathy.

It was indeed the tearing open of old wounds in Herman Brudnell's breast; and it was the inflicting of new ones in Ishmael's heart. It was an hour of unspeakable distress to both. Herman did not spare himself in the relation; yet in the end Ishmael exonerated his father from all blame. We know, indeed, that in his relations with Nora he was blameless, unless his fatal haste could be called a fault. And as for his long neglect of Ishmael, which really was a great sin, and the greatest he had ever committed, Ishmael never gave a thought to that; it was only a sin against himself, and Ishmael was not selfish enough to feel and resent it.

Herman Brudnell ended his story very much as he had commenced it:

"And since that day of doom, Ishmael, I have been a lonely, homeless, miserable wanderer over the wide world! The fabled Wandering Jew not more wretched than I!" And the bowed head, blanched complexion and quivering features bore testimony to his words.

CHAPTER LXIV.

FATHER AND SON.

For though thou work'st my mother ill,
I feel thou art my father still!

Byron.

ISHMAEL had been violently shaken. It was with much effort that he controlled his own emotions in order to administer consolation to one who was suffering even more than he himself was, because that suffering was blended with a morbid remorse.

"Father," he said, reaching forth his hand to the stricken man; but his voice failed him.

Herman Brudnell looked up; an expression of earnest love chasing away the sorrow from his face, as he said:

"Father? Ah, what a dear name! You call me thus, Ishmael? Me, who worked your mother so much woe?"

"Father, it was your great misfortune, not your fault; she said it on her death-bed, and the words of the dying are sacred," said Ishmael, earnestly, and caressing the pale, thin hand that he held.

"Oh, Nora! oh, Nora!" exclaimed Herman, as all his bosom's wounds bled afresh.

"Father, do not grieve so bitterly; and, after all these years, so morbidly! God has wiped away all tears from her eyes. She has been a saint in glory these many years!"

"You try to comfort me, Ishmael. You, Nora's son?" exclaimed Herman, with increased emotion.

"Who else, of all the world, should comfort you but Nora's son?"

"You love me, then, a little, Ishmael?"

"She loved you, my father, and why should not I?"

"Ah, that means that you will love me in time; for love is not born in an instant, my son."

"My heart reaches out to you, my father! I love you even now, and sympathize with you deeply, and I feel that I shall love you more and more, and as I shall see you often and know you better," said the simply truthful son.

"Ishmael! this is the happiest hour I have known since Nora's death, and Nora's son has given it to me."

"None have a better right to serve you."

"My son, I am a prematurely old and broken man, ruined, and impoverished, but Brudnell Hall is still mine, and the name of Brudnell is an ancient and an honoured one. If you consent, Ishmael, I will gladly, proudly, and openly acknowledge you as my son. I will get an act of the Legislature passed, authorizing you to take the name and arms of Brudnell. And I will make you the heir of Brudnell Hall. What say you, Ishmael?"

"Father," said the young man, promptly but respectfully, "no! In all things I will be to you a true and loving son, but I cannot, cannot consent to your proposal, because to do so would be to cast bitter, heavy, unmerited reproach upon my sweet mother's memory! For, listen, sir: you are known to have been the husband of the Countess Hurst-Monceaux for more years than I have lived in this world; you are known to have been so at the very time of my birth; you could not go about explaining the circumstance to every one who would become acquainted with the facts, and the consequences would be what I said! No father, leave me as I am; for besides the reasons I have given, there is yet another reason why I may not take your name."

"What is that, Ishmael?" asked Brudnell, in a broken voice.

"It is that, in an hour of passionate grief, after hearing my mother's woful story from the lips of my aunt, I fell upon that mother's grave, and vowed to make her name—the only thing she had to leave me, poor mother!—illustrious. It was a piece of boyish vain-glory, no doubt; but it was a vow, and I must try to keep it," said Ishmael, faintly smiling.

"You will keep it—you will make the name of Worth illustrious in the annals of the country, Ishmael," said Mr. Brudnell.

There was a pause for a little while, at the end of which the latter said:

"There is another way in which I may be able to accomplish my purpose, Ishmael. Without proclaiming you as my son, and risking the reproach you dread for your dear mother's memory, I might adopt you as my son and appoint you my heir. Will you make me happy by consenting to that measure, Ishmael?" inquired the father, in a persuasive tone.

"Dear sir, I cannot. Oh, do not think that I am insensible to all your kindness, for indeed I am not! I thank you, I love you, and I deeply sympathize with you, but —"

"But what, my son? what is the reason you cannot agree to this last proposal?" asked Mr. Brudnell, in a voice quivering with emotion.

"A strong spirit of independence, the growth of years of lonely struggling with the world, possesses and inspires me. I could not for an hour endure patronage or dependence, come they from where or how they might. It is the law of my life," said Ishmael, firmly but affectionately.

"It is a noble law, and yours has been a noble life, my son. But—is there nothing, nothing I can do for you to prove my affection, and to ease my heart, Ishmael?"

"Yes!" said the young man, after a pause. "When you see Lady Vincent!"—the name was uttered with a gasp—"tell her what you have told me—the history of your acquaintance with my mother; your mutual love; your private marriage; and the unforeseen misfortune that wrecked your happiness! Tell her how pure and noble and lovely my young mother was; that her ladyship may know once for all Nora Worth was not—" Ishmael covered his face with his hands, caught his breath, and continued—"not, as she said, 'the shame of her own sex and the scorn of ours'; that her son is not 'the child of sin,' nor 'his heritage dishonour!'" And Ishmael dropped his stately head upon his desk, and sobbed aloud; sobbed until all his athletic form shook with the storm of his great agony.

Herman Brudnell gazed at him—appalled. Then, rising, he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, saying:

"Ishmael! Ishmael! don't do so! Calm yourself, my son; oh, my dear son, calm yourself!"

He might as well have spoken to a tempest. Sobs still shook Ishmael's whole frame.

"Oh, Heaven! oh, Heaven! Would to the Lord I had never been born!" cried Herman Brudnell, in a voice of such utter woe, that Ishmael raised his head and struggled hard to subdue the storm of passion that was raging in his bosom. "Or would that I had died the day I met Nora, and before I had entailed all this anguish on you!" continued Herman Brudnell, amid groans and sighs.

"Don't say so, my father! don't say so! You were not in fault. You were as blameless as she herself was; and you could not have been more so," said Ishmael, wiping his fevered brow, and looking up.

"My generous son! But did Claudia—did Lady Vincent use the cruel words you have quoted, against your mother and yourself?"

"She did, my father. Oh, but I have suffered!" exclaimed Ishmael, with shaking voice and quivering features.

"I know you have; I know it, Ishmael; but you have grandly, gloriously conquered suffering," said Mr. Brudnell, with enthusiasm.

"Not quite conquered it yet; but I shall endeavour to do so," replied the young man, who had now quite regained his self-possession.

And another pause ensued.

Ishmael leaned his head upon his hand and reflected deeply for a few moments. Then, raising his head, he said:

"My father, for her sake, our relationship must remain a secret from all the world, with the few exceptions of those intimate friends to whom you can explain the circumstances, and even to them it must be imparted in confidence. You will tell Lady Vincent, that her ladyship may know how false were the calumnies she permitted herself to repeat; and Judge Merlin and Mr. Middleton, whose kindness have entitled them to the confidence, for their own satisfaction."

"And no one else, Ishmael?"

"No one else in the world, my father. I myself will tell Uncle Reuben. And in public, my father, we must be discreet in our intercourse with each other. Forgive me if I speak in too dictatorial a manner; I speak for lips that are dumb in death. I speak as my dead mother's advocate," said Ishmael, with a strange blending of meekness and firmness in his tone and manner.

"And her advocate shall be heard and heeded, hard as his mandate seems. But, ah! I am an old and broken man, Ishmael. I had hoped, in time, to claim you as my son, and solace my age in your bright youth. I am grievously disappointed. Oh! would to Heaven I had taken charge of you in your infancy, and then you would not disclaim me now!" sighed Mr. Brudnell.

"I do not disclaim you, oh, my father. I only deprecate the publicity that might wound my mother's memory. And you are not old and broken, my father. How can you be at forty-three? You are in the sunny summer noon of your life. But you are harassed and ill in mind and body; and you are very morbid and sensitive. You shun society, form no new ties with your fellow-creatures, and brood over that old sad tragedy long passed. Think no more of it, father: its wounds are long since healed in every heart but yours; my mother has been in heaven these many years; as long as I have been on earth; my birthday here was her birthday there! Therefore, brood no more over that sad time; it is for ever past and gone. Think of your young lover as much as you please; but think of her in heaven. Rouse yourself. Wake to the duties and pleasures of life. Look round upon and enjoy the beauty of the earth, the wisdom of man, the loveliness of woman, and the goodness of God. If you were a single man I should say, 'marry again'; but as you are already a married man, though estranged from your wife, I say to you, seek a reconciliation with that lady. You are both in the prime of life."

"What does Nora's son give me such advice?" inquired Brudnell, with a faint, incredulous smile.

"Yes, he does; as Nora herself, in her wisdom and love, would do, could she speak to you from heaven," said Ishmael, solemnly.

Brudnell slowly and sorrowfully shook his head.

"The Countess of Hurst-Monceaux can never more be anything to me," he said.

"My father! have you then no kindly memory of the sweet young lady who placed her innocent affections upon you in your early manhood, and turning away from all her wealthy and titled suitors, gave herself and her fortune to you?"

Slowly and bitterly Herman Brudnell shook his head. Ishmael still looking earnestly in his face, continued:

"Who left her troops of friends to follow you to a home that must have seemed like a wilderness and servants that were like savages to her; who devoted her time and spent her money in embellishing your house and improving your land; and who passed the flower of her youth in that obscure neighbourhood, doing good and waiting patiently long, weary years for your return?"

Still the bitter, bitter gesture of negation from Herman.

"Father," said Ishmael, fixing his beautiful eyes on Brudnell's face, and speaking earnestly, "it seems to me that if any young lady had loved me with such devotion and constancy I must have loved her fondly in return. I could not have helped doing so!"

"She wronged me, Ishmael!"

"And even if she had offended me—deeply and justly offended me—I must have forgiven her and taken her back to my bosom again."

"It was worse than that, Ishmael! It was no common offence. She deceived me! She was false to me!"

"I cannot believe it!" exclaimed Ishmael, earnestly.

"Why, what ground have you for saying so? What can you know of it?"

"Because I do not easily think evil of women. My life has been short and my experience limited, I know; but as far as my observation instructs me, they are very much better than we are: they do not readily yield to evil; their tendencies are all good," said Ishmael, fervently.

"Young man, you know a great deal of books, a great deal of law; but little of men, and less of women. A man of the world would smile to hear you say what you have just said, Ishmael."

"If I am mistaken, it is a matter to weep over, not to smile at!" said Ishmael, gravely, and almost severely.

"It is true."

"But to return to your countess, my father. I am not mistaken in that lady's face, I know. I have not seen it since I was eight years old; but it is before me now! a sweet, sad, patient young face, full of pure love. Among the earliest memories of my life is that of the young Countess of Hurst-Monceaux, and the stories that were afloat concerning herself and you. It was said that every day at sunset she would go to the turnstile at the cross-roads on the edge of the estate, where she could see all up and down two roads for many miles, and there stand watching to catch the first glimpse of you, if perhaps you might be returning home. She did this for years and years, until people began to say that she was crazed with hope deferred. It was at that very still I first saw her. And when I looked at her lovely face and thought of her many charities—for there was no such thing as suffering from poverty in that neighbourhood while she lived there—I felt that she was an angel!"

"Aye! a fallen angel, Ishmael!"

"No, father; no; my life and soul on her truth and love! Children are good judges of character, you know. And I was but eight years old on the occasion of which I speak. I was carrying a basket for the 'Professor,' whose assistant I was; and as we passed down the road we saw this lovely lady leaning on the stile. And she called me to her and laid her hand on my head and looked in my face very tenderly, and turning to the Professor, said: 'This child is too young for so heavy a burden.' And she took out her purse and would have given me money, only that aunt Hannah had taught me never to take money that I had not earned."

"Grim Hannah! It is a marvel she had not starved you with her scruples, Ishmael. But what else passed between you and the countess?"

"Not much; but if she was sorry for me, I was quite as sorry for her."

"There was a bond of sympathy between you which you felt without understanding at the time."

"There was; though I mistook its precise character. Seeing that she wore black, I said: 'Have you also lost your mother, my lady, and are you in deep mourning for her?' And she answered, 'I am in deep mourning for my dead happiness, child!'"

"For her dead honour, she might have said."

"Father! the absent are like the dead; they cannot defend themselves," said Ishmael.

"That is true; and I stand rebuked! And henceforth, whatever I may think, I will never speak evil of the Countess Hurst-Monceaux."

"Go further yet, dear sir; seek an explanation with her, and my word on it she will be able to confute the calumnies, or clear up the suspicious circumstances or whatever it may have been that has shaken your confidence in her, and kept you apart so long."

"Ishmael, it is a subject that I have never broached to the countess, and that I could not endure to discuss with her!"

"What, my father! Would you for ever condemn her unheard? We do not treat our worst criminals so!"

"Spare me, my son! for I have spared her!"

"If by sparing her you mean that you have left her alone, you had better not spared her; you had better sought divorce; then one of two things would have happened—either she would have disproved the charges brought against her, or she would have been set free; either alternative much better than her present condition."

"I could not drag my domestic troubles into a public court, Ishmael!"

"Not when justice required it, father? But you are going down into the neighbourhood of Brudnell Hall! You will hear of her from the people among whom she lived so many years, and who cherish her memory as that of an angel of mercy, and you will change your opinion of her."

Herman Brudnell smiled incredulously, and then said:

"Apropos of my visit to Brudnell Hall! I hope, Ishmael, that you will be able to join me there in the course of the summer?"

"Father, yes! I promise you to do so. I will be at pains to put my business in such a train as will enable me to visit you for a week or two."

"Thanks, Ishmael! And now, do you know I think the first dinner-bell rang some time ago and it is time to dress?"

And Herman Brudnell arose, and after pressing Ishmael's hand, left the library.

The interview furnished Ishmael with too much food for thought to admit of his moving for some time. He sat by the table buried in a brown study, reflecting upon all that he had heard, until he was startled by the pealing out of the second bell. Then he sprang up, hurried to his chamber, hastily arranged his toilet, and went down into the dining-room, where he found all the family already assembled and waiting for him.

(To be continued.)

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

As I entered the Queen of Gothic cathedrals, the other day, the workmen were taking down the two last massive beams used for the removal of the screen which, you know, for more than three centuries had separated the choir from the nave; and although during many years I have repeatedly visited the building and enjoyed its noble proportions, I confess to not having been in the slightest degree prepared for the view that burst upon me when, standing at the western door, I surveyed at once the entire nave and choir. Truly may I say that this sight was at once the most grand and the most beautiful that I have ever witnessed in any work from human hands.

That forest of gigantic columns in Milan Cathedral may possibly still give the largest sense of grandeur, for the columns are larger and the nave and aisles broader than those of Cologne, but Milan is wanting in the exquisite grace, purity of style, and majestic beauty of Cologne.

What delightful results will be produced in some of our English Cathedrals (Westminster, York, Canterbury and Lincoln, for instance) when their deans and chapters, following the bright example of Cologne, remove the screens from those buildings, no one can at present predict; but surely Cologne Cathedral now gives that for which I at least have been long seeking—a full realization of the beauty and grandeur within the compass of Gothic Art.

After lingering many delightful hours in the cathedral, I could perceive but two blemishes—one the seats in the nave, which are, I hear, to be removed (*entirely*, let it be hoped, and *not* to the aisles); the other, the pediments and canopies for the columns in the nave and the statue on those in the choir, which break the line of beauty. Let me add here, that it is to be hoped M. Vörget will be able successfully to overcome all attempts to render the proposed new high altar so large as to mar the beauty and symmetry of the splendid building in his charge; and I am confident that all lovers of Gothic art look up to him and his predecessor with gratitude for the recent judicious restorations and additions.

In conclusion, I may say that my own pleasure during my recent visits was heightened by witnessing from time to time, the astonishment, sometimes manifestly rising into awe and veneration, with which new comers were constrained to greet the scene that the

western door opened to them. Some with folded arms stood riveted to the spot in mute admiration, until the well-known plate-bearer, laying wait for all new comers, stealthily brings himself up and whispers his "sehr schön," and then, at the responsive "sehr schön," adroitly introduces his hitherto-concealed platter, with a few soft phrases.

J. T.

THE LATE MRS. TROLLOPE.

ANOTHER member of the noble army of workers, Mrs. Frances Trollope, has gone to her rest. The public will hardly expect to hear that this lady was in her eighty-fifth year. It is scarcely thirty-five years since she commenced that literary career which made her one of the most remarkable women of her period. But at the time alluded to, Frances Trollope was fifty years of age. She had fought a hard battle of life, and was a grievously stricken in the contest. But she was a woman of stout heart, perseverance, and ability.

The wife of a barrister who had not been fortunate, Frances Trollope found herself, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish a home in America, here in England, with the world to begin again, a husband too ill to aid her, and children who needed aid and could as yet give none. Many men, in like circumstances, would have appealed to public charity, but the true woman's heart did not fail her. She wrote for bread, and reaped that and honour.

Her writings never bore the shadow of her circumstances. They were as bright at the first as when, later, circumstances brightened. Her own sorrows, tears and anxieties were never intruded between her and her public. Frances Trollope had a heart above that; and such a heart, with such ability as hers, carried her triumphantly to fortune. Her life, thenceforth, may be read, partly at least, in her works. Her "Domestic Manners of the Americans" gave, to herself renown, and to the Americans ample reasons for improving themselves. Her books of travels in Belgium, France and Austria are bright pages from the holiday side of her life. Her numerous works of fiction—amid which "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw," "The Vicar of Wrexhill," "Tremordyn Cliff," and "The Widow Barnaby," stand forth the most conspicuously—testify as much to her industry as to her talent. She was thoroughly original, was rich in life-experiences, painted boldly, broadly, rapidly, forcibly—some thought a little coarsely, but ever with the hand of a true and fearless artist. Generally her subjects required to be thus dealt with. When grace and delicacy were needed, Mrs. Trollope was quite equal to what was not even a difficulty to her, as the readers of "Tremordyn Cliff" will certainly remember.

For some years this indefatigable worker, having fulfilled all duties as wife and mother, and accomplished the purposes for which she had toiled with unfainting heart, withdrew to Florence. She had been tested as few women have been, and we fear that the strain on her powers did not leave her with full capacity, even for the enjoyment of her well-earned repose. The venerable lady has passed tranquilly out of life, leaving a name in English literature, and a memory to be honoured by her two surviving sons.

A NOVEL APPLICATION OF WATER-POWER.

JUST forty years since, M. Fourneyron commenced a series of experiments in water-power, which resulted in his invention of the turbine or horizontal water-wheel. Since that period considerable improvements have been made in the turbine by different persons, the chief and most useful having been effected by Mr. Schiele, of Manchester, whose ingenious applications of mechanical curves seem to have been fully adapted by him for the production of this form of motive power.

One form of his arrangement for supplying power we have recently seen (working the bellows of a powerful organ) at the residence of a citizen of Manchester, where the impression was given that, if all the results achieved by Mr. Schiele be equally successful, a new feature will be rapidly developed in applying water-power, especially in cases where a small amount of power may be required at irregular periods; as in the case of working the bellows of organs, driving small lathes, fans for ventilation, printing, and other presses, sewing machines, washing machines, &c. In the house referred to, a water-wheel, 4 ft. in diameter, consuming 15 gallons of high-pressure water per minute, formerly employed to work the bellows of an organ in the drawing-room over the cellar wherein the water-power was produced, has been replaced by a turbine only 1½ in. in diameter, with a three-inch case 1½ in. wide, supplied by a ¾-in. pipe, and consuming less than a gallon of water per minute.

An ingenious and yet very simple economical regulator, invented by Mr. Eccleston, organ builder, of this city, works in connection with the apparatus just mentioned, by means of which the organist may easily supply his instrument with the required wind by simply turning a handle near the organ. By availing them-

selves of the ample supply of high-pressure water secured to the city by the Corporation, all persons using machines requiring a small amount of power appear now to have supplied to them by this invention the means of working their machines with no trouble and at a trifling cost; while at the same time this kind of turbine appears to be equally well adapted for turning large mills and works, even when they require several hundreds of horses' power.

Orders are now being executed by Messrs. Schiele and Co., for the construction of 50 small turbines, to be used as direct-action fans (the turbine and fan being on one spindle) for the production of the new gas obtained from petroleum.

Several powerful turbines will shortly be at work in this locality, when our readers will be able to see and judge for themselves of the extraordinary yet simple effect of this new water engine, which seems to be equally suited for the requirements of the sewing, machine in a lady's boudoir, the washing-machine and mangle in the laundry, or the hydraulic press and hoist in our huge warehouses. In fact, wherever the Corporation water-works will enable persons to turn a water-tap, and thus to supply at a moment's notice the power required, these machines will be available; while all the risk from fire and the cost and trouble of steam boilers and engines will be avoided.

YANKEE PRIVATEERS.

THE following is the report of Captain W. H. Longman, commanding the ship Silver Eagle, from Shanghai to Woolwich:

On the evening of the 9th of September, in lat. 26° 30' S., long. 6° 48' W., when under all sail, with a light breeze from S.W., we descried a sail on our weather bow, steering the same as ourselves, which we soon perceived to be a bark, apparently a trading vessel. About 7 p.m. observed her dropping down towards us, and on her getting close alongside we hailed her, when the reply was, "The Star of the East, bound into Simon's Bay," saying they were in want of beef and water. A gun was immediately fired from her, with another hail, "Heave to, and I will send a boat on board." We then hove the ship to, but in the act of doing so a second gun was fired from her. We thought the affair looked rather suspicious, hearing there was a likelihood of war between England and America. The commanding officer of the troops on board was then requested to have a guard under arms in case of anything occurring, which request was immediately acceded to, and all preparations made for an attack.

In about half-an-hour afterwards, a four-oared boat came alongside with an officer, all armed. The officer then ascended the gangway, and on his arriving on board we observed that he had his sword on and a brace of revolvers in his belt; the men were armed with cutlasses. The following conversation then took place between the officer and Captain Longman:

Officer—"Are you an American?"

Captain Longman—"No, I am Captain Longman; and what do you want?"

Officer—"I want to see your papers."

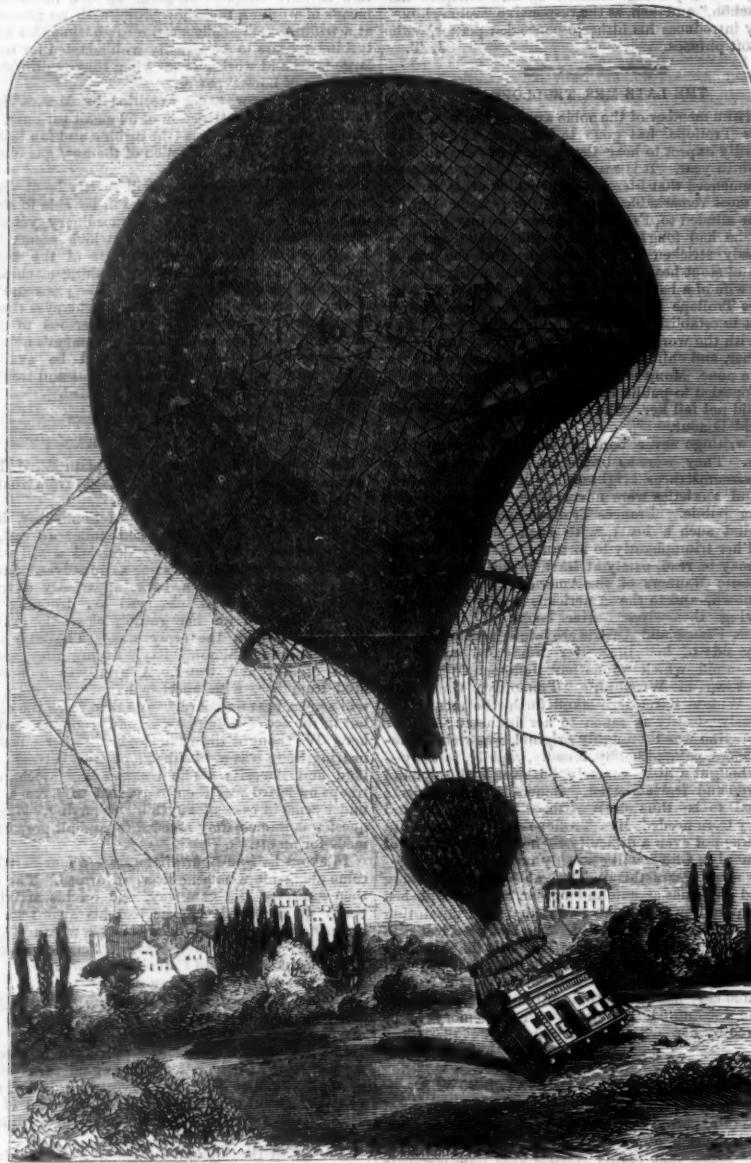
Captain Longman—"Those you shall not see; but we are a British ship from Shanghai to Woolwich, with about 200 soldiers (artillerymen) on board, and if you are in want of anything there is a guard of gunners there" (who were all armed with swords and loaded rifles).

The officer then observed them, and was making his way to the gangway, when Captain Longman asked him what right had he to stop a ship on the high seas under false pretences, when he replied, "Recollect we are at war," and then left the side for his vessel. We were filled and proceeded on our voyage.

The Silver Eagle has on board five officers and 152 men, one woman and child, of the 13th battalion of Royal Artillery, and one man of the 14th battalion; she had also on board two lieutenants of the Royal Navy, one lieutenant of the 29th Regiment, and 30 men, three women and two children, of the 67th Regiment, invalids and time-expired men, in charge of Lieutenant Tibberts, her Majesty's 31st Regiment, besides five private cabin passengers. About 22 vessels were spoken, and upwards of 100 sail of vessels passed by the Silver Eagle on the passage.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.—The gratification of the Confederates at having the French for their neighbours in Mexico, is said to be great, and it is believed the South would willingly make an alliance with France to protect French and Southern interests in America.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—Letters for British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, and the Sandwich Islands, forwarded by British or United States packet to the United States, will in future be chargeable with the following reduced rates of postage, viz.—Not exceeding ½ oz., 1s.; above ½ oz. and not exceeding 1 oz., 2s.; above 1 oz. and not exceeding 2 oz., 4s.; every additional ounce 2s. This postage must be paid in advance, or the letters cannot be forwarded.



[M. NADAR'S MONSTER BALLOON.]

ASCENTS OF M. NADAR'S MONSTER BALLOON.

THE recent ascents of M. Nadar in his "Giant" balloon, from the Champ de Mars, appear to have excited a good deal of interest on both sides of the Channel. It will be remembered that this gentleman professes to have discovered the principle of a new kind of aerial machine, which it will be possible to guide, and the object of the balloon ascents was to provide funds to enable him to carry out his invention. For this purpose he consented, "for the last time," to make use of a balloon—the largest one ever known.

The "Giant" is said to contain 20,000 yards of silk, and the car, which is built of wicker-work, is as near as possible of the height and size of a second-class railway carriage, carrying sixteen persons. The ground-floor (so to speak) is divided into compartments, neatly lined with bed ticking, and where it would be quite possible to sleep. There is a dressing-room, with a cistern, and as, on the occasion of the first ascent, which took place on the 4th ult., provisions for the aerial voyage were ostentatiously displayed, and the larder formed a very material element of amusement to the spectators, it is to be presumed there is a kitchen also.

When the ropes were cut, M. Nadar mounted into what may be called the rigging of the balloon, struck an attitude à la T. P. Cooke, and saluted the crowd, who responded by cheers and hearty good wishes. The

balloon was beautiful and exceedingly symmetrical, but unusually slow. It was observed from the Champs de Mars that as it gradually went off in a northerly direction it was very near the ground. There was scarcely any wind—sky cloudy, and atmosphere extremely heavy and oppressive. As the balloon went over the Port St. Denis it seemed to be almost touching the houses, and the general feeling appeared to be that the voyage, instead of lasting several days as was calculated, would come to an untimely and somewhat ignominious end.

These instinctive apprehensions were borne out by the event. All the provisions for a four or five days' sojourn in the air, the wine, the printing press, the revolvers for self-defence in case of landing in the dominions of the King of Dahomey, were accumulated in vain. After a slow journey of four hours, in which scarcely more than forty miles were achieved, the balloon was compelled to descend near Meaux. The whole party returned immediately to Paris, and M. Nadar wrote to the papers the following account of his voyage:

"PARIS, October 5.

"Here, as briefly as possible, is the account which you asked me to send. Yesterday evening, at nine o'clock, the "Giant" was compelled to descend near the Bercy Marsh, two leagues from Meaux, after three violent shocks, the last of which completely turned everything in the car topsy-turvy, and it descended on its side. The rupture of our safety-pipe rope while travel-

ling by night, forced us to throw out our anchors. One of the prongs of the first anchor having broken, the principal anchor fortunately took hold of the ground. We were able to let out the gas notwithstanding the violence of the wind, and the car was set up at half-past one in the morning. Some slight contusions, and a contusion of the knee of one of the passengers."

This document was signed by twelve out of the thirteen persons who made the ascent, including the Princess Tour d'Auvergne. The balloon was evidently overloaded.

Interesting details of the ascent of the Nadar balloon have been narrated by Prince Wittgenstein. Amongst other things he says, that, at half-past eight, when the balloon attained the height of 1,500 metres, the aeronauts saw the sun, which had set for the earth below upwards of two hours before. The effect of the light upon the balloon is described as something marvellous, and as having thrown the travellers into a sort of ecstasy.

The descent was really perilous. The car dragged on its side for nearly a mile, and the passengers took refuge in the ropes, to which they clung. Several were considerably bruised—though, as before stated, no one sustained any very serious injury. Everybody behaved well. Nadar, visibly uneasy about his fair charge, the young Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, was told by her to attend to his duty as captain. "Every one at his post," said she, "I will keep to mine."

The second ascent took place on the 18th ult., from the same spot, on which occasion the adventurers made a longer journey. The following letter gives an amusing account of the passage of the "Giant" and its occupants over Erquelinnes:

"ERQUELINNES, Oct 19.

"SIR.—Last night, towards midnight, Pourbaix, the pointsman, and Collard, the custom-house officer, on duty at the terminus of Erquelinnes, gave themselves up, for the want of something better, to the pleasures of meditation, when an event of the strangest nature cut short their reflections. The horizon, which an instant before was clear and starry, appeared to them to become suddenly obscure, and they thought they saw advancing, under the impulse of a rapid power, a large cloud, black and opaque, which stopped its course above them and seemed to descend to the ground.

When it had got about 200 metres above the buildings of the station, the two witnesses of this mysterious spectacle were in the greatest astonishment at perceiving, suspended by invisible cords, an object which they took for a railway carriage. Surprised, frightened, fascinated, not being able to understand by what possible circumstance a carriage of the Northern Company could suspend itself in the air, and prepared to attribute so misplaced a pleasure to some genius hostile to the railway and custom-house, they were about to hurry to their chief to inform them of the incident, when a clear and sonorous voice reached them from the supposed carriage, and asked them—"What department are we in?" The pointsman and the custom-house officer, being polite people, and seeing that what they had taken for a cloud was nothing but a balloon of gigantic dimensions, carrying an immense car, replied, "At Erquelinnes, Belgium."

"They then heard a conversation among the aerial travellers upon the situation of the above locality, which ended in their receiving thanks from above.

"The incident was over for the railway employé, but the custom-house officer, who had resumed his presence of mind, and who never loses sight of the requirements of his service, made a trumpet of his two hands, and shouted 'Everybody stay here for the visit of the custom-house officer.' This remark was received by the occupants of the car with laughter, and, without attending to the invitation, they went off in the direction of Louvain."

The termination of this aerial voyage has, however, proved very disastrous. In making the descent near Nienburg, in Hanover, the party experienced much difficulty, and M. Godard, one of the passengers, was compelled to open the balloon with an axe, to allow the gas to escape. The following telegraphic despatch summarises the state of affairs:

"HANOVER, October 21.

"The wounded persons from M. Nadar's balloon, have been conveyed to this city, and placed under the care of the French Legation. The King of Hanover sent an aide-de-camp to inquire after their wants. M. St. Felix has sustained a fracture of the left humerus, besides contusions on the face. M. Nadar has both legs dislocated. Madame Nadar has sustained a compression of the thorax and contusions on the leg."

M. Nadar's account of the catastrophe, is given in the following brief telegram, received at Paris:

"PARIS, October 21.

"We descended near Nienburg, in Hanover, at noon, on Monday. Our balloon was dragged for several hours, the anchors having been broken. St. Felix, my wife and I are rather seriously hurt; the others are better. We owe our lives to the courage of Jules Godard."



MAN AND HIS IDOL.

CHAPTER LIV.

WHAT FOLLOWED IN THE GAMING-HOUSE.

One flash of hope burst; then succeeded night:
And all's at darkest now. *Bronzing.*

ALTHOUGH, in a moment of excitement, the Vampire had been unable to restrain the outburst of passion on finding that he had been deceived, and had dealt Mark Allardyes an ugly blow, it was not his policy to have a riot in the house in the Haymarket.

Anything of that kind might have led to an exposure of the ingenious swindle which he carried on there, and that would have resulted in his ruin.

So, when Lord Sandoun, on seeing his friend fall, threw himself upon the aggressor, with some idea of throwing him—an idea about as practicable as if he had thought to choke a wild bull—the big ruffian neither struck out again, nor attempted to close with his foe.

He simply held the man at arm's length, and directed a meaning glance toward Thaddeus Angerstein. That individual understood him, and at once interfered.

"Stay!" he cried, "there must be some mistake here."

"Mistake!" cried the Vampire, with well-assumed indignation; "I'll soon show 'em what sort of mistake there is."

"Come, come," said Angerstein, "you're too hasty, Dupin; this is a gentleman; I'm sure of it, and, no doubt, he will offer an explanation which will be satisfactory to you."

His lordship, flushed with passion, did not deign a reply. Struggling in the vice-like grasp of the Vampire, he strove, with gnashing teeth and flaming eyes, to get a blow at him, and so to resent the brutality displayed toward his friend.

"Explanation!" he shouted; "nonsense! You're a gang of thieves, one and all. He's dealt a coward's blow, and I'll die but what I'll revenge it. Oh, you may hold me! I'm not afraid. You won't kill me, and if you do, you're known—spotted—your game's up!"

The face of the bully underwent a singular change; it turned from deep purple to greenish-yellow tint; he understood the threat, and trembled at what it meant.

At this critical moment the door of the room was thrown wide open, and Madame Dupin strode into the room, flushed and angry. She might have watched the conflict through the hole in the ceiling, or perhaps her woman's sagacity led her instinctively to understand how matters stood.

[EMMY'S FLIGHT PREVENTED.]

With three strides she reached her husband, seized him by one of his split ears, tore him from Sandoun's grasp, and sent him spinning to the farther side of the room.

"What's all this?" she screamed; "what, you must be at your old tricks, Vamp, most you? Insulting customers and ruining the house. I'll let you know, you big, ugly brute! Yah, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Why did that fellow," pointing to Mark, "say he knew this gentleman for, if he didn't know him then?" remonstrated the husband, who probably saw through the whole proceeding, and played into his wife's hands.

"How should I know?" shrieked the virago; "and what's the odds? Know him or not know him, it's all the same to you. And, once for all, I won't have my customers annoyed, or my house ruined."

Lord Sandoun, startled at the suddenness of what had passed, stood looking from husband to wife, uncertain how to act. Not so, Mr. Angerstein. Those keen, crafty black eyes of his had taken in the state of things at a glance, and stepping boldly up to his lordship, he said:

"Pardon me, but I am afraid that I am the innocent cause of what has happened. My name is Angerstein."

He drew a card from his pocket-book, and presented it as he spoke.

But the mention of the name had been enough.

"Is it possible?" demanded his lordship; "you are the brother of the charming lady who is visiting at Lord St. Omer's?"

"That is so," was the reply.

"And, singularly enough," returned his lordship, "this gentleman, my friend, is his lordship's son-in-law."

"What, Mr. Allardyes?"

"Certainly."

"What a singular coincidence! Dupin, you've made a mistake here," he added, addressing the Vampire; "you would have finished off two of my best friends."

"Pretty friends," returned the man, growling;

"didn't know ye by sight."

"And, pray, what's that to you?" interposed Madame Dupin; "but you must go interfere where you're not wanted, and poking your nose into other people's affairs; as if we hadn't got troubles enough of our own, and a peck to spare."

In the altered state of things brought about by Angerstein's mention of his name, all prospect of violence was at an end, and the attention of all present was directed to restoring Mark Allardyes to a state of consciousness. While this was being brought about, and it was not very difficult by the aid of vinegar and salts; Lord Sandoun and Mr. Angerstein conversed

aside on the most friendly and amiable terms. The commoner was delighted at having made the acquaintance of a lord so easily. Quick to catch at prospective advantages, he saw what a lever he could make of the fact of being able to speak of his "friend Sandoun;" besides which, the young man might be able to introduce him into society from which he had been hitherto rigorously debarred. It was not every day that he fell in with the son of a duke—though a bankrupt duke—and he exerted himself to make as favourable an impression as possible.

On his part, Sandoun had heard this man spoken of as connected with mines and banks, representing great moneyed interests; and as money was the one thing of which he was constantly in need, he was not indisposed to be civil to a man who might be useful to him.

While these two stood conversing on indifferent topics, and while Dupin and his wife were explaining to Mark—who, with a white face, with a red knuckle-mark on the forehead, and blood-shot eyes, was slowly recovering—the nature of the mistake the Vampire had made, there was a sudden commotion in the front of the house.

The voice of a woman, raised in imploring accents, reached their ears.

"Let me go! For Heaven's sake, let me go!" they heard her cry.

"No, my dear," a man answered, "not exactly."

"But you have no right to detain me. I have done nothing to you," cried the woman. "Oh, let me go!" Let me go!"

Madame Dupin was the first to recognize the sound of the imploring voice.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "that's never that girl, Vamp? She hasn't had the impudence to try to run away again?"

"Sounds like it," growled the husband.

"If she has, I'll skin her alive, that I will," shrieked the hideous woman, and lifting the curtain which divided the room from the front of the house, she rushed out.

The rest followed.

In what was called the bar, they found a woman struggling in the arms of a man dressed as a groom, and Mark had no difficulty in recognizing that it was Emmy Kingston, who was trying to escape from his man, Joe Leech.

Madame Dupin swooped down upon her prey like a hawk.

"Look here, missus," said Joe, "here's a woman as was a trying to sneak off out o' your side door. Maybe you know her?"

"Know her? I should think so," said the woman, "I ought to know my own flesh and blood. Oh, you

owdacious, wicked gal!" she continued; "how dare you! And that artful, too, takin' advantage of my back bein' turned a minnit! And after all the fussing and cossetting you've had in this house, livin' like a lady, waited on hand and foot! Ugh! I could tear you limb from limb, I could."

Crouching, pale and terrified, with her large eyes filled with tears, the persecuted girl might have moved a heart of stone to compassion. She was evidently very ill; she looked half-starved and overwhelmed with sorrow.

But there was not a heart—not one—that yielded to any sentiment of pity or commiseration.

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done?" cried Emmy plaintively.

Joe Leech had still hold of the girl, but as she spoke, Mark Allardycy stepped forward, and with a motion of his hand signed to the man to release her.

In the terror and excitement of the moment, while the groom dragged her like a culprit into the house, the girl had not noticed Mark. But now, as he stepped forward, and the gas-light fell on his pallid, though slightly flushed and swollen face, she started from him with renewed terror.

She had from the first shrunk with repugnance from this man, even when he approached her with offers of kindness. But the scene in that lonely cell in which her murdered father breathed his last, had awakened in her feelings of the utmost aversion. She could not forget how he had provoked the desecration of the dead, and—though she would not have owned it to her own heart—she remembered the deeper wrong he had done her in his attack on Kingston Meredith.

It needed not the scar which scored the white palm of her right hand to remind her that but for this man would have taken the life of the only being in the world to whom she could look for aid and sympathy.

Was it strange, then, that the sight of Mark in that place filled her with affright?

But he did not or would not see this.

"Emmy," he said, in the pleasant insidious voice, he could so easily assume, "what does this mean? Come, you can trust me, you know. Is it true that you were trying to escape?"

She did not answer. She could not. Indignation and terror rendered her dumb.

Mark held out his hand.

"I once gave you a promise that I would befriend you," he said, "and I've not forgotten it. Trust to me, and I will see you righted."

She suffered him to take her hand; but the pressure of his fingers upon the ice-cold tips of hers, met with no response.

"You refuse my assistance? You will not let me serve you? Is that so?" asked Mark, bending tenderly over her with wolf-like eyes which were full of danger.

Emmy burst into tears,—into loud, passionate sobbing, and snatching the one hand from Mark, covered her eyes with her fragile fingers.

They were very fragile. More, much more so than when he had seen them last, Mark thought; and the thought was not altogether unpleasing to him.

"If you will take me away! Away from this dreadful place," cried the young and delicate girl. "Anywhere, anywhere from this place."

"You hear her!" said Madame Dupin. "Her as I've boarded and lodged, washed and done for like a princess! Oh, you vile, ungrateful—"

"Stay," said Mark. "I won't ask why this young person was sent here, though I suppose it was to further the ends of justice in some way"—his eye twinkled as he spoke—"but it's clear to me that she isn't happy here. No matter why, she doesn't like it, and as that is so, she shall be removed."

Emmy did not half-believe the words she heard.

"And—shall I go back to Galescombe?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes, if you choose," said Mark.

"And see the grave of my poor dead father? And meet—"

"Meet anybody you please," said Mark, with a marked emphasis on the words, showing that they came from his jealous heart.

Half-repulsed by the tone, Emmy could nevertheless have forgiven him all for those words. Looking up, she turned on him a face which spoke her gratitude as plainly as if she had given utterance to it in words.

But Madame Dupin had overheard what had passed, and she now interposed.

"Do you mean this, captain?" she said, addressing Mark.

"Mean what?" he asked.

"Why this 're about her leaving my house? Though, goodness gracious knows, I shall be glad enough to get rid of her; for, what with watching her like a mouse, and what with slaving for her, and what with one worrit and another, I'm tired of her, and so I tell you."

"Well, and I'm going to relieve you of her," said Mark, "so there will be an end of your trouble."

It did not, however, seem very clear to anybody how this was to bring about any end they had in view. The

gaze which Lord Sandoun and Angerstein fixed on Mark was quite as keen and questioning as that of the Vampire and his wife. But all saw that he had conceived some scheme in his head, by means of which the girl's fears were to be allayed, and as he was not at all a likely person to attain that object by the sacrifices of any purpose of his own, they gave a silent though reluctant consent to what he proposed.

"It is too late now for us to leave London by train," said Mark; "so you will have to stay here another night; but I promise you, on my honour, to fetch you to-morrow, and to accompany you myself to whatever part of the country you care to go. There, you can need nothing fairer than that."

No, nothing fairer than the words; they realized all that she could have asked. Yet there was a little part of the arrangement from which Emmy Kingston shrank. She did not see the necessity for Mark's accompanying her, and she still feared, rather than trusted him.

However, this arrangement was made; Madame Dupin promised that Emmy should be forthcoming whenever called for, and disappeared with her into that gloomy retreat which had become her prison, and from which the voice of the horrible woman could be heard long after, rating her in the grossest terms—ostensibly for her wickedness in trying to escape, but really for her beauty and the temptation which she offered to the too susceptible Vampire.

Meanwhile Lord Sandoun, Mark, Angerstein, and the Vampire himself sat down to a bottle of port—a first-class article, rare as a liquor, which he of the split ears produced from some secret nook of the premises—and discussed the business which had thrown them together.

"I don't exactly see your dodge about the girl," remarked the Vampire, addressing Mark; "but I suppose its all fair and square?"

"Why, of course, man," was the reply, "what's the use of your trying to carry her off? You must give her narcotics, which are always dangerous, and she may come to just at a critical moment. Now she believes in me; she'll go wherever I choose to take her, at least so I flatter myself, and if we can once get her on board ship in a roughish sea, all the rest is easy. A few minutes' insensibility, enough to have her taken on board as an invalid—is soon produced."

"Right!" chuckled the Vampire, "you know that, don't you?"

He laughed a loud, hoarse, bruit laugh, as he looked up at the bruise which yet appeared on Mark's low forehead.

"There are other and gentler ways of producing that effect," observed Angerstein.

"Be there?" chuckled the Vampire. "Well, that's my way, and that's Madame Dupin's way, too. Ha! ha!"

"Once aboard," resumed Mark, "and stowed away in the berth provided for her, madame will be able to keep her quiet?"

"Oh, yes, she'll do that," returned Vamp, "she's a capital nuss to ill women aboard ship. All hers begins to howl when they starts, and all quiets down till you can't hear 'em breathe till the voyage is over. She's a doddle of her own, she has."

"What is it?" asked Mark.

"Oh, it's very simple. She only takes a seat. She is a tidy weight, you know—"

"Well, she takes a seat; what then?"

"That's all."

"All! why, what is there in taking a seat?"

"Depends on where you take it."

"Indeed?"

"In course. Now she takes it on the patient's face." The men looked up with an expression of horror.

"She smothers them! Is that so?" asked Angerstein.

"No, 'cause she don't sit too long. When they leave off kicking and wriggling, she gets up. They're pretty tidy quiet after that, for a long while."

After this exposition of the simple art of nursing an unwilling patient across the channel, the men had another glass of the old port round, drank to each other's better acquaintance, and the details of Mark's expedition having been settled, they parted—four as wicked and as worthless men as accident ever leagued together in a conspiracy against the happiness of the virtuous and long-suffering.

They might have been spoken by some spectral, some supernatural visitant from the other world. It was in such language that Mephistopheles addressed Faust, and, but for one circumstance, the earl might have been inclined to doubt whether his midnight visitor had not something in common with that dark spirit.

That she was mortal was proved to his satisfaction by the cry which his daughter Blanche had uttered on beholding her.

Closely questioned by her father, the earl's daughter explained the circumstances under which she had met the dark woman, and the cruel indignity which she had offered her. The anger of the earl, who dearly loved his daughter, was greatly excited at this revelation, and he determined, if possible, to seek out the woman, and force from her the cause of this animosity towards his only child.

By way of setting about this more effectually, he next day waited upon his lawyers, Messrs. Tullett and Tuillet, and held with them a three hours' conference over the general state of his affairs. This matter of the avowed knowledge on the part of Lotty—for the reader will at once have recognized the dark stranger—was discussed, among other points—in fact, that formed the key-note to the consultation.

"On one point I am resolved," the earl said; "I will clear my name from the imputation that rests upon it, at whatever cost. These are not times when a nobleman can afford to rest under the shadow of a great crime, as if the perpetration of deeds of infamy was the special prerogative of the peerage. It was so of old; but it is so no longer. It is as necessary for me to be loved, respected, even honoured by those about me, as it is for me to breathe the air of heaven. I pine, I sicken, I shall die under the ban so cruelly set upon my fair fame."

His words were very earnest, and the partners in the firm who transacted his lordship's business, observed that as he spoke a silent tear stole down his cheek.

Tullett and Tuillet were men of the world—hard, dry, parchment-like men. They took narrow, practical views of things; believed that men acted as they conducted their cases, on precedents, one imitating another in virtue or vice, just as one sheep follows another through a gap in the hedge. They had never given in to the popular outcry against the earl in the matter of Daniel Kingston's murder. Had they been opposed to him they might, and probably would, have thought that there was a strong case against him. As it was, they did not allow themselves to think this. Observe, they not only pooh-poohed the charge whenever it was hinted at in their presence; but they did not even permit themselves to entertain an idea of the probability of it. The St. Omers had been clients of the firm of Tullett and Tuillet from time immemorial; during all that period there was not an instance of a St. Omer acting as the present earl was alleged to have acted; and in the absence of precedent, it was impossible for them to credit the possibility of such a transaction.

Something very nearly approaching sympathy, therefore, was expressed by these men at the sight of the emotion which their most valued client strove in vain to conceal.

"It is clearly desirable, my lord, to secure this singular person—this midnight visitor of yours," suggested the elder partner.

"Do you think so?" asked the younger Tullett. "It was, by the way, apparently the great object of this man's life to ask questions implying doubt. He seldom spoke, never advised, only queried."

"The difficulty," said his lordship, "lies in this. It would not, I apprehend, be difficult to have this woman secured; I might even authorize her being brought before me as a magistrate for being in my park for an unlawful purpose, but she refuses to speak except upon certain terms. Her position is that she, and she alone, can clear up this mystery, but she declines to do so except on a condition which is clearly out of the question. My engagements with the Duke of Hereford render it impossible that I should comply with it."

"Clearly," cried the elder Tullett.

"That is so, is it?" questioned his junior. "Yes, decidedly. So you see the difficulty. She will only speak on her own terms—those terms I cannot give her; yet, if there is any truth in her assertion, she and she alone can wipe away what I may justly term the blot on my escutcheon."

The partners reflected. The partners stared very hard into the bright flame which went crackling and sparkling up the broad chimney in their old-fashioned office; once, tradition said, a duke's mansion. Then the partners rubbed their hands very hard, after a habit they had acquired, and when the knuckles had grown very red and shining, the elder spoke.

"I have an idea, my lord," he said.

"Have you?" questioned the other Tullett, as if it was exceedingly improbable.

"Yes; I think it's time, more than time, that we had a detective down over this matter. You owe it to yourself, my lord, to engage, at your own cost and for

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE MYSTERY AT THE QUARRY.

Whilst thus I live all things discomfort give.

The life is sure a death wherein I live;

Save life and death do differ in this one—

That life hath ever cares, and death hath none.

Britannia's Pastoral.

"Wish for me and I shall be at your side."

So the strange woman had said on the night of her mysterious appearance to the Earl of St. Omer, and the words haunted him.

your own purposes, the cleverest fellow to be found in all London to clear up this matter."

"You—think—so?" asked the junior, with his head on one side, as if questioning very profoundly.

"That's my opinion," said Tullet. "I'd get him down, let him have a brief with every particular, including all that is known about this dark woman, and then let him go to work. No harm can come of it, and it may do incalculable good."

His lordship heard and—hesitated.

Why?

Even the inquiring junior of the firm did not push that question, or his lordship might have betrayed more agitation than he did sitting there between the two lawyers, his chin resting on the gold top of his cane, his eyes bent on the fire.

As it was, he assigned no reasons. He did not say what he feared, or in what his objections lay. He simply shook his head and expressed his disapproval.

It was then that the elder Tullet came out in force. He liked opposition: more than that, it was necessary to him. As the Indians produce fire from dry sticks by friction, so there are men who shine only when irritated or opposed. Tullett was one of them, and when he saw the earl disinclined to pursue the course he had recommended, he urged, with singular force and eloquence, that it was the only possible course open, and that the earl would lay himself open to just suspicion unless he had recourse to it.

And still the earl resisted.

And, as before, he urged no argument on his side. He simply rested content with expressing his disapproval.

After that the elder Tullett, who was a testy little man, had nothing to propose, so he said, and could only promise that the firm would give the subject their general attention.

"And about this strange woman? Do you still advise strong measures to be taken with regard to her?" asked his lordship.

"No."

"How?" questioned the junior, not without reason this time.

"After his lordship's explanation and his evident disinclination to clear up this mystery——"

"Mr. Tullett!" cried the earl angrily.

"To clear up this mystery," the lawyer repeated, "through the only means which strike me as practicable, or at all likely to answer the end proposed, I should advise no rash measures for the present."

It was clear that the earl was far from satisfied, but he did not reply to the remark thus made, and having expressed a desire to see the elder lawyer at Redruth House, at an early day, he took his departure.

After the earl had left, the partners, who had seen him to the door, returned to their room, and took up their respective positions on either side the blazing fire. For a long time neither spoke a word. Then the elder, who had been lost in reflection, expressed his feelings in one word.

"Strange!" he muttered.

"Isn't it?" was the question and the comment of the younger man.

Unconscious of this brief summing-up of his conduct, a summing-up which went as near to implying suspicion as it was possible in men so constituted and so trained—the earl took his way along the least frequented road leading to his own park.

It was early in the evening—between six and seven o'clock—but it was the first day in November, and at that part of the year there is no evening; night comes down gloomily close upon the heels of day. Thus, though early, it was dark. And as in country roads for the most part, so along this which the earl had taken, there were only lamps at long intervals—dim struggling lamps, that looked in the foggy distance like the red dying ends of exploded rockets. Fond of walking, the earl had not ordered the carriage to come for him, and he now regretted it, for the road was heavy with recent rains, and there were too many navvies and rough characters about, owing to some railway works in the district, to render it altogether safe travelling for a lonely man.

Besides—and the thought of this brought a crimson flush into the earl's white face—he was a marked man. Public feeling ran strongly against him. Muttered threats of vengeance had reached his ears. A poacher's stray shot, and the casual spark from a wayfarer's pipe, had both been mentioned as ready means to avenge Daniel Kingston's murder on "the false earl's" life or property. "The false earl" as he was called, was no coward; he had as much bravery as most men; but these were not pleasant things to reflect on, after dark upon a lonely road, and in the neighbourhood where this vindictive feeling had shown itself the strongest.

However, there was no help for it, so the earl pursued his course, until, coming to an abrupt turning, he found himself close to a certain quarry which I have had occasion to mention before—a quarry in which Mark Allardyce had held parley with one Steve Broad, not a great while before, and from which he had retreated

abruptly and alone. As I have said, it formed a great gap in the hill-side; but the cavern not only extended into the hill, but sunk a not inconsiderable depth below the road. Where it was dangerous, a slight railing had been put up; but from the road there wound down into the chasm a circular path, and the sides of this, though steep, were unprotected. Far down in the darkness, the chalk bottom of the deserted quarry was covered with slimy water, covered and partly hidden by such growths of the fungus order as such places not unfrequently present.

In passing this quarry it was only natural that the earl should turn toward it, since it was just the spot in which desperate characters would be pretty sure to lie in ambush. In doing so, at the opening whence the descending path wound down, he was startled at the appearance of a figure, tall, thin, and apparently dressed in tightly fitting but white garments, since it was just visible in the darkness.

While the earl stopped to catch a second glimpse of the apparition, it disappeared without a sound.

Startled, but not frightened, the earl remained standing where he was, looking intently into the gloom of the quarry. His strong impulse was at the first to dash forward and ascertain the cause of the mystery. But he felt that it would not be a prudent step to take in the dark, and so he waited and waited, listening intently; but failing to catch the slightest sound.

"Surely," he thought, "that could not have been a creation of fancy. I'm not given to hallucinations."

True, and no man likes to admit, even to himself, that he is weak enough to have conjured up the apparition which has nevertheless crossed his path. With this feeling strong upon him, the earl leaped against the railings, which formed a protection from the cavity, and watched, scarcely venturing to draw a breath.

No sound—not a movement.

Watching thus, and without any result, it was not singular that the earl's mind should revert to what had just passed at his lawyer's, and, quite unconsciously, he muttered aloud a thought which was strong upon him.

"I must see that woman again," he said.

"Must you—and why?" said a voice at his elbow.

He knew it.

He turned sharply round, and could dimly make out the form of woman, her face veiled, her garments flowing loosely about her, who stood almost close to him on the side furthest from the road into the quarry which he had been watching.

"You here?" ejaculated the earl.

"What did I promise?" was the woman's reply: "I said a wish should bring me to your side. You have uttered that wish, I am here."

The earl drew back with an expression of annoyance.

"I'm not to be played with, or befooled," he said; "I must beg of you to have done with these stage tricks."

The woman only laughed.

"You're like the man in the story," she said; "you've got your wish and are not satisfied. But as you will, my lord; you expressed a desire to see me. You have thought better of my offer?"

"No."

"You still decline my conditions?"

"Most certainly."

"Then I don't see——"

"Stay!" interposed the earl; "you profess to have acquired information of value to me. You may, or may not have done so. I don't know. It's as likely one way as the other. But if you have, there must be other conditions on which it will answer your purpose to part with it? Think!"

"No!" answered the woman, hastily.

"Listen!" cried the earl; "I know now what I did not know before, that you are influenced by feelings of a malignant and wicked nature toward a member of my family. Knowing this, you can hardly suppose that I shall permit you to go at large, with full liberty to work what evil your vindictive heart may prompt you to. I don't fear the ill you can do, and I much question whether you have it in your power to benefit me or mine; but I'm disposed to treat you fairly, and if you won't consent, I am determined not to leave you prouling about this neighbourhood."

Lotty did not answer, but she burst into a loud laugh, which rang shrill out into the dark night.

"I like this," she presently said; "I, and I alone, possess the power of proving you innocent or guilty of a great crime—proving it, mark you—and you coolly talk of packing me off! Me! You may as well confess your guilt at once and make a clean breast of it!"

The taunt, the half-accusation, following the laugh, moved his lordship almost beyond endurance.

"I care not," he said desperately; "do your best and worst, I defy you!"

"Take care," answered the woman.

"I have said it. Enough of this juggling. Go your way, and leave me to go mine. Away!"

"You will regret this night, my lord," was the retort. "You will regret it when you look in vain for

proofs of your innocence of this crime, and your claims to your cardom and your estates."

The earl, who had stepped into the road, paused.

"What! Do you dare——" he cried.

"Accept my bargain or refuse it," interrupted Lotty, impetuously, "make me your friend or hold me as your enemy. Decide at once, my lord; I will never ask you again. What do you answer?"

"You have my decision," he said quietly.

"Yes," replied the woman. Then raising her voice until it echoed far away among the hills, she cried: "That woman shall never marry Sandoun. I've told you so, and I repeat it. I'll see her dead first. And you ought to—you, her father—for nothing but misery will come of the match to her, and nothing to you but despair and beggary. But you will have it so. And you must. You might have saved her and saved yourself. A word would have done it, but you refuse my offer. Just as you like; but from this moment I leave you to your fate!"

There was a slight rustle, as of a silken dress, and the earl turning sharply round, saw a dark figure moving up the hill-side, and near it the tall, white, skeleton-like form which had first arrested his attention on that spot.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE WOOING.

The course of life that seemed so flowery to me,
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway, broken short,
And ending in a rain.

Tennyson.

A WOMAN cursed with the heart of a coquette knows no peace. She is haunted by the incessant, feverish thirst of conquest, and the jealous anxiety to keep under the influence of her charms those whom she has once fascinated. Not that she cares for them, any more than the sportsman cares for the game he is at such pains to hunt down. They are her trophies, nothing more. It gratifies the pride of her heart to point to them, as the Red Indian points to the scalps at his girdle—as the African gloats over the pyramid of skulls beside the door of his hut, attesting his prowess in war.

It was purely in this spirit that Flora Angerstein carried on the sole occupation of her life—loving-making.

No man of mark ever approached her without awakening a feverish desire in her heart to make a conquest of him, to bring him to her feet and leave him there, like the lion in the fable, entangled in a net, from which he could not extricate himself.

Much in this spirit she had worked her spells upon Frank Hildred. The excuse that she sought him out as the friend of Kingston Meredith, and the means whereby she could act upon him, served at the outset; but the satisfaction of "bringing down" a man who evidently cared little for female society, and whose heart had never yet felt the influence of love, was, after all, the grand motive in Flora's operations.

So you will not be surprised to learn that when the ostensible object was attained—when she had seen the letter which Meredith sent to Thaddeus Angerstein, through the vicar of Elderside, accepting the doom of the "White Man's Grave,"—she still continued the sport, and drew Frank Hildred after her, a slave at her chariot-wheels.

Curiously enough, they were always meeting, by the purest accident.

If Frank went down to the mill-stream to fish—an amusement of which he was passionately fond—it often happened, in fact, it generally happened that on that particular morning, Flora—sometimes alone, sometimes escorted by Madame Angerstein, would desecry him afar off, as they wandered through the high woods, which, though now bare of leaf, afforded pleasant walking, and would bear down on him in full sail. If the young man sauntered into the little bookshop—the only one at Galescombe—and stood idling over the counter, trying to make up his mind whether to commence the last new novel at the third volume (the first was never in: it never is at village circulating libraries) or content himself with an old novel, he would, ten to one, suddenly feel his cheeks burning and his heart throb-bing, and the soft voice of the charmer would wish him the most delicious "good morning" he had ever heard. So at church, so in Redruth Park, so at the railway-station—at one and all of these places they were sure to meet; sure to find themselves entangled in a long, absorbing conversation; and as sure to part abruptly, just as Frank was making up his mind that this charming woman was indispensable to his happiness.

Of course she knew, well enough, what he thought of her. She read it in the respectful but ardent gaze with which he would unconsciously regard her. That flush of the cheek told its tale; that half-pleased, half-embarrassed manner left nothing to be doubted. Flora felt that he was a captive, and the fact inspired her with the liveliest satisfaction.

Not that she cared for him the less bit in the world. She admired him as a handsome young man, and thought him more agreeable and less of a bore than

men possessed of those two qualities—manly beauty and youth—usually are. It was nice, too, in that dull place, to be sure of a companion, who, if all other topics failed, could talk to her of Blanche's love, and of the romantic attachment she had so skilfully crushed out. To see them as they talked you would have supposed that she was as deeply, as hopelessly smitten as the victim. But no; while he eagerly watched for the moment when he might make some declaration of the passion she had inspired, she was only, it might be, coolly debating how far it would be prudent to carry on this affair, and when it would be likely to become a bore.

Already some of the visitors at the house had dropped a word or two in playful allusion to Flora's lover, and she had begun to think it was nearly time to give him up, lest he might spoil her chances in some more aristocratic quarter.

This point the little lady happened to be revolving as she returned from a pleasant breezy walk on the afternoon of the day on which the earl visited Messrs. Tullett and Tullett, his solicitors. She had gone out alone, forbidding Madame Angerstein to follow her, and was returning, after two hours' absence, fresh and rosy, with a sparkling eye and an elastic step, when, by one of those accidents so common of late, Frank Hildred burst upon her path from a little sheltered dell in which he had succeeded in plucking some half-dozen violets and snowdrops which, owing to the mildness of the weather, had put in a premature and untimely appearance.

Knowing Flora's passionate love of flowers, it was with unusual animation that he approached her and begged her acceptance of his prize.

"They are, indeed, beautiful," she said, taking them with a bewitching smile, "and in November, too!"

"You are pleased?" he asked; "then I am indeed happy."

"I believe you," was the smiling answer. "You are so good-natured that it affords you pleasure to do a kind act for any one."

"For you especially," said Frank quickly, and with a kind of spasmodic in his voice that showed how much the effort cost him.

Flora smiled.

She understood, as indeed she could not fail to do, the deep hidden meaning of those words, interpreted as they were by the eyes which looked down upon her so softly, so tenderly, yet so full of passionate intensity. But it was her humour, nay, her policy, to affect ignorance.

"You are all alike," she said, with a downward glance, "You all flatter so dreadfully. I wouldn't have a man's conscience for the world. It must be burdened with, oh, I don't know how many fibs, and exaggerations, and false oaths—dreadful! dreadful!"

That affected horror, and the action accompanying, struck Frank as the most delightful bit of coquetry he had ever seen. Flora had never seemed so pretty in his eyes as she did at that moment, under the influence of the fresh country walk, and it had only needed such an expression as she then assumed to make her irresistible.

"Flora," he said, I cannot tell you by what right he had taken the liberty of using that name. "Are you not a little hard upon our sex? Do you quite give us credit enough for the few virtues we happen to possess—that of sincerity, for instance?"

"Sincerity!" echoed Flora, "what is it? Honestly, now, what is it? I've heard so much of it, from so many men, that I'm really curious—I am, indeed—to know what ideas they attach to the word. I know what I mean when I use it, but you can't mean the same; it's impossible, I know it is, and I firmly believe that there never was a man who had even a faint notion of the quality the word expresses."

"You are cruel, Flora," returned the young man, "or you are only playing with me. I had hoped to meet you to-day in a different mood. I had so much to say to you, so much that I would have asked you as a favour to listen to, that I was beginning to congratulate myself on this meeting, when—when—"

"When what?"

She had no mercy on him, you see.

"When you gave expression to that heretical feeling against my sex, which has taken all the courage out of me. Believe me, Flora, you are wrong. It is not woman's sole privilege to love deeply, sincerely, through life and beyond death. Your hearts are more tender, more confiding, more easily moved to pour out their hidden wealth of love than ours; but when we once yield up ourselves to the influence of love, we make idols of the chosen of your sex, and worship them with a passionate idolatry which has no limits."

"A blind fanaticism," she answered, coolly. "I understand. From what I have found, I agree with you to an extent. From the creatures I have seen men set up as idols, and fall down before, I should say that the worship of Mumbo-Jumbo was more rational than that they give themselves up to. I'm not a clever woman. Mr. Hildred, and don't pretend to understand things—you needn't flatter me with your eyes in that way, be-

cause it's a fact, I don't; but I do pity, I really do pity from the very bottom of my heart, the fine, handsome, noble fellows who coolly throw themselves away upon poor, tame, spiritless creatures, with nothing to commend them but a pretty face—generally half pearl-powder and Bloom of Ninon—the sort of women, in fact, that Mahomet must have had a large experience of before he ventured on the opinion that women had no souls. Poor things!"

"I am glad you pity rather than despise these unfortunates of my sex!" said Frank.

"Why?"

"Because they deserve commiseration. You don't know, it's impossible that you should know, the fascination which your sex exercises over ours, and the strength of mind required to resist it. We see and adore. We do not discuss the merits of the idol, we fall down and worship it. And happy indeed are we when, as in your case, we find the charm of beauty allied to the yet stronger charm of good sense and right feeling."

They had loitered as this strange dialogue proceeded, but now Flora quickened her pace.

"You are getting positively unendurable," she said, with the prettiest pout of the lip imaginable.

"I hope not—I sincerely hope not," cried Frank, plucking up all his courage.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for it is the only hope of my life to make myself agreeable to you."

"Now—now, really —"

She had turned her face aside, and held her left hand, like a screening fan, between it and the speaker. But he was not to be repulsed.

"Flora!" he cried, clasping his hands in a passionate gesture, "it is useless for me to conceal the truth. I have tried to do so, but have tried in vain. You are my idol. You have thrown the spell of your beauty, your genius, your goodness over me. I am a humble devotee at your feet. In a word, I love you—deeply, fervently love you."

A wild laugh rang out in the still air.

It was Flora Angerstein's reply to the passionate outpouring of this manly heart.

Intense as had been her delight to bring him to that point, she now openly, advisedly, laughed in his face.

"Oh, you men!" she said, the light sparkling in her eyes, and dimples playing over her rosy face; "what creatures you are! I did think that all this sort of thing was at an end. Now, really, Mr. Hildred, isn't it too bad that you and I couldn't meet as friends—pleasant, chatty friends, to relieve each other of the monotony of this dreary village, without your improving the occasion to talk nonsense to me, and making me look like a great over-grown school-girl, playing at refusing a lover? No, no, don't speak; I know all about it. Fifty men have done the same foolish thing fifty times over, and I believe I could top the whole park wall with broken hearts, like broken bottles, if I chose; but I did think you, as a man of the world, would have known better. I thought you would have understood that, when a man asks a sensible woman to share her lot in life with him in these days, he first shows her what that lot is—how much he has in Consols, how much in mortgages, or property, what his professional expectations are, to what amount he is prepared to insure his life in his wife's favour, and so on. Very practical people come to the point at once—tell whether town or country house, whether a brougham is or is not kept, in what form the settlements are to be drawn up; and, though this does seem rather mercenary, I prefer it. It enables a woman to make a matrimonial book; to back or hedge as she sees fit, and saves a world of trouble in all ways. Ah, I see you are trying to look shocked. I have been too frank with you? That's my one failing, I am afraid."

"Pardon me, Miss Angerstein," the man answered bitterly, "if I think that you are also heartless?"

"You think so?" asked Flora, with charming simplicity.

"What can I think, when you meet my passionate words with this crushing coldness, and these bitter reflections on my position in life?"

Flora Angerstein looked at him for a minute.

She seemed irresolute whether to continue the bitter playfulness of tone which was so natural to her. Suddenly she dropped it, and assumed a manner which she seldom indulged in.

Smoothing her face into an expression of sober earnestness, she said:

"Some day you will thank me for what I've said to-day, Mr. Hildred, much more than if I had returned your raving with my raptures. You're a good fellow. I like you, and have appreciated you from the first—even before our first meeting. But you could never make me your wife unless some very fortunate stroke of luck befell you. I'm too great a luxury, too expensive in every way for a young man rising in the world to indulge in. I am extravagant; I should embarrass a man of moderate fortune; I should ruin you! There! that is my answer, and if you are the clear-

headed man I take you for, you will thank me for it to the end of your days. Good-bye!"

She held out her little soft hand, encased in a glove so soft, and so tightly fitting, that it was like the skin itself. For a moment Frank hesitated whether to take or reject it. Then he stretched out his manly hand and suffered the fingers to close round the delicate glove with listless pressure.

And with a nod, and glint of an eye, in which he fancied a tear glistened, Flora Angerstein took herself off.

Frank Hildred stood in the road like a man stricken to a statue. He could not credit what had passed. He could not understand why the bewitching siren should have led him on, day by day, to love her, only at the last moment to turn round on him with that practical philosophy under the weight of which she had so utterly crushed him.

Perhaps it would have been clearer to him if he could have known that Flora communicated the fact to Madame Angerstein as they dressed for dinner, in these words—"The fool's proposed, Mrs. Angerstein. I knew he would. I saw the rash coming to a head. Shall I wear these red roses in my hair, or the feathers?—I think the feathers, as I am in good complexion?" To which decision the lady appealed to assented; but did not even trouble herself to ask what reply her daughter had given her admirer.

But of this Frank could know nothing, as he turned wearily from the spot in the road where Flora had left him—turned to retrace his steps to the village.

On his way thither he was surprised to see Kingston Meredith in the distance making toward him.

"Frank!" cried the young man, with glowing eye and a flushed cheek, "I have looked for you everywhere. Why, man alive, what's the matter—you look like a ghost?"

"Nothing—it's nothing," said Frank, with a shudder.

"And you—what's happened?"

"I have made a discovery, Frank," he cried, slapping his friend upon his shoulder with a vivacity he had not displayed for months; "and with your aid, Frank, I will be even with Lord St. Omer and my Lady Blanche!"

A little bitterness, ever so little, in the mention of her name. May it be forgiven him!

(To be continued.)

THE widow of a seaman who had died at Copenhagen, was landed on Wednesday, at Hull, from the steamer Emperor, bearing on her clothing the following label: "To the Chief Magistrate of Hull." On her husband dying, her mind had become deranged, and the British Consul at Copenhagen had sent her home, labelled as above.

POLISH HEROISM.—Madame M.—was present in tears at a funeral service for the repose of the soul of her son. As she was leaving the church, some one approached to condole with her, when the heroic mother said: "What do you say? I feel happy that I have given birth to a martyr. He has yet a brother, who will avenge him."

DEATH OF AN OLD NAVAL SURGEON.—Dr. George Bellamy, who served with Nelson in some of his greatest actions, recently died in his native town, Plymouth. He was born on the 15th November, 1773, and was therefore within a few weeks of completing his nineteenth year. Dr. Bellamy entered the service in February, 1793. After participating in Lord Howe's victory, he was captured by five of the enemy's frigates off Brest, June 18th, 1794. Restored to liberty, he joined the Garland, 28. While attached next, from September 1796 until 1800, to the Bellrophon, 74, he was warmly engaged at the battle of the Nile, where the Bellrophon was opposed to L'Orient, 120, and saw other active service in the Mediterranean, the Bellrophon having borne the flag of Lord Nelson. He was subsequently employed—from 1804 till 1808—in the Glory, 98, in which ship, commanded by various captains, he served under the various flags of Admirals Cornwallis, Orde, and Stirling, off Brest, Cadiz, and Rochefort, and was a participant in Sir Robert Calder's action. He was placed on the retired list in 1817. Dr. Bellamy was a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and received a medal with two clasps for Lord Howe's action and the battle of the Nile.

THE CAUSES OF EARTHQUAKES.—To our minds the inferences to be drawn are:—1. That every earthquake is not absolutely the same in its development. 2. That an earthquake is invariably the result of an equalisation of force from some central portion of the earth, where such forces have accumulated to the surrounding parts. 3. That the force may in some cases take the form of electricity, and that the shock felt may be, in truth, a subterranean electrical storm causing no necessary disruption of the earth's surface, but instantaneous and widely radiated shock or vibration. 4. That the force may be developed in the form of heat as well as electricity, giving rise, in the central point, to volcanic explosion and disruption of the earth, with vibration

communicated to surrounding districts. 5. That earthquakes which are due to accumulation of heat, from suppression, may occur without any special antecedent atmospheric phenomena. 6. That earthquakes due to electrical discharge may, as Dr. Stukeley explained, be preceded by special atmospheric variations, indicating disturbance between the electrical forces of the earth and of the watery vapour above; and may end in a discharge from the earth, upon its coming in contact with clouds negatively electrical, followed by a vibration instantaneously felt through a large tract of the earth's surface, but not of necessity producing either breakage, volcano, or geyser. The recent earthquake was probably of this last-named character.

THE THREE ROSES.

CHAPTER XXII.

WINTER AT EAGLE CLIFFE.

Tis done! Dread Winter spreads his latest gloom,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year:
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. *Thomson.*

It was the middle of January. The hills were covered with snow and ice; their gorges glistening with skeleton trees carved in ice; their hollows filled up with snow-drifts; the river, far below them, frozen; the fields beyond, a vast ocean of snow and frozen water, rolling off towards the cold, blue horizon, with spectral trees and houses standing here and there. Clouds darkened the sky. It had snowed heavily all night. Charles, leaving Janet in her heavy morning sleep, descended to the kitchen to open the window-shutters and light the fire. The cold was so intense, that in passing from their bed-chamber to the kitchen his hands grew numb, heavy, and almost useless. He went to the window to open the shutters; the snow had penetrated through the old shutters, filling up the space between them and the window, and, having frozen there, excluded every ray of light and made the room pitch-dark. It was impossible to raise the window without shattering the glass, and so he went to the door, to open it and admit the light. The snow had drifted and was frozen against the door, for he had to pull with all his strength, two or three times, and with the last pull it came violently though heavily open; but it was still dark—a snow-drift had closed up the whole front of the house. There was a back-door, but no back-window to this kitchen parlour. He went and opened the door, and then turning, saw in front, from sill to ceiling, a shining barricade of frozen snow. It was still snowing, and freezing as it fell. He closed the doors and lighted a candle. Then he proceeded to kindle the fire. By its light you might have seen that the young man was frightfully changed. His face was pallid and haggard, his eyes and cheeks were hollow, and the expression of his countenance despairing. He might have been taken for the starved apothecary in Romeo and Juliet. He looked old, and yet he was but twenty. So much for a runaway match!

He was just filling the tea-kettle and sweeping the hearth, when the stair-door opened, and Janet appeared, blue and half-frozen, though closely wrapped in her coarse plaid shawl. She smiled an affectionate "good morning," and set herself immediately to work at the table. Poor Janet had, in spite of all her promises of reformation, overslept herself so often, that she was ashamed now of attempting an apology. She took a little corn meal, and began to mix a cake. The kettle was boiling, and Charles asked her for the coffee.

"There is none, Charles. The last was used yesterday morning."

"Tea, then—tea will do."

"There is but one making, Charles, and perhaps we had better save that, in case either of us should be sick."

"It has come at last, then," said he, bitterly; "the time when I see you without the commonest comforts of life, and find myself without the means of providing them for you."

"Well, Charles, we are not without the necessities of life. We have meal yet; that is a comfort."

"How much, Janet?"

"Oh, enough to last us two or three days."

"And then?"

"I do not know what then—we must leave that in the hands of God—for we have done all we can."

"Look round, Janet: is there anything else to sell or barter for meal? Your carpets and quilts, your sofa—everything gone except one straw bed, a kettle, griddle, and two bowls—and now that we have been married fifteen months, we are reduced to positive penury, within a week, perhaps, of beggary or—"

"Starvation! Do people ever starve, Charles?"

"Yes."

"What, among their fellow-creatures?"

"Yes; next door to people who are dying of luxuriant surfeit."

"I cannot realize it."

"Do you realize that we are half-buried in snow?"

"Yes; but we have a good fire."

"Do you realize that we have not a penny, and no means of getting one? that we have nothing between us and hunger but a little meal, and that is nearly gone?"

"Well, it is likely we shall be hungry."

"And how long do you think hunger may last before it produces death?"

"I don't know; how long?"

"A few days, perhaps."

"Well, dear, that is the Lord's affair. When a case is in extremity, it is exclusively in the Lord's hands. Faith is worth nothing; love, that does not pierce the mystery of death; if we are starved out of earth, which I cannot think likely to happen, the eyes that close here will open in heaven. I only pray to live till our child is born, and that will not be many days, and then let us all die together. Oh! together, Charles! I have so much faith, I should not wish you to live here, if I died. I wish you to go with me to the 'Better Land!'"

By this time the little cake was done, and she put it upon the table. There was no cloth, it had been sold. There were only two common plates. They sat down to the table, and Charles cut the bread into four quarters. They ate but little—there was so much despair painted on both countenances. Yet each was sorrowing for the other. Staunton had never spoken so plainly, so roughly almost, as he spoke now, and here was the secret. As soon as the little meal was over, and Janet had cleared the table—an easy task!—they sat down at the fire.

"It is because you have nothing to do, dear Charles, that makes you feel so despairing," she said. "If you were at work, even though it brought you no remuneration, you would feel better, would you not?"

"Oh, yes; for then I should feel sure I was doing some one a service."

"I knew that. But think of this, dear. They also serve who wait. Learn to labour and to wait. To labour is easy, most of us prefer it; but to wait, that indeed is difficult. To labour is inspiring, encouraging, life-giving; to wait is depressing, discouraging, apathetic, deathlike. You labour hopefully. Learn the harder lesson to wait hopefully. We will learn together, and see who can be the most patient and hopeful. I am sure you will be, Charles, for you have been so all this time, only to-day you have failed an instant. It is hard for me to sit here with one hand folded over the other, for it tempts me to think myself worthless and dawdling, and impairs my self-respect more than anything else in my experience. There is the difficulty that makes it so hard to wait; but what help for it now? My slender—our slender wardrobe is all in perfect repair—our house clean and our dishes washed—now, unless some of my neighbours would kindly send me work, what am I to do?—to wait!"

"You have more to do, Janet—to endure!"

"That is not hard."

"Janet, I have not roughly taken hold of our privations this morning without a purpose. My dear father, my soul's dearest companion, listen to me. Your father—"

"Well, my father. You are paler than ever, Charles. You shake as with an ague—what is it? My father—what? oh what?"

"Your father, Janet, will receive you back—surround you with all the comforts and luxuries of his great wealth, if—if you will leave me."

"Why, I knew that before. May Heaven forgive my father for the thought."

"Janet, you are within a few weeks or days of your confinement. You are as inexperienced as a child, and so am I; but this we both know—that it is a time of suffering and peril, when you will require comforts, friends, and tender nursing. And what have you now?—an old weather-beaten mountain lodge, a straw bed, and a handful of meal."

"And God above, and one dearer than life by my side. Do not fear for me—God is a good father, and nature a good nursing-mother. I shall do very well."

"Not so, Janet. Without proper care and attention, you and your child both may perish. You must return to your father."

"Never, Charles! Never anywhere without you!"

Charles drew his chair to her side, and, half-embracing her, began a speech too long to report here—full of reason, argument, eloquence, persuasion, and—*hope*. Her father, he said, might relent with their submission—or he himself might make a fortune somewhere else, and return to claim her. In vain! he might as well have talked to the moon. Janet heard him out, and then said:

"Oh, Charles, when Mr. Burleigh was setting our fault and its consequences before us, did we not clasp each other's hand, and say, 'Whatever comes, we go to meet it together?' and did we not feel strong and joyous then?"

"Ah, we were children then; we had no experience."

"Ah, but children are truer, if not wiser than adults.

Do not let experience make us cowardly or false. It is the very charm, the very soul and life, promise and hope of marriage, when those who love each other dearer than life, feel that whatever comes, they meet it together. Ah, dear, recollect that when Adam and Eve sinned, and were exiled, they were banished together. Oh, Charles, recollect our very marriage rites warn us, that for no vicissitudes of sickness or health, riches or poverty, in this uncertain world, are we to separate—and never, never until death part us; and remember, Charles, that this ritual was prepared, not by romantic boys and girls, such as we were two years ago, when we talked about martyrdom for each other, but by grave and wise men."

"Janet, my dear child, you are eloquent, but one, one hard, immovable fact, stands against all the eloquence in the world." And he set before her in stronger light than ever, the hardships, perils, and agonies that awaited her, greater than ever she had experienced before.

"Oh, Charles," she replied, "don't try to persuade me so, love, please don't. Whatever comes, I can bear it. If you are with me, I am willing to suffer in every member of my body, except in my poor heart. It is such a weak, faint thing, Charles, that I fear to strike it. If I leave you, I should strike it a death-blow."

"Janet, I have used argument, persuasion, every means to bring you to consent; now, I must tell you that it is not a matter that lies in your own will, or in your own choice at all. Janet, you *shall* not sacrifice yourself. You *must* return to your father!" said Staunton, getting up, buttoning up his coat, and standing on the hearth, with his back to the fire, and his hands clenched behind him.

"By the way, I wonder why men always get up, button up their coats, and stand on the hearth, with their backs to the fire, and their hands clasped behind them, whenever they intend to be very arbitrary. Is it to button up their resolution and heat their valour? I've seen my father do that a thousand times, with variations—for, occasionally, instead of clutching his hands behind him, he'd divide the tails of his coat, and bring them forward over his arms. Men are funny people. I wonder what they do it for?" asked Janet, archly.

"I wonder why women ever jest in the face of the gravest crisis?" replied Staunton; "but you will not evade my purpose so lightly. Janet, do you understand me? I say that you *shall* not kill yourself, and you *shall* return to your father's house."

"Well, now, I like that; that's delivered with quite Bishop-of-Rome-ish authority—as if it were yea and amen—requiring no answer—silent obedience, etc. Now I tell you, Pope Leo X will find that the godless heretic, Martin Luther, will do as he pleases—and replies to him, 'I will kill myself as much as I please; and I will not return to my father's house without you. It is no use, Charley; tell me to do anything else, and I will do it—not this.'"

"That is always a woman's reply."

"Perhaps so; you can try me. This is our first quarrel, Charles—and '*shall*' and '*will not*' are bandying pretty freely between us—and both our hearts are nearly bursting—not with anger, dear, but with sorrowing affection—on your side masked with sternness—on my side veiled with levity—let it cease, dear. You are dying to fold me to your heart now, as I am fainting to rest there. Kiss me, Charles; love me; and believe me that I can bear everything that comes, if you can; and I know you can. You are courageous in yourself—only fearful in me. I will never oppose your wishes in anything else, Charles, nor in that when you speak it from your heart, but your heart was not in that, Charles."

What could he do?

In truth, Staunton was almost bereft of his reason. They had struggled, persevered, and economized. Had sought work when it could not be found, had drawn their little expenses down to the smallest minimum, practised "industry, economy and temperance" unsuccessfully—in short, had lived in a way that would have delighted the heart of "poor Richard"—and still their income and their little stock of personal property month by month diminished, until their house was nearly as bare as a tree that the locusts have deserted. Staunton was in despair.

Youth is said to be hopeful, elastic. It is ignorance rather than elasticity, that is elastic, hopeful. Souls that have never been prostrated with disappointment, young or old (if such could be), know nothing about it. But let a young heart receive a severe shock of disappointment, and there is nothing in life so deathlike as its despair. It is middle-age that is hopeful and elastic. Middle-age that has seen the sky cloud up too often not to know that it will clear again—that has seen the sun set too many times not to expect its rise—seen the winter snows too often not to expect the spring. But youth, with its keen sensibilities and passionate desires—frost-bitten in the first "winter of our discontent," in despair believes too surely that the bloom of life, and love, and hope, and joy, is killed for ever, and knowing nothing of it, cannot be made to believe in another flowering season—

Oh! there lie such depths of woe
In a young, blighted spirit! Manhood rears
A hasty brow, and age has done with tears,
But youth bows down to misery in amaze
At the dark cloud o'ermanting its fresh days.

To see Janet suffering and yet so patient—that was his daily, hourly anguish. The few days following the morning I have described were severely cold, with more snow and sleet. It was impossible to leave the hill because the hollows were filled up with snow, through which the tops of stunted trees stuck out like little twigs. It was not impossible that they might be buried in the snow, and perish there of cold or hunger. Their little stock of meal had been ecked out to the last quart before the weather began to moderate, and the snow to thaw. Charles had trapped a few birds, and that helped out their slender stock. What would become of Janet? He thought and thought, until it seemed his brain must give way; he besought Janet to leave him, but she, in everything else so docile, in this was immovably stubborn—she could bear what he could. Then in the silent hours of the night, while listening to her hacking cough, he prayed for pardon, for guidance. Then he made a resolution, and carried it into effect. He said nothing to Janet of his intention, but privately wrote a letter to her father, describing the situation of his wife, his own utter inability to make her comfortable, and imploring her father's sympathy and protection for her. He wrote this letter, and bowed his head and wept, for his pride, his spirit, his heart was utterly bowed and broken.

CHAPTER XXIII FAREWELL TO LOVE AND HOME.

"Farewell!"
Oh, in that word—that fatal word!—how'er
We promise, hope, believe, there breathes despair!
Byron.

It was a week from the sending off of the letter, on a cold grey winter's morning. Janet had been coughing and feverish all night, and had at last fallen into that death-like lethargy, for it was scarcely sleep, which had become habitual to her. Her husband left his pillow, and going to the window, opened the shutters and read a letter. It was Roland Mildred's answer. He had received it the evening before and read it, and now, by that strange fascination that leads an unfortunate author to con over and over again, a review in which he or she is mercilessly criticised, he read over again this unfeeling letter:

"Sir,—So it has turned out exactly as I hoped, believed, and expected. You thought by this time to be holding an influential position, no doubt. How dare you, after keeping possession of my daughter more than a year, offer to return her upon my hands? Is that your pride? However, I am glad, for the silly fool's sake, that you have dared. Enclosed you will find a hundred pounds—take it, and be off. I shall come to fetch my daughter to-morrow afternoon. See that you do not cross my track, or ever approach my house; for in that case I will shoot you as quickly and with less remorse than I would kill a mad dog. You are thenceforth to hold no communication with Janet by letter, word, or message. You know the terms, and you know me."

"MILDRED."

Charles read that letter over and over again, though each word stung him to the quick. Then he hastily put together a few clothes, and tied them in a bundle. Then he went below, lighted the fire, and sitting down, wrote a long and eloquent farewell letter to his wife, and enclosed it in the following note to Roland Mildred:

"Sir,—Your terms are accepted. Enclosed you will find returned the hundred pounds, also my farewell letter to Janet. Come for her at twelve. Give it to her then; for I do not wish her to know of her husband's flight till she is in her father's arms."

"CHARLES STAUNTON."

Oh, he would rather have died, could his death have availed her, than have written this letter. Death was more welcome than dishonour, and he felt dishonoured. Suicide tempted, and might have triumphed over him, but he thought of his wife's anguish—he thought of his mother's early prayers and lessons. It is comparatively easy, for it is heroic in all men's eyes, to die for the loved one, but who will suffer dishonour for her? No one, scarcely, for there is no compensation, no consolation, it is the martyrdom without the crown—the sacrifice of utter, utter loss. No wonder that great grante, which seemed to have split his heart in their passage, burst from his mouth—no wonder that great drops, which seemed to have started from his brain, rolled down his brow. What an hour of tribulation it was! How he called on God—on death. "There is many a crisis in life," says the eloquent Dewey, "when we need a faith like the martyr's to support us. There are hours in life like martyrdom—as full of bitter anguish—as full of utter earthly desolation; in which more than our sinews, in which we feel that our very heart-strings are stretched and lacerated on the rack of affliction; in which life itself loses its value, and we ask to die; in

whose dread struggle and agony, life might drop from us and not be minded. Oh, then must our cry, like that of Jesus, go up to the pitying Heavens for help, and nothing but the infinite and immortal can help us." Such an hour had descended upon Staunton—the final parting with Janet, her sorrows, his own degradation—each of these enough to sear his brain; but all combined, no marvel that spasms convulsed his frame, and the heaviest sighs rent his bosom.

The hour of misery passed at last—it passed, and when Janet gently opened the stair-door, he turned almost serenely to meet her smile, Janet baked the cake; but knew it was of the very last meal, but neither spoke of it. After breakfast, Charles said:

"I am going to Sydney to-day, my dear, to see if I cannot do something."

"Oh! I am glad to hear you say so, dear—anything is better than the apathy you have suffered so many days. When will you be back, dear Charles?"

"When you see me, love—certainly not to dinner," replied he, evasively.

"He has forgotten that we have no dinner. I am glad that he has," thought Janet—and she questioned him no more.

He sat by her—he looked at her so tenderly, spoke to her so gently.

Janet quietly wondered at a manner that would have been lover-like, had it not been so deeply sad, so solemn—and that he was so pale and rigid at times. Had not she been the most guileless of women, she must have suspected something wrong. The hours passed heavily, yet swiftly along, like the last hours of a condemned criminal. It was near twelve o'clock. The hour had come! he must go! He arose and drew on his overcoat, took his gloves, his hat—approached her, stood at the back of her chair looking at her.

"How short the days are; it is twelve o'clock already," said Janet.

Charles started violently.

"Good-bye, Janet."

"Good-bye, Charles," replied Janet, carelessly reaching her hand back to him without looking up.

He shuddered—she looked so calm, so unconscious.

"Get up, Janet! Oh, come! I want a kiss before I go!"

Smilingly she stood up, and he caught and strained her to his bosom.

"God bless you, my wife! Good-bye! Oh! good-bye!" and he was gone before the smile had left her lips.

Janet watched him through the window as he picked his way down the precipitous, icy path, until he was lost to her view—then a cloud slowly gathered over her mind—a weight settled on her heart. She struggled against this in vain—blamed herself in vain.

"Why, how weak I am; what a baby I am getting to be, to feel thus about Charley's absence for a few hours—nonsense!" but then she sighed heavily, from a despair she could neither escape nor understand. She walked restlessly about the room—a crumpled letter lay upon the floor—she passed and trod on it several times—at any other time she would have stooped and picked it up, for she was an orderly little housekeeper; but now, at last, she kicked it out of her way, and pursued her walk. Restless, restless still, she wandered from the kitchen into the shed, turned over all her little stock of cooking utensils, trying to conquer her depression by seeking some useful employment. They were all right. Then she went up-stairs and turned over her own and her husband's slender wardrobe. They were in perfect repair. There was nothing for her to do unless she had possessed money to buy new materials to work upon; but now, in tumbling over her husband's clothes, she missed some of them from a closet that served them as a wardrobe. Far from suspecting the truth, she said: "Ah, poor Charles, he has secretly taken some of his clothes to sell or pledge; secretly, because he did not wish to hurt my feelings. What a good heart he has!—oh! a heart where one could rest in security for ever!"

Then she came down-stairs. Again the crumpled letter lay in her path, again she kicked it away. Janet thought she had plenty of opportunity now to practise patience, and learn her allotted lesson, "to wait!" and with something like a newly-kindled love of the work, she set herself to the exercise. Noon passed, day waned, Janet grew hungry, and there was nothing to eat; she walked about again restlessly; once more with her little foot twitched that soiled and crumpled letter out of her path. She sat down at last, fatigued in body, but still restless and active in mind. "Charles must be here now in a few minutes—I will stir the fire!" and jumping up, she went to the door and looked out. There was no sign of him yet. But the hill was abrupt just at the top; though unseen, he might be very near. She went into the shed and brought a small armful of dry wood, as much as she could bring. The fire was very low. She laid down her wood upon the hearth, and looked for something to light it with. Even waste paper was scarce with her. Her eyes lighted upon the crumpled letter—she picked it up, and opened it to examine it previous to burning;

when a sharp rap at the door startled her, and she dropped the paper; but before she had made a step forward to open the door, it was pushed open, and her father, in his brown surtout, fur cap, fox-skin gloves and heavy riding-whip, stood in the middle of the room, stamping the snow from his boots and overalls. With an inarticulate cry of joy, her first impulse was to spring forward, but she stood fixed upon the spot where she had dropped the letter; she tried to speak, but her heart beat too violently; she lost her strength, and tottered off to the nearest chair, and sank into it, while her father still stamped and blew, apparently paying more attention to the condition of his overalls, than to his little daughter. With a great effort, with a sudden dart, Janet sprang forward, and was at his feet, clasping his knees, burying her face against him, saying:

"Father, oh may the Lord bless you for coming. Father, forgive me! I do love you, so dearly! Oh, I am so glad to see you! I nearly died of joy to see you—oh, and terror too! Father, say you forgive me! I know by your coming that you have pardoned me, dear father; but just say so!"

"Stop Janet! Let me go, you absurd girl; don't you see you are hindering me from stamping the snow off, and that you are getting it all over yourself. Leave off your nonsense, and go and get ready. Well, come, do you hear me?"

"Sir?" asked she, releasing her father, who immediately threw himself heavily into a chair that creaked under him. "Oh father! dear father! I am so sensible of your goodness—I want to hug you, I want to kiss you, and tell you —"

"Come, Janet; no nonsense, if you please! Go and get ready I said."

"Get ready, sir?"

"Yes, ready-ready! Is that distinct enough? and be quick, too, for the sun is nearly down."

"Ready for what, my father?"

"For what? Why to return with me to the Limes, where we will see if we can keep a closer watch on you than we did two years ago, and see if we cannot try to prevent you from running away any more."

Janet's pale cheek flushed at this indignity, and her face assumed a puzzled and troubled expression—she did not move of course.

"Come, come, will you hurry? It is a long ride from here, and we have no moon. I have brought Seafoam, and a stuffed and quilted saddle-cloth for your accommodation. I have a constitution of iron and adamant to stand the trials you put me to."

Burning shame and indignation struggled with the joy and love Janet had first experienced on seeing her father.

"Well, well; how you try my patience! Will you get ready, or will you not?"

"Father! if I understand you as inviting me to the Limes, I thank you, but cannot go now. Charles went to Sidney this morning, and has not returned yet. I am looking for him every instant;" and as she said this there suddenly darted into Janet's heart a terrible fear, lest Staunton should enter while her father was in this insulting mood, and that some scene of violence would ensue. This fear was only instantaneous, however. It was put to a violent death by a cruel certainty.

At the end of her last reply her father laughed loud and long. In her shame and confusion, Janet had stooped and picked up the crumpled letter, and was unconsciously turning it about, when she recognized her father's handwriting in the superscription to Staunton. She nervously opened and rapidly devoured the contents, then crumpled it in her hand, grew white as marble, and sank into her chair, while her father continued his laughter. All this transpired in a few seconds.

"So! you don't know that your husband has run away and left you. Just as I always expected him to do. I knew so long as you were a pretty girl, and a healthy girl, that he would stay with you; but when you came to this he would be off! Ha! I might have told you so; and now, if you want further proof—here! read his own letter. The fellow asked me to give it to you; and I do it, only because it is a good-bye-for-ever affix!"

Janet took the letter, put it in her bosom, and rose from her seat.

"Why don't you read your letter? Where are you going?"

"To get ready."

The words were so hard and curt, the lips so white that spoke them, that Roland Mildred looked at his daughter with something approaching to intelligent scrutiny as she passed out. Very soon she returned in her riding-habit and hat. He got up.

"My God, how white and still you are, Janet! A moving statue! Come along."

He set her in the saddle, seated her comfortably, gave the reins into her cold hands—patted the little hands, but swore to himself that he would not even press them—and they rode on down the mountain path. In an hour they reached the foot, and arrived at the level road that lay along the banks of the river.

"Why don't you read your letter now? As we go along slowly you have an opportunity."

"I do not care to read it."

"Ha! Is it so? Perhaps you do not care for the writer? Is it so, Janet? Say that, my child, and you are indeed restored to your father's heart, as well as home!"

Her blue lips parted over her glistening teeth, but she said nothing. They had now reached the ferry-boat.

"Ride in first, father," said Janet, and her father rode into the boat, and jumping from his saddle, began to pat and soothe his young horse.

"He is restive, Janet. Afraid of rushing water; afraid of everything. He would be a fine horse if he were only spirited; however, he is scarcely well broken yet. Come in, Janet; you need not dismount."

But the colour had come back to her cheek, and she turned her horse, stooped, patted, and spoke to him; slightly raised herself in her stirrup, threw out and caught the reins back with a sudden jerk, and sped like lightning down the road towards John Downes, leaving on the wind a "Good-bye, father! I go to my husband!"

That settled it! First he thought that the horse had run away with her, and had looked after her in fright; but before he could prepare to follow, her parting words reached his ear, and he, for a moment, was spell-bound with amazement. Then he muttered:

"Curses on that deceitful hussy, I say, and on all Eve's deceitful brood for ever and ever!" And with such speed as he could make, he tumbled up into his saddle, and started in pursuit.

On flew Janet on her white horse—a white spirit gleaming through the air—a silver-white cloud driven by the wind.

Roland Mildred followed on his stout horse, lashing and kicking, jerking and spurring; hallooing, cursing, and swearing—rider and horse all mixed up together in the tumbling struggle forward!

On sped Janet; the gait of her beautiful horse a succession of flying curves so smooth and swift she scarcely felt the motion. She only saw the rosy nostrils in the air, the silken mane blowing, the slender white ankles and jet black hoofs dart out in their lightning semicircles; she only saw the trees and rocks reel past!

"Oh! my lovely horse! you are indeed a fairy, my beauty, my pet!" said the silly girl, in a fever of gratitude to her flying steed.

On rumbled, tumbled, and struggled her father on his iron steed; and he and his horse, a red, brown, noisy, discordant chaos—trotting, rearing, jumping, dancing—anything but going along.

"This—devil—of—a—horse! he—has—a—gait—like—a—churn—dasher,—straight—up—and—down—and—never—forward!" jumped syllable by syllable from his jolted bosom, as the horse churned him up and down. Then, at a furious jerk at the bit, and plunge of the spurs, the beast sprang forward, reared up, and in a moment he was bounced spinning in the air, his legs and arms flying; and the next instant his stout form was stretched upon the road several yards ahead, while his horse turned calmly round, and made his way towards home, apparently well satisfied with his performance.

(To be continued.)

THE TALLOW-TREE IN ALGERIA.

THIS remarkable tree, a native of China, and called by botanists *Croton sebiferum*, or *Stillingia sebifera* has now been successfully acclimated in Algeria, through the exertions of the French Government. Its cultivation on a large scale would be extremely advantageous to the poorer classes, since it would diminish the cost of candles.

A tree ten years old yields from one to two kilogrammes of tallow; fifteen years later it will yield from three to four. It requires no care or watering. It may be planted on the roadside; its leaves are like those of the aspen; its bark white and smooth; its seeds, of almost hemispherical form, are covered with a waxy substance.

In the Island of Chusan large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered in November or December, when the tree has lost all its leaves. The twigs bearing the fruit are cut down and carried to a farm-house, where the seed is stripped off and put into a wooden cylindrical box, open at one end, and pierced with holes at the opposite one. The box is then suspended in a cylindrical kettle containing water, and the diameter of which differs but little from that of the box. The water is then made to boil, and the steam, penetrating into the box, softens the seeds, and facilitates the separation of the tallow. After about a quarter of an hour's exposure to steam, the seeds are poured into a stone mortar, where they are stirred about until all the tallow has been separated in a semi-liquid state. It is afterwards poured into a cylinder with a hole in the bottom, through which it is driven by the action of a press. It comes out perfectly white,

free from all husks and impurities, and soon becomes solid. The vessel which receives it has been previously moistened and powdered with a red earth, to prevent the cohesion of the tallow. In hot weather the candles made with the latter are apt to become soft, and even liquid. To guard against this inconvenience they are dipped into wax.

The seeds that have undergone the operation above described are pounded, and oil is extracted from them by the pressure.

MEMORY.

We have forgot what we have been,
And what we are we little know;
We fancy new events begin,
But all has happened long ago.
Through many a verse life's poem flows,
But still, though seldom marked by men,
At times returns the constant close;
Still the old chorus comes again.
The childish grief—the boyish fear—
The hope in manhood's breast that burns;
The doubt—the transport and the tear—
Each mood, each impulse, oft returns.
Before mine infant eyes had hailed
The new-born glory of the day;
When the first wondrous morn unveiled
The breathing world that round me lay.
The same strange darkness o'er my brain
Folded its close, mysterious wings—
The ignorance of joy or pain,
That each recurring midnight brings.
Full oft my feelings make me start,
Like footprints on a desert shore—
As if the chambers of my heart
Had heard their shadowy step before.
So, looking into thy fond eyes,
Strange memories come to me, as though
Somewhere—perchance in Paradise—
I had adored thee long ago.

R.

THE MARYS.

IN a beautiful apartment in one of the pleasantest houses in Marseilles, a young mother lay upon a couch, with a babe scarcely more than a month old beside her. Very rich and delicate were all the appointments of the chamber. The richest perfumes scented the air. Pictures in costly frames, elegant furniture, everything that could please the eye or minister to the taste was there in profusion.

Yet in the midst of all this the young mother's countenance betrayed an aching heart. She lay with one white hand upon the baby's tiny arm, as if she feared to lose her hold upon the fragile life; while the other was pressed to her forehead tightly, perhaps to shut out some terrible memory of pain or sorrow. It was hard for that young and lovely woman, in the first hours of her motherhood, to lie there with such a settled look of grief. And the lady who sat by her couch, and looked so tenderly upon her, seemed to think so too.

The resemblance between them marked them as mother and daughter; but on the lips of the elder lady there seemed to sit a more steady and determined resolution. The younger had the short and small chin that betokens weakness of purpose as well as delicacy of organization, but she was very beautiful.

"Have you seen my husband to day, mother?" asked the invalid.

"Only at breakfast," was the reply.

"And did he speak of me or the babe?"

"No, my love. He seemed depressed and thoughtful, and of course I did not interrupt his mood."

"Of course not, dear mother. But oh, I have such a longing to show him my child—to have him bestow a father's kiss upon her cheek. Oh, mother, mother, you cannot know what a terrible thing it is for me to lie here, with the consciousness that my husband's affections, once so devoted, are now alienated from me, and I powerless to bring them back. And, more than all this, the feeling that this poor babe is not to know a father's love. It is dreadful."

"Hush, Mary! You must not grieve in this way. Providence will open some way to make you happy yet. Believe me, the innocent cannot be permitted to suffer always."

"Thanks, dearest mother. That word comforts me; for surely I am innocent of aught against him, in word or look or deed. True, I was light-hearted and happy in my first year of married life, as I well might be; but it was because he made my life a fairy dream, taking from it all common cares, and surrounding me with gay and cheerful companions. If I ever seemed too light and frivolous then, he should have told me. I would have obeyed him, to the death of all other friendships. Nothing would have been too great a sacrifice to have secured his approbation."

The conversation was interrupted by a summons for the older lady to the library, where some person was awaiting her. Hastily calling the attendant from an ante-room to wait on the invalid, she descended, not without a beating heart, for matters seemed in this family to have taken a strange and unaccountable turn, as puzzling to herself as it was grievous to her daughter.

Madame La Tour, the lady who had just left the bedside of her daughter, was the widow of a person who held a small place under the Governor of Marseilles, and who had died ten years before, leaving her and a little girl, with but scanty means to carry out the mode of life to which he had accustomed them.

Mary grew up a beauty and a genius. Her varied charms of mind and person gained her a passionate admirer in Monsieur Françoise Foyers, a gentleman twelve or fifteen years older than herself, whose wealth enabled him to dispense with any on the part of his bride. Mary was scarce sixteen when she married him. She loved him with a true, hearty affection, altogether different from the sickly sentimentality so rife in France.

There was short wooing. He made up his mind upon the strength of her beauty and accomplishments, and she made up hers upon his apparent nobleness and goodness. Both obtained what they expected. But sometimes there are additional qualities in both husband and wife, that are all unseen before marriage, and that work woe and misery afterwards. In the innocent gaiety of her heart, Mary talked and laughed with her husband's friends, perfectly unconscious that it could ever be called flirting. And Monsieur Foyers held a principle in his breast which militated very strongly against this foible of his wife, and which he would have been surprised to hear named as jealousy. He forgot that others admired his wife for her beauty, her wit, her gaiety of heart and cheerful temper, without wishing to appropriate her. He could not endure to have her addressed by any one; and the result was a perpetual discord—she maintaining her right to cheerful conversation with gentlemen who visited at the house, and he forbidding her to say more than the coldest etiquette permitted.

His sister, Madame Mary Foyers, had become widowed about the time of his marriage, and he entertained her to take up her abode at his house. His wife seemed charmed at the proposal, and welcomed her warmly. She was a lady of strong judgment, and she immediately saw that, although everything that wealth could buy or affection suggest was lavished upon the wife, there was still "a skeleton in the house." Both parties soon gave her their confidence; and, knowing her brother's peculiar foible, she represented to him how unjust he was to a young and artless creature like Mary.

He was irritated, and his sister refused to stay in his house any longer, feeling that she could do no good and might harm the cause she favoured. That very night she had intended to confide to her brother an affair which nearly concerned herself. She had become secretly engaged to a gentleman who had buried his wife several years before, and who had one child, a son, who was now in India, where the boy's mother had died. The father wished to be married before he went, and take his bride with him; but this she had positively declined. When her brother showed anger at her, she refrained from telling him her secret. Her lover, Monsieur de Roye, had already sailed for India.

At Monsieur Foyers' house matters grew worse and worse every day, until the altercations became intolerable to both parties; yet neither would yield. Mary went out more than ever, and grew more and more reckless of her husband's opinions. When he came home and found her absent, he was nervous and dispirited, and when she at length returned, he was unreasonable and irritated by her cool mode of receiving his reproaches. One day, in her absence, he entered her dressing-room, and found a letter addressed to Madame Mary Foyers, which the maid had just placed there. It was in a gentleman's handwriting that it was directed; and in a fit of passionate jealousy, he did what he would have been ashamed to do another time—he opened the letter. It was from India. The language was lover-like—nay, passionate. It bewailed the writer's absence from one so beloved, assured her of his undying attachment, and spoke with rapturous fondness of a reunion.

The last clause was especially unfortunate. The question "Does Monsieur Foyers suspect our secret, think you?" operated like an electric shock upon the unhappy reader.

Forgetting that his sister bore the same name as his wife, and not knowing that she had a lover in India, his rage was all directed toward the unconscious object of his jealousy. Before he could summon courage to speak to her, she was taken violently ill, and a little child was born. Day after day glided away, in which he never entered her room, nor even inquired for her health. Her mother came and watched that lonely sick bed; but the poor woman herself, amazed and alarmed at the strange pass to which the household affairs had

arrived, was despondent and sadly unfit for the sick chamber.

When Madame La Tour descended to the library, she found M. Foyers awaiting her with a folded letter in his hand, which he held toward her, and desired her to read. She glanced at the superscription, and then perused the missive with a heightened colour and a hand that shook so violently that it was with difficulty that she could read the words. She finished reading, and then looked up at M. Foyers, as if for explanation.

"You see there, my dear madam," he said, in reply to her questioning look, "the solution of my strange neglect of your daughter since her confinement. I found this in her dressing-room the day before. You can judge what I thought of it, and whether I am likely to overlook it. The child I will never see. But its unhappy mother may be reclaimed, and I shall bear her far from the scenes in which she has become corrupted. I will devote my life to her reformation. It will make me rejoice if I can bring her back to the point from which she has so terribly diverged. I shall leave Marseilles, taking her with me. To you, madam, I entrust the child. You shall have ample means to do all that you would wish. If care and watchfulness will restore your daughter to the position she has lost, believe me that it will be no fault of mine that she is not cured."

Poor Madame La Tour listened in dismay to this speech. True, her daughter seemed to have deserved her husband's wrath, and the letter seemed to destroy what little hope she might have had of her. But she was his child—and what human heart ever despairs of its own?

"I can make you no reply," she said, in a voice in which sobs were mingled with the words, "until I have seen Mary. Perhaps she can unravel this sad mystery."

"By no means speak to her now, madam! Her life would be the forfeit, if she were told this in her present state of weakness. Leave all to me. I will do what is best for her, for you and the child. You shall know my intentions before I go. One thing only I demand of your friendship, and that is to take the child as your own. I am serious when I say that I will leave it with a stranger, unless you keep it. And on the faith of a true man as you know me to be, I promise to make no use of the bitter knowledge I have acquired, that is not for the good of her who has so wofully deceived me."

What could he say more? Madame La Tour bowed to the stern-looking necessity that seemed to stare her in the face, and promised to do her best to the little orphaned child.

In two weeks more they were on board a ship, bound to England. The carriage which had brought the pale young mother to the wharf, had brought also the child and its grandmother; but when she looked around for them on the deck, they were nowhere to be seen. Fast and far the swift ship was speeding along. Mary, seated on the deck on a pile of cushions, believed that her mother had taken the child below on account of the breeze. Her husband approached her. It was the first time she had seen him since the morning before her babe was born. Her heart beat audibly, and her head grew dizzy as he came and sat near her. In a low, calm voice, as if determined to restrain himself, he reproached her with absolute guilt toward him. She listened, but for worlds she could not have answered. Her very heart seemed dying within her, and she fainted and fell back upon her cushions. After she revived, he renewed the subject, but the same dead silence prevailed. No word would she utter. The ship arrived in Liverpool. Mary was still silent. Her husband took her to a splendid house, and surrounded her with every comfort; but he was powerless to break the spell that hung over her.

His own feelings were indescribable. Perhaps they were akin to those of some wicked magician, who sees the fate he has prophesied for others recoiling upon himself. At all events, he began to believe that, in some inexplicable way, Mary was innocent of what he had deemed was righteously charged upon her. Something of this he intimated to her, and said she had now a chance to clear herself from the imputation of guilt, if she wished. He might as well have talked to a stone. She only turned her head wearily aside, as if tired of the ever-recurring subject to which she was doomed to listen.

She never went out; never read or worked; took no notice of anything that happened in the house; seemed neither pleased nor annoyed when he came in. This terrible indifference worried and distressed her husband. It seemed to bar her perpetually from the good he designed for her. Alas! he had not calculated the depths of that tortured heart. Before she had been six months in England she was insane.

Meantime, Madame La Tour had continued to remain, with her little charge, in Marseilles. Her remittances came punctually, and through them she was

enabled to bring up her grandchild in a way corresponding to that to which she would have been accustomed had she remained with her parents.

She grew up pretty and amiable, never knowing that she had any relatives except her kind grandmother, whom she dearly loved.

All at once madame's health, which had been singularly good, began to fail; and then she felt it was imperative in her to acquaint her with her history. Mary was now fifteen—almost sixteen. She told her all, from the commencement, and added that if she should be taken from her, she wished her to seek her parents in England.

So, when Madame La Tour at last paid the debt of nature, Mary found her way to England, and stood one morning before her father in his own breakfast-room. The pale cheek wore a crimson flush as she presented him with the last letter that her grandmother ever wrote. She waited modestly until he had read it. He looked long at the beautiful young girl. A resemblance to his darling sister, long since dead, mingled with that of Mary La Tour, as she was when he first saw her, interested and agitated him. Nature asserted her right in his heart. He clasped the fair creature in his arms, and whispered: "Yes, I am indeed your father."

She had not counted upon this. Her grandmother had warned her to expect nothing from him but a bare protection against the world, and it nearly overcame the sensitive girl.

By an almost imperceptible transition, M. Foyers found himself talking to her with affectionate familiarity, and it was not long before he mentioned her mother's unhappy state.

"Yet who knows?" he exclaimed, suddenly, "what change your presence may not effect upon her? Come with me, and let us try this new balm to a wounded mind. Oh, that I had done it before!"

He led her up-stairs, to a room filled with every luxury that art could fashion. Beyond, was the open door of a bed-chamber, with rich hangings and ornaments. On the bed lay a pale but beautiful woman, whom Mary knew must be her mother. At this sight she leaned more heavily on the arm of her father, who felt and acknowledged the act by a gentle pressure.

The soft, sweet eyes of Madame Foyers opened upon her child with wonder.

"Who is this, Françoise, whom you have brought to see me?"

"Whom would you most desire to see?" he asked.

"Who? How can you ask? Is it not of my child that I am perpetually dreaming by night and thinking by day?"

"And what if I tell you that this is she?"

"I should not believe you. You would not separate a mother and her child for so many years, and then bring them together."

"But indeed this is your little Mary, grown to womanhood. Is she not lovely?" And unable to speak longer, from emotion, M. Foyers left the room.

When he returned, after gaining some composure, he found the mother and daughter clasped in each other's arms; the invalid apparently in full possession of her reason. She had been gradually recovering for some months, and the sudden joy seemed to have completed the cure.

For some time, however, there was still a painful restraint between her parents, that troubled and perplexed the young girl. With either of them, when alone, she felt perfectly free and unembarrassed; but when both were present, there was a certain something that clouded their intercourse.

One morning, M. Foyers was surprised by some visitors who sent in their names as Mr. and Mrs. De Roye. Not knowing any one of the name, he was excessively puzzled, but went, without delay, to join them in the drawing-room. As he entered, the lady sprang up to meet him. Years had flown lightly over that calm face, and showed him the sister he had once loved, and from whom he became estranged. All his fond brotherly love shone in his countenance as he warmly welcomed her. She then turned to present to him her husband, Mr. De Roye. Her brother started. Surely that was the name that had wrought such woe to him—the very name appended to that fatal letter!

Explanation succeeded explanation; and in the course of the conversation, some casual mention was made of a lost letter that had never reached the lady.

"I had no doubt," said Mrs. De Roye, "that it was sent to your house, dear brother, after I left it; but when I returned from my journey, which I took at that time, I found, to my surprise, that there were only strangers there. Since then, until we landed on these shores, I have found it impossible to learn your abode."

A new light sprang to the mind of M. Foyers. He took from his pocket a worn letter, and presented it to his newly-found brother-in-law.

"This is my letter, Mary!" said her husband. "How much of vexation should we have been spared had you received it!"

"Talk not of vexation!" exclaimed M. Foyers. "To me, this letter has brought years of unalleviated misery.

It was addressed, as I truly believed, to my wife; and you remember, Mary, my jealous fears. Indeed, they drove you from my house, to my sincere regret."

"Yes, I well remember. But, my dear brother, you have been terribly punished, if, all these years, you have believed so wrongly of poor Mary. Where is she? Is she living? and, if so, why have you not called her to welcome us?"

Poor M. Foyers! He could with difficulty relate to his sister the manifold woes of his once happy household; yet he most gratefully recurred to the recent return of his daughter, and the blessed change in his wife's condition.

He went to acquaint the latter with his sister's coming; and soon the De Royes had the happiness of being admitted to her room. She had been reading the letter which her husband had now, for the first time, shown her; and her heightened colour told how it had affected her.

In that distressed household there was peace at last. Father, mother, and child were reunited in the happiest of bonds; and thenceforth no discord troubled their sweet repose.

"At even-tide there was light." Madame La Tour's prophecy was true. Mary was not always to suffer.

W. B. O.

GIPSIES.

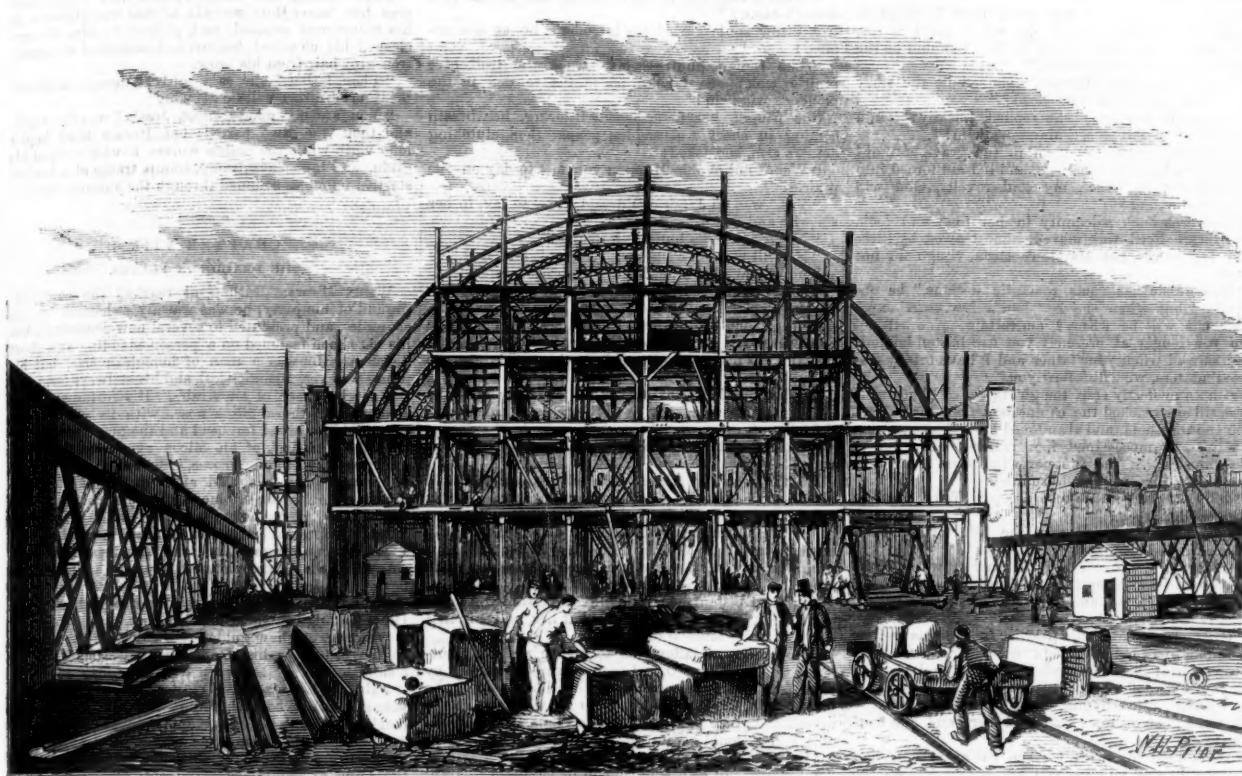
If the gipsy is at liberty to choose his food, he eats very fat meat. Dainties for him are hedgehogs, squirrels, foxes, chickens, goslings, and ducklings. He always has fish-hooks and lines about him to capture poultry, and now and then he throws it out to lines hung up to dry. The hedgehog is captured with dogs trained for the purpose, abundantly filled with garlic or onions, and roasted on a spit over a bright fire, or else boiled with vinegar and onions. Spirits are indispensable with gipsies of every age and both sexes, and even children are habituated to them at the earliest age. The most immoderate daily consumption of spirits does not appear to do the gipsy any harm, and merely intoxicates him temporarily. He smokes, sniffs, chews, and eats tobacco. A gipsy will eat with great pleasure the entire contents of a snuff-box as well as a goat can.

These people have but a few illnesses, as they are hardened from their earliest youth by wind and storm, frost and heat, hunger and thirst. They regularly die a natural death of gradual decay, unless they lose their life through some accident.

In all European countries the gipsy displays the same moral character, the same habits, and the same vices. Although absent and inattentive, the gipsy is clever and cunning, endowed with rare powers of observation and good sense, if he has no school training. He is a spy by birth, and has frequently been employed for that purpose. Although swayed by fear and cowardice, he easily becomes impudent and coarse; but then directly afterwards courteous, obliging, and even cringing. He is naturally very covetous, extravagant, and luxurious; but at the same time capable of the greatest privations when circumstances demand it. He is so kind to his children as to display weakness. He is ignorant of any sense of honour. Hatred of work and laziness, frivolity and mendacity are, with cruelty to animals, his usual faults; gratitude and devotion to benefactors his most striking virtues.

The gipsies have various ways of earning a livelihood. The first of these is music, for which they possess an extraordinary talent. They are trained to it from their youth up, play the fiddle in a masterly way, and even contrive to draw admirable sounds from the Jew's-harp. Their own music is melodious, fiery, wild, stormy, and then again tender, soft, and melancholy. As black and lock smiths they enjoy a well-founded reputation; they are clever in every sort of wire-work, and carve wood excellently. If they learn a trade, they only practice it under compulsion, and as a paragon. They carefully avoid any task which demands extra exertion. Owing to their agility and lightness, they make excellent tight-rope dancers. They are rarely seen on the stage, but manage puppets very cleverly.

SNOW ON THE GRAMPIANS.—Travellers by the Inverness and Perth Railway on Monday (the 19th) had the pleasure of witnessing the mighty chain of the Grampians enveloped in their winter mantle. Fresh snow has been seen on the highest peaks for a fortnight past, but only on Sunday were the vast shoulders of the other mountains visited with the approach of winter, a great fall having taken place on that day and continuing over Monday with much severity. In some of the more exposed situations, the snow lies within about sixty yards of the railway line, and at no great distance to the depth of a foot or two.



THE NEW RAILWAY STATION, CHARING CROSS.

PROGRESS OF THE CHARING CROSS RAILWAY.

"THOSE who live in glass houses should never throw stones," is a proverb which must have suggested itself to the mind of some observing sage or philosopher who never dreamt of Crystal palaces or railway stations. The sense in which we are taking the proverb, however, is not allegorical but literal; for what should we do, in these days of enterprise and material progress, without glass? Without iron we might continue in the stereotyped path of our forefathers, and construct the frameworks of our large public buildings of timber; but they would lack both the lightness and the elegance; the airiness, and the grace which they generally possess when made of iron, set off with all the ornamental tastefulness of mechanical skill and proportion. It is of these two materials that the roofs of most of our largest railway stations are now formed, and the accompanying engraving represents the present appearance of the roof of the new Charing Cross Railway Station, announced to be opened this month (November).

The span of this beautifully proportioned roof, which, when seen under the influence of a clear day and a blue sky, produces a highly pleasing effect, is one hundred and seventy-one feet externally, and its height is about ninety. It has fifteen principals, each weighing about forty tons. When it is completed, the general supposition is, that it will be the handsomest station in the metropolis. Coming across the bridge from the Surrey side of the Thames, there are four lines of rails, until we arrive at the north tower, which stands on the bridge, and where they begin to spread and open out, fan-like, until they terminate in seven lines at the station. In approaching this point the *coup d'œil* is very fine, especially when taken in connection with the immense span of the glass-covered arch which fronts the river. We have seen several illustrations of the most remarkable wrought-iron roofs executed for railway stations, and this, in our opinion, equals the most beautiful of them. In effect, they are all light and elegant, though costly; but it is on account of their being possessed of these artistic qualities, and from their being free from the danger of warping were they constructed of complicated assemblages of timber, such as must be used in roofs of large span, that the preference is now generally given to iron over wood roofs for railway sheds, in which the principals are always exposed to view, and to the direct action of the atmosphere. The drawback to iron roofs, however, is that the steam and smoke from the locomotives, have a deteriorating influence upon them; and on this account

they cannot be used where the locomotives in steam are likely to remain long under them.

The contractor for the whole of this line is Mr. Whythes, and the designer of the bridge is Mr. Hawkhurst; the resident engineer is Mr. Staunton, and the superintendent of the building department of the works is Mr. Sharp.

THE GREY EAGLE OF THE SIOUX.

CHAPTER VII

WHITE-CLOUD'S VISIT, AND WRITING IN THE SAND.

A FORTNIGHT passed ere Maurice Rutherford was sufficiently convalescent to leave the garrison, and join his comrades, who, having secured a new guide, were preparing to resume their journey.

It was on an autumn day that he and Jessie Reed left the cabin, and strolled across the prairie, now and then pausing to gather the rich, wild asters, and the blood-red spikes of the liotris. At length they stopped by a dwarf sumach, which, like the bush of the olden time, "burned, but was not consumed."

"This must be the extent of my ramble to-day," said the girl; "I promised father I would return soon."

"Then by this 'burning bush,' we must part," replied Rutherford. "Since I have been in your cabin, you have had a chance to pay a thousandfold the debt you fancied you owed me; I shall miss my gentle nurse, my pleasant companion."

A sad smile flickered over her face, as she rejoined:

"And I shall miss my patient and my friend. My occupation's gone."

"There will be merrier work by-and-by, when Mr. Marston comes to claim his bride, and you go down to St. Paul's to be married, and spend your honeymoon!"

The faint smile faded from Jessie's features; and her lips quivered as she replied:

"Perhaps, I shall take the veil, and live and die the bride of Heaven. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Reed; in this strange life, there is one consolation—if we do not understand each other here, we shall in the land of the hereafter."

He spoke with strong emotion, and the girl trembled from head to foot; they clasped hands, exchanged a long, wild look, and parted.

The pioneer's daughter had gone but a short distance, when she met Waldo Marston, mounted on his fine bay, and looking pale and thin. The glance of his eye, the bitter smile hovering about his lip, boded no good, and she endeavoured to prepare herself for the

storm of passion, which she knew was just ready to burst upon her.

"Good morning," he began—"how goes the world with you in my absence?"

"We have passed through some trying scenes," faltered Jessie, her tone and the suspicious moisture in her eyes betraying her emotion.

"Yes, but the most trying scene, I fancy, was parting with the young villain yonder!" And he pointed to the fast receding form of Rutherford.

"Villain!" echoed Jessie, with a woman's pride and spirit; "how dare you call him a villain?"

"He deserves the name, if ever a man did; I leave my betrothed wife for a season, and return to find a chance acquaintance, a mere adventurer, making love to her!"

"It is false!" retorted the girl. Maurice Rutherford is not a declared lover of mine!"

"And if he were—what then?"

"What then, sir? I should be proud and happy to acknowledge what I confess to you now, that I sincerely love my brave, young deliverer—that I believe him all the most exacting woman could ask!"

Marston's serpent-like eyes blazed; a sudden glow rose to his cheek, and it was fearful to hear his oaths.

"Mad girl," he cried, "your father shall be called to account for permitting this Rutherford to stay beneath his roof! He shall answer for you, and himself also. There he is, with his rifle and his dogs. Come, I say."

Like an automaton, Jessie Reed walked beside him, till they encountered the pioneer, with a brace of wild ducks, and two or three pigeons he had just shot.

"Reed," shouted Marston, "I thought you understood me better than to trifle with me in this fashion."

"What do you mean, Marston?"

The infuriated man uttered an oath, adding:

"You shall know: three years ago your daughter, at the age of fifteen, was solemnly betrothed to me, and I cannot believe that the circumstances of our betrothal can yet have faded from your memory."

Horace Reed's face blanched, a sharp spasm contracted his features, and his voice was hollow and unnatural, as he gasped the single word:

"No!"

"Was it not strange, sir, that on returning from my recent tour I should see her strolling with a young man, who was, according to your own account, a stranger four weeks since? Nay, more—she, my affianced wife, loves this adventurer!"

"Impossible! You are jealous, Marston."

"She has confessed as much to me."

Jessie's warm blush and drooping eye might have been incontrovertible proof of the charge but still Horace Reed asked:

"Can this be true, child?"

"I will tell you what has never been breathed to Maurice Rutherford, father; my whole heart is his. If I were his betrothed bride to-day, I should be the happiest girl in the wide world."

"Aha!" exclaimed Marston, "you credit the story now—what say you, Horace Reed?"

"Forget Rutherford!" he replied, huskily; "in a few weeks you will be Mr. Marston's wife!"

"I would sooner lie down in the grave, father! Both of you know my feelings, and if I am forced into a marriage from which my soul revolts, God will avenge the wrong!"

There was such solemnity in her tone and look, that Horace Reed was moved, almost awed by those thrilling words, but Marston's stern visage did not soften.

"Miss Jessie has some romantic notions," he observed; "but when she has had a few years' experience she will be wiser, I am certain. We will not keep you longer at present; you can hasten home if you like, and when your father and I have briefly discussed matters, we will follow you."

With an unsteady step, the girl threaded the prairie grass till she reached the cabin-door, then sank down upon the threshold, and abandoned herself to a passion of tears. A moccasined foot pattered near her, a voice musical as the summer wind when it breathes through the pine-boughs murmured—

"Why does the prairie-rose droop? Why does the white maiden weep?"

Jessie looked up and saw the lithe form and the dusky eyes of Meda.

"Oh, Meda," she exclaimed, "I am very wretched!"

A brown hand dropped, like an autumn leaf, on Jessie's bowed head, and there was a touching pathos in her tones, as she went on—

"Grief creeps into the pale-face's cabin as well as the Indian girl's lodge. Meda was near the red bush on the prairie; she saw the white brave when he looked into your eyes; she heard his voice—it was sad, sad as a warrior's death-hymn."

A fresh gush of tears answered her, and she continued—

"Meda read his heart, for she has a quick, Indian eye; she knows he loves you, and would fain see the prairie-rose blossom in his own lodge far away towards the rising sun. It was hard for you to leave him there, and think you might meet him no more, till you both go to the hunting-grounds beyond the grave!"

"Meda, you have spoken the truth," murmured the girl; you have been kind to me in my hour of need; your sympathy makes you seem strangely near to me."

There was a brief silence, during which the two sat with arms interlocked; then the Sioux maiden said:

"My white sister's heart turns from the stranger, who met her but now on the prairie?"

"Yes," responded Jessie, with emphasis, "I have told him and my father I would rather die than be his wife; it will be worse than death to be bound to a man I hate."

"Let my white sister hearken," observed Meda; "if 'tis hard for her to give up Maurice Rutherford, and live in the hated stranger's lodge, what can she think of the Sioux girl's sorrows? From the time when she was child, gathering berries, digging ground-nuts, and guiding her canoe across the lakes and streams, she loved the chieftain of her tribe. For him she braided up her dark hair with bright flowers by the rock spring: for him she put on her gayest wampum, and her richest moccasins. He sat by her, when the shadows lay cool and dim round her pleasant lodge, and told her the daughter of a hundred chiefs would be a fitting wife for him. Moons waxed and waned, and she dreamed on, till Red Wing, the Indian sorceress, warned her not to trust Grey Eagle, for he had learned to love a child of the pale-faces. Red Wing's words were like arrows, dipped in poison; they sank deep, they rankled long. Meda watched till she had struck his trail, and found where the prairie-rose blossomed!"

"Oh, Meda, Meda, you suffered this, and yet you did not hate me!"

No, my pale sister was not to blame; I even learned to love her, but I hate the Grey Eagle of the Sioux! A slow fire burns here!" And she laid her hand impressively above the young heart that beat with such wild throb.

"Does he know all you have told me?"

"Not yet. Meda can wait—there will come a time when he will understand the blight he has cast upon a warrior's child. Fierce blood flows through my veins, and since I learned the truth, I cannot rest in the camp. Meda's lodge has lost the charm it once wore for her; gay beads and the softest deerskin lie untouched; her bow is unstrung, and even her fur pillow is full of thorns. She likes her pony and her canoe, for they take her away from the wigwams of her people! If she can help her white sister, she will lend a hand at any time!"

Jessie was about to speak, when another Indian woman glided forward. Meda sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"What brings the White Cloud of the Sioux to a settler's cabin?"

A bitter smile curled the intruder's lip, as she replied:

"The Indian huntress has struck the trail of a prairie wolf; she fancies he means to den in the pioneer's wigwam!"

She paused, her fierce eyes glittering, her breath coming in short and sudden gasps; then, clutching Jessie's arm, she asked:

"Was it not Waldo Marston you met to-day on the prairie?"

"Yes," was all Jessie could find voice to say, in her surprise and dread.

"Never fear; 'tis he I am pursuing."

"He will be back soon—will you wait for him?"

The woman shook her head, and Jessie resumed:

"I will be the bearer of any message you may wish to leave."

White Cloud made a deprecating gesture, and at the two Indians disappeared, and Jessie hastened into the hut.

On dismounting, Marston's keen eye perceived the message, which the mysterious Sioux had traced with the barb of an arrow in the sand outside the door—"White Cloud has been here! White Cloud is on the watch!"

At the sight of these rude characters, the bold villain quailed, but in a few moments he regained his self-control, and exclaimed, as he effaced the words:

"White Cloud indeed! She would be more fitly named the Black Wolf! Thus I will blot her out from the face of the earth, if she crosses my path again."

The next instant he strode into the cabin, and moving to the girl, wound his arm about her, and said in a low and really musical tone:

"Jessie, dearest, allow me to apologize for my outbreak this morning. I had been detained from you by an accident, as I told you; and when I saw you on the prairie with Mr. Rutherford, I forgot what was due to myself and you. My language was harsh, unwarrantable, and I would give worlds to recall it. May I hope for the pardon I most humbly crave?"

"I should not be a true woman if I refused to grant it."

"A thousand thanks," exclaimed Marston; "I have been talking with your father, and he has assented to my proposition of an early marriage; it is now September; when the winter's snow falls on the prairies, I trust I shall see you mistress of my home."

The girl started, and lifting her eyes to his, said earnestly:

"Do not persist in this, Mr. Marston; think to what a life we should both be doomed! you might place me in a palace; you might surround me with every luxury, but my heart would be dead—I should be a living iceberg!"

A cynical smile curled Marston's lip, and he rejoined:

"I am willing to run my own risk; I have loved you too long and too well to give you up, and I do not despair of winning a return. The time will come, when my devotion will meet its reward; so clear the shadow from your brow, and let us discuss the preparations for our wedding. Since your father's resources are limited, you shall have *carte blanche* on my banker at St. Paul's; the trousseau you will have to order there, as the *modistes* of this neighbourhood are few and far between, and not the most fashionable, I can assure you."

Thus he chatted on, and though Jessie did not enter into the conversation with the least spirit, she dared not bring down upon her another storm of passion. She served the noonday meal, but though Marston exerted his utmost efforts to be entertaining, she felt a painful constraint, which made the moments of that day seem like hours—the hours like ages. She sat drearily gazing out at the falling twilight, when she saw her father approaching, and flew to meet him. Had ten years passed over his head, since morning, he could not have changed more. His face was wan, a heavier shadow had settled on his brow, and every sharp line on the cheek and forehead, and around his well-cut mouth, was thrown into full relief. He scarcely spoke to Jessie, but stalked in, and sank wearily down on a rude seat in the chimney-corner. At tea, neither he nor Jessie exchanged a word, except when directly questioned by Marston, but when their guest had retired she crept to his side, and asked:

"Oh, father, why do you persist in forcing me to marry that man?"

"Jessie, Jessie, my child," cried Horace Reed, "you know not what you ask. You will drive me mad." As he spoke he rose and paced the cabin floor, a wild gleam in his eyes, a vivid gleam flushing his whole face. Finally he came back to her, and muttered: "Three years ago, Jessie, circumstances placed me under such obligations to Waldo Marston, that I was forced to promise him the only remaining treasure I had! I detest him as heartily as you do, but if you do not marry him, I am lost!"

Never during her whole lifetime had Jessie Reed seen her father thus moved; all that was generous in her nature was aroused, and gliding to him, she clasped his clenched fingers, and smoothed the damp, iron-grey hair from his brow.

"Then, father," she said, softly, "though it should break my heart, I will be his wife."

"You are my good genius, Jessie," was the reply, and then the two parted; but Horace Reed kept a long vigil, while the prairie wolves howled around his cabin, and the heavy tramp, tramp, tramp of a herd of startled buffaloes sounded through the autumn night.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PRAIRIE IN FLAMES.

WHEN Maurice Rutherford reached the camping-ground of his party, he was warmly welcomed by his comrades, and presented to several new accessions, but his gaze soon fastened on a person standing at a short distance. He was a man of Herculean size, but his figure was very symmetrical, and his stalwart form had the supple grace of an Arab's. His features were of Roman cast; the aquiline nose, with its arched nostril; the high, broad forehead and the firm lip, together with the keen flash of his falcon eye, bespeaking not only power, will and purpose, but strength, courage and endurance. He was clad after the fashion of the Peribinese, in a coarse, blue coat, gay with huge brass buttons, and girded at the waist with a long, red sash; loose trowsers of bison-skin; Indian moccasins, and a jaunty cap, from which fell the masses of dark, wavy hair that lent a picturesque aspect to his whole figure.

"Who is that man?" asked Maurice Rutherford of Dean Hollingsworth, who stood near.

"Nelson, our new guide. How do you like him?"

"Exceedingly—his face is not a mere blank; it has a story to tell."

"Ha! ha! and so have most of these hunters and voyagers; if a book should be written, detailing the incidents of one Red River or Rocky Mountain guide, 'twould be criticized as overdrawn. By Jove! some of them can rehearse events which do not fall far short of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and keep truth on their side too."

"I do not doubt it, and I shall expect much enjoyment from Nelson, when we gather round the campfire."

"Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul, Rutherford; the man is as reserved as William the Silent. We've tried every means in our power to get him to spin us a long yarn, spiced with stirring adventure, but to no purpose."

At this juncture Nelson's eyes wandered to the two young men, and what had been intended as a casual glance, settled into a fixed gaze, as it fastened on Rutherford.

"He observes you to be a new-comer," said Hollingsworth, "nothing, it would seem, eludes his gaze. You must be introduced to him, and then he will be satisfied that you are no outlaw, or Indian in disguise."

Rutherford assented, and the next moment they were by his side.

"Rutherford," began Hollingsworth, "it is high time you should make the acquaintance of Mr. Nelson, our new guide."

They shook hands, and Hollingsworth could not help noticing that the stranger's cheek flushed, and his lip quivered.

"What did I understand your name to be?"

"Rutherford, sir, Maurice Rutherford."

"Ay, ay, you bear such a striking resemblance to one, whom I served in the capacity of a guide several years ago, that I half-expected to find you a kinsman of his. Circumstances rendered our friendship peculiar, and you therefore will not wonder at my emotion."

Rutherford made some answer while the new guide lighted his pipe at the camp fire, and took a seat in Rutherford's immediate vicinage.

"You are the youngest of our party, I believe," he at length resumed, in a voice which vibrated on the autumnal air like the lower notes of an organ.

"Yes, they tell me so."

"How far are you travelling?"

"To the Selkirk settlement, sir, where my father has a large tract of land, provided his claim to it be proved."

"Is your father living?"

"No, he died before my recollection, and my mother having been told that she was receiving a fair rent from the lawyer, who has had the care of it, never troubled herself to look after it, till, on the death of the lawyer, we learned our claim was disputed."

"And you, young as you are, have undertaken to unravel the tangled skein?"

"Yes, do you think it a hard task?"

A strange expression passed over the guide's bronzed and bearded face, as he replied:

"If you knew the perils, with which you are encompassing yourself, you would not ask that question. Do you fancy, young man, that for an in-

stant you have counted the cost? In the first place, the journey is full of danger; you must be made of such stuff, that the sight of a grim bear, the trap of a whole herd of infuriated buffaloes, a pack of fierce wolves, an Indian watch-fire, a band of skulking warriors, or bones whitening amid the tall, rank grass will not chill your blood! Then there are all the perplexing technicalities of the law before you can establish your claim. As for me, I would sooner meet the fiercest Sioux or Winnebago, than an unscrupulous attorney!"

"I have already had some experience with the Indians."

"The rest of your party have told me of their adventures—were you the gentleman who rescued a lady from the Sioux, and been followed by their revenge ever since?"

"Yes, sir."

"I had heard them speak of it in general terms, but they never mentioned your name in my hearing. Tell me the particulars again, for one feels a deeper interest when he has seen the hero."

Rutherford assented, and the new guide listened intently to his account of his party's first *rencontre* with the Sioux, his capture, and escape through the intervention of White Cloud, and the savage hate which had followed him after they had taken refuge in the temporary garrison.

"I like your spirit," he said, laying his hand on Rutherford's shoulder; "you have the true mettle for border-life, and if your father were alive, he would be proud of you. You have shown such address thus far, that I begin to think you will succeed better than I feared with the north-western land-agents."

"Thank you, sir; as you are a man of experience, it is pleasant to have your good opinion."

They continued their conversation till the camp-fire had burned low, and Nelson started up, exclaiming:

"There, the shadows tell me it is midnight; you must have bit of sleep, or you will not be fit for the morrow's journey. We must set out by sunrise."

They separated, and on reviewing the evening's chat, Rutherford found that Nelson had gleaned much of his history, while he had told nothing of his own.

The morning dawned in cloudless splendour over the prairies, and at an early hour the tents were struck, the mules laden, and the horses saddled and bridled. After a hasty meal, the party filed from their late encampment, Nelson, the guide, riding somewhat in advance, and mounted on a superb steed. As the cavalcade wound past Horace Reed's cabin, his quick eye marked Rutherford's emotion at sight of a darkly-beautiful face at the window. A glance, a wave of the hand, and the lovers, separated by a mysterious destiny, had parted—could it be for ever? This question flashed through Rutherford's brain, and he was dreamy and abstracted the whole day. His comrades were on the alert for adventure, but neither stately bison nor antlered elk was to be seen. At length, however, they saw what they fancied to be a Sioux watch-fire, but it proved to be a false alarm; only the smoke, curling upwards from a rude hut, which, as Nelson informed the company, had been thrown together the previous season by a party of English sportsmen. What was Rutherford's surprise, when, as he approached it, he espied the curly head of poor Hester's child, and the strange form, tangled hair, and restless eyes of John Marsh? In a few moments he and Rutherford again stood face to face, and as they clasped hands, John exclaimed:

"God knows I am glad to see you once more, Mr. Rutherford!"

"I can say the same," rejoined the young man. "I felt very anxious with regard to you and little Blanche, when I learned you had fled!"

"I was not myself when I fled from the cabin, but that was the lunacy of pain and sickness—you don't believe I was a madman when I stood by Hester's grave?"

"No; I choose to credit your story rather than his."

"Well, what of him? Is he still there?"

"Yes, he has been absent, but he returned yesterday."

"And does beautiful Jessie Reed love him?"

"Not if I can read character, but I fancy her father is resolved that she shall marry him."

"Blind fool, he thinks of Waldo Marston's gold, but I will thwart them yet!"

"And do you think it is in your power?"

"We shall see; here are the rest of your party; walk in, walk in, gentlemen."

An hour passed, and then emerging from the hut, which was odorous with coffee and buffalo-steak, Rutherford was joined by the guide.

"Who is that grotesque man within?" he asked.

"A wanderer like us; four weeks ago he was an entire stranger, but I chance to meet him on the prairie five miles below the encampment, where you found us, and he seems quite like a friend now."

"You are answering me as cautiously as if I were a spy."

Rutherford smiled, and briefly related the circum-

stances of his acquaintance with John Marsh and little Blanche, and when he had concluded, Nelson observed:

"You both hate Waldo Marston, and therefore you have a bond of sympathy. And now I will leave you, and go and take my last look-out before night closes in. Far, far off over the prairie the sky looks lurid, and there may be a tornado brewing!"

He strode onward a few paces, his falcon eyes sweeping to the right and left, but at last he paused and exclaimed:

"Good Heavens, the prairie is on fire!"

Rutherford did not speak, but his gaze wandered where the guide's was fixed—yes, it was true—the sky was lurid with a constantly broadening glare—the fire-demon was at his work on the vast, vast prairie! At first the flames seemed like a red light in the horizon's verge, but as they swept on, Rutherford gazed appalled on the wild grandeur of the scene. Instinctively his thoughts wandered to the pioneer's daughter, and he said, huskily:

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie, what if the flames reach you!"

At that moment he heard the guide exclaim to two or three of his party, who had gathered around him, and were watching the flames:

"We are safe, perfectly safe—the river lies between us and the fire."

"Then," observed one of the company, "we shall have a fine chance to see what we have heard was a grand spectacle—a prairie on fire."

His coolness roused Rutherford, and he retorted:

"That is cool, Griffin, but if we are safe, other lives are imperilled, and I cannot stand idle, and watch the flames when I think of burning cabins, and terrified families fleeing half-maddened from their homes."

"You are more magnanimous than I," said Griffin; "you brought trouble enough upon us when you snatched Jessie Reed from her Sioux admirer, and 'tis time you should learn caution!"

"Caution!" cried Rutherford, with a curling lip, "you would not talk thus if you felt human responsibility as you ought. I shall ford the river, and see if I cannot render some service yonder!"

There was a manly courage in his look and bearing as he remounted his horse, forded the stream, and gained the verge of the fiery prairie. On, on, swept that avalanche of flame, till the prairie seemed like a sea of fire, in which the rank grass, the gorgeous autumnal blossoms, and the golden harvests of wheat, here and there sown by some bold pioneer, had been engulfed. The red waves dashed like the roar of surging waters when the Storm Spirit lashes them into fury, and amid the lurid billows the grim bear sent forth his fierce cry, the prairie-wolves howled, and fled with glaring eyeballs towards the river, the elk tossed its antlers and bounded aloft, and even the buffalo's step grew fleet in his mad flight while clouds of pigeons and grouse went soaring away from the hot breath of the fire-fiend.

And where all this while was Jessie, for as far as Rutherford's eye could sweep, surged that ocean of flame? The thought of her danger was madness, and he resolved to risk his own life for her sake.

The rapid progress of the flames forced him to cross the stream; but he sped along the opposite bank, till he had traversed much more than half the distance his company had travelled during the day.

Night had set in, and a blood-red moon hung above the burning prairie, and the sky reflected the red glare below.

Suddenly a shriek startled him—a shriek that sounded human; but after all it might be the cry of some night-bird, or a panther's howl. He drew rein, and gazed intently to the westward, for that was, he fancied, the direction of Jessie's home.

The next moment he perceived a sight which sent his blood leaping through his veins in a lava-tide; a female figure frantically endeavouring to reach the river's bank.

Full well he knew the slender, girlish shape, the great, wild eyes lighting up, in such weird beauty, the face of Jessie Reed.

Her lips were parched, her brow and cheek flushed, her hair dishevelled, and her garments singed by the flame.

She was within a hundred yards of the stream, when she paused, and took a brief survey of her position; to the right, to the left, and in the rear, surged and roared those lurid billows, which threatened to swallow her up.

Before her lay her only chance of escape—the river—and even as she stood there, the flames shot along the bank—she was walled in by flame! Its hot breath fanned her cheeks and brow, and singed the long, dark tresses floating in the wind.

"O God!" she gasped, "there is no escape! I must meet death alone on the prairie, but it is better to die here, than be Waldo Marston's wife!"

"Jessie," shouted Rutherford, "once more I will save you!" And he boldly spurred his horse through the flames, snatched the half-fainting girl, and lifted her to the saddle. He had just turned his steed's

head toward the stream, when he was joined by a sturdy horseman—it was Nelson, the guide!

"Away," he cried, "or you are lost. Ford the river with the utmost speed, and let me take the lady, for after what you have undergone from the Indians, and otherwise, you must be exhausted."

"No, no!" replied the young man; "I am strong as a lion, and can care for the lady, I am sure."

With these words, he dashed down the bank, and with Jessie enfolded in his arms, he again forded the river. Nelson followed, but discreetly kept at a little distance, for he suspected this might be the veritable Jessie Reed, and thought he understood Maurice Rutherford's heart.

(To be continued.)

FRESH AIR.

BUT we pass from sitting and day-room to bedrooms. It is here that everything is done to keep in carbonic acid and to exclude oxygen. What with the smallness of some rooms, the destitution of fireplaces, and windows that will not open, beds with posts and curtains, and blinds, the bedroom may indeed be called the Englishman's Black Hole.

The insane fear of a draught, with the delusion that night-air is prejudicial, induces almost everything in bedrooms at night which may be done by open air exercise or healthful occupations in the day. The sleeping-rooms of the rich are frequently kept so close that even domestic animals would suffer were they compelled to sleep in them, whilst those of the poor are so odious that it is almost a wonder health is ever found amongst their occupiers. This terrible disregard of the purity of bedrooms is seen everywhere: in the hammocks of our ships, in the cottages of our labourers, in the barracks of our soldiers, and in the houses of the opulent. The neglect of the ventilation of bedrooms is as common among sensible people, who flatter themselves they know the value of fresh air, as among the helplessly poor and ignorant of our population.

As for the injury done by other gases, that is so little and so exceptional that I need hardly refer to them. Wherever sulphured, phosphureted, or carburetted hydrogens appear, they are indicative of the presence of other matters in the air more injurious than themselves. I shall not, therefore, dwell on them, but turn to the solid particles which render the air impure, and with which these gases are often associated.

These solid particles are so minute that they can only be apprehended by the microscope, and many of them, even by that instrument, are not sufficiently made out to be easily distinguished. They are derived from organic or inorganic sources. The organic are derived from living or dead animals and plants. The particles thus given off are exceedingly minute, and appear to be held in suspension by molecules or small particles of water.

The emanations of living animals are constant. The epidermis of the skin dies off into the air, as well as particles from the lungs in the breath, so that the air where large numbers of animals exist becomes charged with such exhalations. The human body is no exception to the law. These particles are capable of decomposition, and when taken again into the living system, may be absorbed and lead to febrile disturbance in the system. These particles are given off from diseased bodies in such a state that they generate diseases in other bodies like those from which they have come. It is in this way that zymotic diseases are propagated, and scarlet fever, small-pox, measles, hooping-cough, and typhus, are all conveyed in this way.

DRAWING LOTS FOR A MARRIAGE PORTION.—On the day after Christmas-day there will be a gathering of young women in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, for the purpose of drawing lots for a marriage portion of £100. The candidates must be 22 years of age, have been educated in Raine's charity-school, Old Gravel Lane, and have continued members of the Episcopal Church of England. This sum was left by the late Mr. Raine, to be devoted to this purpose, many years ago, and it is said that all the girls who have been fortunate enough to obtain it have married well and obtained respectable positions in society.

INDIANS OF LOWER CANADA.—We have known for some time that the Indians of Caughnawaga have been desirous of obtaining the services of a teacher for their children, but it is not a French school they want. They say, very truly, that the business of the country is done in English; the persons who employ them as pilots or otherwise, speak English, and it is English they wish their children to learn. They feel very dissatisfied with the state of ignorance and tutelage in which they are kept by the priests set over them by the Church of Rome, and earnestly desire an English teacher. We were not, however, aware till now that the same feeling prevails among Indians elsewhere, but we are informed that a similar wish, and similar arguments in support of it, are expressed by the Indians of Green Island,

below Rivière du Loup, and the Indians of Gaspé. Will no church or missionary society undertake the duty of sending English teachers to these three Indian settlements?

THE ALABAMA AND THE VANDERBILT.—In commenting on the probable consequences of an encounter with the Vanderbilt, Captain Semmes spoke with much modesty of the power of his own ship. He said that although the machinery of the Vanderbilt would be a good target in fighting with a steamer, it is not easy to escape from having a broadside. He found that to be the case with the Hatteras. Although he disposed of her pretty easily, it was as much as he could do to prevent her from giving him a broadside. The plan he adopted with the Hatteras was to use his large Blakely gun from the stern of his ship, and that gun did the work. The gun is an 85-pounder, and he thinks that his only chance with the Vanderbilt will be to use it on her machinery. His opinion is that the Vanderbilt has very much greater speed than the Alabama, and that it will be impossible for him to get away from her. He does not intend to go and look for her; but he says that if he has to fight he will do his best.

THE PRISONER OF CABEZAS.

The ruins of the old castle of which the following legend is extant, are still standing, a dozen leagues from Seville.

Many, many years ago, when Ferdinand, Duke of Medina Sidonia, of happy memory, was viceroy or governor of the province of Seville, the old castle of Cabezas was used as a state prison for offenders of rank and importance.

Towards sunset, one day in summer, the old jailor, Pacheco by name, and his pretty, black-eyed daughter, Rosetta, awaited in the courtyard the return of the jailor's assistant or turnkey.

"Fidelis not yet returned," said the jailor, a little impatiently. "He must have been detained a long time at the forge."

"Here he comes, father," answered his daughter.

A youth, apparently not over eighteen, entered the courtyard as she spoke. He was coarsely attired in the fashion of the peasants of the neighbourhood. A tin box, which answered the purpose of a post-office, was suspended from a leathern belt that circled his waist. He bore a huge basket upon his back, and carried an iron chain in his hand.

There was something in the appearance of this poor boy which was sure to prolong the gaze of the passer-by. He was slight almost to fragility, but well-formed, and graceful. His features were regular, his complexion a pale olive, and his crisp curly hair was as black as ebony. A large, dark, earnest eye, fringed with long lashes, lighted up his pale face, and spoke eloquently of a mind and soul within. Some great sorrow had left its traces upon the lineaments of the prison boy.

He dropped the chain upon the pavement and sighed wearily, whilst the jailor and his daughter hastened to relieve him of other burdens.

"My poor Fidelio," cried the jailor, with much kindness in his coarse voice, "you have laboured hard to-day."

"True; I am tired," answered the boy, in tones that were strangely sweet and gentle. "I thought they would never have finished mending that chain."

"By the mass!" exclaimed Pacheco, raising the chain, and testing its strength; "the prisoners will never succeed in breaking it again. Have you the bill?"

The boy handed it to the jailor, who examined it, shaking his head with satisfaction.

"I cannot tell the reason," he pursued, "but since you have been with me, I have saved more for the six months than I did a year before."

"I do the best I can," answered the boy, modestly.

"You cannot have more zeal and intelligence," continued the jailor; "and every day I become more attached to you. You are unknown to me; yet, ignorant of your birth and friends, still will I cherish you, and give you my daughter for a wife—for I do believe you to be honest."

"How soon, dearest father?" asked the blushing Rosetta, casting a side glance at Fidelio, and wondering that the intelligence did not make him as happy as himself.

"As soon as the governor returns to Seville," answered Pacheco. "He pays his monthly visit shortly, to render an account of the prisons. Till then be patient. Your old father will pinch himself, but you shall have gold enough to purchase happiness."

"Nay, Master Pacheco," responded Fidelio, quickly; "the union of two hearts is the only source of true happiness; and conjugal love—ah, that is the first of treasures! There is still, however, one which is not less precious to me; but all my efforts, I see with grief, are not able to obtain it."

"A treasure? What is it?" asked the jailor, in surprise.

"Your confidence," replied Fidelio. "Forgive me this reproach. I often see you return from those dungeons exhausted with fatigue. Why will you not suffer me to accompany you? It would be grateful to me to assist your labours and partake of your fatigue."

"You know well that my orders are most strict," answered Pacheco; "and that the heaviest injunctions are laid on me not to suffer any one to accompany me in my visits."

"We must perform our duty, 'tis true," responded Fidelio, sadly, and with a look of disappointment; "yet the fatigues daily experienced will one day exhaust you."

"It is certain I cannot long resist so many labours," returned Pacheco; "the governor, notwithstanding his severity, must allow me to take you in my visits to these dungeons." A sudden look of joy illuminated the face of Fidelio—it was like sunlight breaking through a sombre cloud. "There is, however, one to whom (although I can confide in you) Don Basilio will never suffer you to accompany me."

"Is it the prisoner of whom we speak at times?" asked Rosetta.

"The same."

"Has he been long confined?" asked Fidelio.

"Two years."

"Two years?" repeated Fidelio, with visible agitation.

"He must have been a great criminal!" exclaimed Rosetta.

"Or must have had great enemies, which is the same thing," said her father. "We never could learn from whence he came, or what his name is; and often, as I conveyed him his slender pittance, he begged to speak with me. In my profession we can keep no secrets—I would not listen to him; but he will not trouble us long?"

"Why not?" demanded Fidelio, with anxiety.

"Orders have been given to starve him!" answered Pacheco, in a low whisper.

Fidelio grew ghastly pale, and clutched at Rosetta's shoulder, as if to save himself from falling.

"For a month past," continued the jailor, "Don Basilio has ordered me to reduce his allowance. He has now but two ounces of bread and a half-measure of water in twenty-four hours—no light but the glimmer of my torch—no straw to rest his wearied head upon—his clothes are all decayed, and his appearance is misery itself."

"Oh, father! no more. Look at Fidelio! His face is like death, and he can scarcely stand," cried Rosetta. "Do not take Fidelio there. He is not accustomed to such sights."

"No, dearest Rosetta," replied Fidelio, striving to recover his composure, and forcing a smile to his lips; "but in our calling we must be familiar with terrifying objects; and I have both strength and courage."

"Right, my boy!" said Pacheco; "I am pleased at your disposition. This will embolden me to ask the governor's permission for you to attend me in my visits to the dungeons."

The rolling of drums at this moment announced the appearance of the governor. He came into the courtyard, followed by a captain and a file of soldiers.

Don Basilio, Governor of Cabezas, was a short, stout man, somewhat inclined to obesity, with coarse features—marked by a look of malignity—reddish hair, and a full beard of the same colour, giving him a cunning, "foxy" appearance.

He made a change in the sentinels, placing new ones, and then turned to Pacheco, saying:

"Where are my despatches?"

Pacheco handed him the tin box, and Don Basilio examined its contents. One letter did not seem to please him. Let us look over his shoulder as he reads it. This is what it contained:

"I inform you that the viceroy is acquainted that the prison you command contains several victims of arbitrary power. He sets out to-morrow to examine your conduct personally. Take your precautions, and endeavour, if possible, to evade his researches."

"So," mused Don Basilio, crumpling the letter in his hand, "he may know that I now hold in fetters that very San Lazar whom he thinks dead, and on whom I have such just cause for vengeance! I shall find means once more to deceive him." He referred again to the letter. "He arrives to-day—there is no time to be lost."

Don Basilio stationed a sentinel upon that part of the battlements which overlooked the Seville road, with orders to sound a trumpet at the first sight of the viceroy's carriage, which he could easily distinguish by the escort; and then bade Pacheco follow him to his private apartment.

After being closeted an hour with the governor, Pacheco rejoined Fidelio in the courtyard.

"Good news, Fidelio!" he exclaimed. "The governor has granted you permission to visit with me the secret dungeons this day."

"To-day?" echoed Fidelio, with joy.

"Yes; and we shall begin by visiting this unknown of whom we spoke. He must in one hour—die!"

"Die?"

"Die! And no vestige of his existence must remain. I at first shuddered, like you; but Don Basilio informed me the interest of the state depends upon it. And I have promised —"

"To assassinate this unhappy man?"

"No, not so. We have agreed upon this plan."

"Let me hear it."

"It is near three o'clock; the prisoners of the little pavilion are going to take the air. We will avail ourselves of that moment to descend, unperceived, into the dungeon in which that man is confined; there, without exchanging a word with him, or answering a question, we shall begin to clear the rubbish from the mouth of a deep cistern, which is near him. When our work is completed, I am to give the signal which the governor has ordered. We will then open the door to a masked person, who will perform the rest. We will afterwards ascend and divide this purse, which the governor has given me. It contains one hundred pieces of gold—fifty for each; but it is on condition that not a word shall escape you, that the governor has permitted you to attend me."

Though the boy seemed much agitated, he consented to assist the jailor in the vile scheme against the prisoner; and when Pacheco, seeing his despondency, attempted to cheer him, he replied:

"We dare not dispute the orders of the governor, even if their import is criminal."

It was a subterranean dungeon to which the jailor and his turnkey descended—dark, slimy, noiseless. The torch, which the jailor held in his hand, faintly illuminated this scene—sombre as a tomb. The stone staircase, crumbling and decayed by the damp of ages, was broken in many places, and afforded an insecure footing.

In the centre of the dungeon was a well, choked up by its own curb and detached portions of the wall. Near this well, extended at full length upon the floor, with an iron chain, massive and heavy, fastened to his waist at one end, and the other attached to a huge iron ring in the floor, lay what appeared to be a man.

The traces of humanity were almost obliterated in this victim of oppression. His garments were a mass of filthy rags. His hair and beard had grown to an inordinate length. His attenuated fingers, with their long nails, looked like the talons of a bird. He was emaciated to the last degree. Lying, as he did, upon his back, he presented more the appearance of a corpse than a living man.

"How cold it is!" said Fidelio, shivering, as they reached the dungeon floor.

"It is not surprising," answered Pacheco, "this dungeon is so deep."

Fidelio had perceived the prisoner, and, hastening to him, knelt beside him and eagerly scanned his features.

"It is he!" he murmured; and convulsive sobs shook his bosom, and the hot tears coursed freely down his cheeks.

"Come, come!" cried the jailor, impatiently; "you are too tender-hearted. We have no time for pity. Assist me to remove these stones."

"He is dead!" sobbed the boy.

"That saves us a deal of trouble," responded Pacheco, advancing to the prisoner's side. "You are mistakes, Fidelio; he is only asleep."

A cry of joy burst from the boy's lips.

They now commenced their work of removing the rubbish from the well.

The noise aroused the captive from his broken slumber.

He raised himself upon his hands and gazed at them, recognizing the jailor.

"Are you still insensible to the voice of innocence?" he asked, plaintively. "Will you never have pity on the unfortunate San Lazar?"

"What can I do?" answered the jailor, gruffly, still continuing his work; "I but obey my orders."

"I ask of you nothing contrary to your duty," the prisoner went on to say, "but could you not tell me who commands in this fortress?"

"No harm in that," whispered Pacheco to Fidelio. Then he answered: "The governor is Don Basilio."

The prisoner smiled bitterly.

"Don Basilio, say you? I do not wonder, then, at my captivity. It is he, then, whose peculations against the state I had discovered, whose life and fame rested in my hands, who has found the means to plunge me in this abode of misery. He has obtained power over me to exercise the most cruel vengeance. You are not made to be the accomplice of an assassin. Save me, then, from this frightful dungeon!"

The jailor was strongly moved, and for a moment Fidelio thought he would grant the prisoner's prayer; but he said, at length:

"No, it is impossible."

The prisoner sank back with a despairing groan, and the jailor worked on in the well; but his turnkey seemed smitten with a sudden palsy. The unhappy captive roused himself for a fresh appeal.

"If you will not break these chains," he said, "do not desert me; let not my only hope forsake me. Send

to Seville; we cannot be far from it. Facing the public square stands the hotel which bears my name. Ask there for Beatrice San Lazar; let her know I still live. Inform her of the place where I am in chains, the name of the barbarous man who thus persecutes me, and she will obtain my release."

"Impossible," again answered the jailor. "I should destroy myself without serving you."

The prisoner moaned feebly.

"Since, then, I must end my days here," he murmured, "soften the bitterness of my sufferings; let me not expire with misery and want. The dampness of the dungeon cramps my limbs; for a whole day I have not tasted food. Oh, could you feel my sufferings! For pity's sake give me a drop of water! It is but little; do not refuse it."

Even the rough heart of Pacheco was moved by this pathetic appeal.

"All I can offer," he said, "is the remains of a bottle of wine."

"It is here!" cried Fidelio, snatching it up eagerly, and carrying it to the poor captive.

The prisoner seemed startled by the sound of his voice, and gazed at him earnestly, as he took the bottle from his hand.

"Who is this youth?" he asked.

"My turnkey," answered Pacheco.

A sigh of disappointment burst from the captive's lips. "I thought it was ——" He was evidently communing with himself. "But no, I am weak, delirious; and strange fancies are in my brain."

He placed the bottle to his lips and drained its contents to the dregs. The wine seemed to inspire him with new life.

Pacheco observed that Fidelio was silently weeping, and remarked upon it, conscious that his own eyes were not altogether dry.

"You also weep with me," returned the boy.

"True; that poor fellow has such a melting voice, it goes right to a man's heart." Then, in a whisper, he added, "Fidelio, we may assist him now without fear, for in a few moments he will die."

The boy took a piece of bread from his pocket.

"See here; this little piece of bread which I took for luncheon ——"

"Beware, Fidelio! should the governor ——"

"Oh, do not deprive me of so great a pleasure."

"I cannot consent to this extreme imprudence."

"You said, but now, without fear we may assist him, for shortly he must die."

"Well, give it to him."

And as Fidelio held the morsel of bread to the prisoner's lips, he closed upon it ravenously. His short repast ended—and it was astonishing how much that little wine and bread had recruited his exhausted strength—he passed his attenuated hand over the smooth brow of the boy, and looked eagerly in his eyes.

"No, no," he cried, with sudden animation, "this cannot be fancy—I am not mad—you are ——"

The utterance of further words was checked by a shrill whistle. Pacheco had given the signal.

A man attired as a soldier, and wearing a mask, descended the staircase.

"Is everything ready?" he asked, his voice sounding hollow and discordant beneath his mask.

"Yes," answered the jailor.

Pacheco motioned Fidelio to withdraw, and then inquired:

"Shall I unchain him?"

"No," answered the mask, and then unsheathing a dagger, he advanced upon the prisoner. But he found himself confronted by the slight form of Fidelio, who exclaimed, with great determination:

"Hold! he shall not die; I will defend him."

The astonishment of the mask was equalled by that of Pacheco, and they cried out, almost simultaneously:

"Stand aside, rash boy!"

"Fidelio, what do you mean?"

"He shall not die," repeated the youth, doggedly, "or I will perish with him." Pacheco, I will tell you what this means. Yes, here—even here, will I disclose all. Know that this orphan whom you have protected—this turnkey, who for six months has served you faithfully, is—a woman! a woman inspired by the holiest feeling that ever filled a human breast. In a word, behold Beatrice San Lazar, the wife of this suffering man!"

Three exclamations followed this declaration. A cry of thanksgiving from the lips of the captive, who struggled up, all chained as he was, to clasp his wife to his heart, a cry of astonishment from Pacheco, and a howl of rage from the mask.

"Do not suffer the blood of my husband to be shed by that monster," Beatrice (as we must now call her) continued, appealing to Pacheco. "Heaven has directed my steps to this abode of horrors to prevent the blackest of murders. Assist me, you whom he has chosen for his support, and obey the decrees of eternal justice!"

"Would you yield to a woman," cried the mask,

furiously, "and forget at once your duty and fortune? See who I am!"

He tore away the mask, disclosing the features of Don Basilio.

"The governor!" faltered the jailor.

There seemed to be nothing but surprises in store for the jailor that day.

"Here are a hundred pieces of gold," continued Don Basilio, knowing that cupidity was the jailor's weakness. "You know my power, my credit, my treasures—will you desert me? Separate them!"

Pacheco had little time for deliberation, for at that moment the blast of a trumpet echoed above. The viceroy was approaching. Don Basilio hastened rapidly from the dungeon, bidding Pacheco follow.

"Do not forsake us!" cried Beatrice, clinging to Pacheco, as he was going; "do not betray us to that vile assassin!"

Unheeding her entreaty, he cast her rudely off, and hastened up the stairs. The heavy door clanged to, and she heard the iron bolts shoot into their sockets. She also was a prisoner.

Had all her exertions ended in this poor result? Had she but discovered her husband, to share his captivity?

Sick, heart-oppressed, and hopeless, she stole back to her husband, and lay down to die by his side; but the long-suffering captive had forgotten his sorrows in her dear presence. He raised her caressingly in his arms, forgetful of all else.

"Is it not an illusion?" he cried. "Do I hold you in these arms? This moment repays an age of sorrow! But say, for I cannot comprehend it, by what prodigy did you discover me?"

"By the eagerness which Don Basilio used, to make himself governor of this fortress," answered Beatrice, "I was assured you were confined in it. I left Seville, without imparting my project to any one, and came alone, on foot, and was admitted, under this disguise, as the turnkey of the prison, and succeeded in interesting the jailor, his daughter, and even the governor himself."

"How could you bear so many fatigues?"

"You inspired me, and my strength was inexhaustible."

"And suffer so many humiliations?"

"That I did not. Nothing is humiliating when it exalts the heart."

"Never! oh, never before was the heroism of love carried to this extent!" cried San Lazar, fervently, as he pressed her to his heart.

Beatrice had her reward. She felt that if the next moment should be her last, the blessing her husband had pronounced upon her, richly repaid her for all her trials and sorrows past.

The bolts grated, and the heavy door swung open.

"Hark!" whispered Beatrice, clinging impulsively to that form so powerful, but now so fearfully wasted; "they approach; these are our last moments."

"There is no hope left," returned San Lazar, with fortitude; "but in suffering death my consolation will be to die in your arms."

There was the gleam of so many torches descending the stairs, that even this gloomy dungeon became quite light.

Fremost among the group who entered the dungeon—for there was quite a number of persons—was a man of noble presence richly attired. He was closely attended by Don Basilio and Pacheco.

"There they are, my lord," exclaimed Pacheco; "save them."

"Whom do I see?" cried San Lazar, in amazement;

"Don Ferdinand?"

"Even so."

"I come to break your chains and end your misfortunes," answered the noble-looking personage, who was no other than the good Duke of Medina Sidonia, Viceroy of Seville. "Unchain this victim of persecution," he continued, turning to his attendants. "Stay; give me the keys of these unmerited fetters." The keys were placed in his hands, and, upon receiving them, he presented them to Beatrice. "It is to you, heroic woman," he proceeded, "the honour of delivering your husband is due."

And Beatrice undid the chains, and raised her husband to his feet, free once again. Who can doubt that a proud heart swelled within her bosom?

And now a strange and fearful retribution was enacted. By order of the viceroy, Don Basilio was chained in the very spot from whence San Lazar had just been removed. In vain did San Lazar and Beatrice plead for him; the viceroy was inflexible—his confidence had been too terribly abused.

They all quitted the dungeon, leaving Don Basilio to his fate. But the captivity of the detected villain was not destined to be of long duration. He went mad one night and destroyed himself by dashing his head against the ragged edge of the well.

San Lazar returned to Seville, and was reinstated in all his former offices of trust; and he and Beatrice forgot their past sorrows in their present happiness.

G. L. A.

THE MEXICAN MUNICIPALITIES.—It would appear that the municipalities of Mexico continue to vote in favour of the Archduke Maximilian, and it is stated that nearly half of the Mexican population have already pronounced in the same manner. It is thought that towards the end of November the entire country will have given their votes, and that the official documents to this effect will be transmitted to the archduke at the commencement of next year. The members of the Mexican deputation have not yet quitted France, having, by the French packet, which departed on the 18th October for Mexico, acquainted General Almonte with the reply and intentions of the archduke in regard to his terms and conditions of the acceptance of the Mexican throne.

THE CROWN PRINCESS IN THE GILLIES' HALL.—

One evening, as the Crown Princess was driving home to Aergerleide Castle, the sound of the bagpipes met her ears, and having made inquiry who it was, she was informed that it was Peter Robinson, in the gillies' hall. Shortly after he was ordered into the servants' hall, where the prince and princess, with their suite, and servants of the house, enjoyed a lively dance. The princess, seemingly very much pleased with the affair, gave orders for another on a more extensive scale, all the gillies and servants about the establishment having been invited. In return for the treat they had enjoyed, some of the servants of the Prussian prince sang a few songs in German, which, though quite unintelligible to the majority of the listeners, were none the less appreciated by them on that account.

SCIENCE.

An express locomotive on the Great Eastern line, has 16-inch cylinders, and 24-inch stroke; the steam ports are 12 inches by 1½ inches; exhaust, 12 inches by 3 inches; outside lap at each end, 1½ inch; lead ½ inch. The valve opened the ports from ½ inch to ¾ inch when the lever was in the short notches. At 250 revolutions per minute, the steam port would be open for about one-thirtieth of a second.

THE FORMATION OF ICEBERGS.—The snow which falls thickly on the Arctic islands and continents, being melted in summer, forms collections of fresh water, which soon freezes and increases yearly, until the mass becomes mountainous and rises to the elevation of the surrounding cliffs. The melting of the snow deposited on these elevations adds to their growth, and by filling up the interstices renders the whole solid. When such a mass has reached the height of 1,000 or 1,200 feet, the accumulated weight, assisted by the action of the ocean at its base, plunges into the sea, and by winds and currents is carried southwards, and finally disappears before the influence of the Gulf Stream, which throws an isothermal line from Newfoundland to the coast of Iceland, deflecting it upwards very nearly through twenty degrees of north latitude. Frequently these ponderous crystals hide as much of their proportions below the water as they expose above it, and float, grinding the rocks of the sea-bottom as they go, with a force that may perhaps be visible to some future geologist when they shall be exalted the proud monuments of a now nameless continent. They carry huge boulders from the Arctic rocks and disperse them over the bed of the North Atlantic, and for the whaler they bear rich provision of fresh water, of which he spoils them.

AERIAL FRAGMENTS.

THERE is hardly any rational way of escaping from this conclusion, that all space must be as thickly peopled with these fragments as is the air in a room with particles of dust. When the rays of the sun shine in through a narrow chink, all these minute particles in the course of a ray are made evident, and so these atoms of the dust of space are from time to time seen, not indeed when the sun is shining, but when in the dark but clear nights we watch the heavens, and note all the shining points that shoot out from the blue vault, and seem to disappear as they came.

Probably, in the majority of cases, where there is merely this momentary line of brilliant light, the atom has been made bright by the friction produced, and heat evolved in passing through the thin air overhead. Heated intensely, the whole has become dissipated, being either broken up or oxidized into particles quite invisible. In other cases, where the magnitude is greater, the time longer, and the phenomena more marked, a sensible mass of matter is caught up, and though attracted by the earth and approaching its surface, yet fails to reach it, being also broken up into minute fragments of dust by the enormous friction met with before it can reach the actual land and sea.

That in their course downwards these masses are occasionally swayed about, taking a zigzag or irregular path, seems certain, and now and then the actual broken fragments are seen to approach the earth, though they cannot be picked up on the spot where they appeared to fall. Now and then, however, a giant appears—a triton among these minnows of the sky; molten or

the surface by the friction, it yet succeeds in retaining its natural state, until at last it falls to the earth a solid, though rarely in an unbroken state.

Masses of magnetic iron and nickel, with occasionally other metals, masses of sandstone, mixed masses of metal and sandstone, have all been picked up on the earth after falling from the sky, and have been examined by competent chemists. They are the materials that people space; they are fragments of matter widely, and perhaps universally, distributed; they are materials collected or left behind by the wild comets in their course; they may be the food of the sun, the fuel conveyed in some mysterious manner to keep up that vast burning mass that is the source of light and heat, whose rays give light; and of whose atmosphere we are now beginning to learn something from the experiments recently made on light. And these materials accord pretty well with those common on the earth. They afford no new metal or mineral. They are combinations not unknown, if not common, of very familiar ingredients.

FACETIA.

SPORTING.—A few days ago, a betting-man from Oswestry, near Shrewsbury, laid a shilling in the Strand. He is now busy hatching it.—*Fun.*

An acidulous old bachelor says that he never hears a place called "Rose Cottage" without thinking of the lots of thorns there must be inside.

A VULGAR looking lad was seen to drop a dangerous remark in Fleet Street on Saturday. A quick tempered gentleman who was passing at the time immediately took it up.—*Comic News.*

A CONTEMPORARY finds fault with the practice of putting Latin inscriptions on tombstones. But what more appropriate place than a graveyard can there be for a dead language?

A MISS JOY was present at a party recently, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," when she exclaimed—"I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I shouldn't like to be a joy for ever."

A GENTLEMAN replied to a female vagrant who accosted him, that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where your honour lived," quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements."

HOW TO LOSE A FRIEND.

Horsey Party:—"There, he was the nicest feller I ever knew. He was worth £500 a year to me, but I lost him."

Second ditto:—"And how was that, old fellow?"
First ditto:—"Oh! the simplest thing in the world. I sold him a horse."—*Fun.*

THE newsboys make the most of the sensation headlines with which the telegraphic despatches are garnished. Seeing one little fellow unusually silent, a friend of ours asked—"What's the news, my son?" "Oh, there's a whole lot of news, but nothing to holler!" News with "nothin' to holler" is a bad fix for the newsboys.

ANECDOTE OF LORD LYNDHURST.—When Chief Baron, Lord Lyndhurst was trying a man for coining, on the Home Circuit at Croydon, the principal witness was a gardener. On cross-examination the counsel for the defence said to the witness: "So you went to sow the seeds of this prosecution?" "No," said his lordship, "he went to find the mould."

HOW A LIAR WAS TAUGHT TO TELL THE TRUTH.

On a certain occasion, while a medical professor was engaged delivering practical lectures to the public, a gawky fellow thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the doctor. He mounted the platform, and being questioned about his disorder, said, very gravely:

"Why, I'm a liar."
"Sad disorder, sir, but perfectly curable," said the doctor.

"Well," said the man, "but I've a worse complaint than that—I've lost my memory."

"Quite curable, also," added the doctor; "but I must make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but pay down ten shillings."

The man who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted; but the doctor declared he never let any one down from the platform till he had paid something.

"Beside," said the doctor, "how can I trust you? You say you are a liar, and have no memory; so you will either break your promise or forget all about it."

A loud laugh from the audience expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor fool was compelled to lay down the cash.

No one supposed he would come again, but he still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour. The doctor received

him with great gravity, and, addressing the audience, said:

"Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them, on the honour of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money if the audience do not acknowledge the cure, and I am entitled to the reward."

The man sat down, and was furnished with a glass of water. The doctor produced a box of flattened black pills, and to show that they were perfectly harmless offered to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one of them to the man, who, after many wry faces, bit into it, started up, spitting, and exclaimed:

"Why, hang me, if it ain't cobbler's-wax!"

"There," said the doctor, lifting up both hands, "did anybody ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a recovery?" He is evidently cured of lying, for he has told the truth instantly; and the memory, my good fellow," continued he, patting him on the back, "if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return the money."

SHOCKING BRUTALITY.—Manhattan in one of his recent letters informs us that some of the substitutes for drafted men in New York having deserted from their regiments, were as soon as captured "ironed" and sent to the forts. Good gracious! What is to become of the Northerners if this continues? Those who fight get "mangled," and those who run away are "ironed." Abe Lincoln can be nothing better than an old washerwoman.—*Comic News.*

IMPIDENCE REBUKED.—On the train carrying Earl Russell arriving at the Hassenden station, the other day, one of the gentry who think they make up for cleverness by demonstrative impudence, popped his head out of a carriage, and sung out to the station-master, "Make my compliments to Johnnie Russell, and tell him I will be happy to take supper with him to-night, at Minto House." A mild-featured, unassuming, elderly gentleman standing close by, lifted his hat and bowed in the most dignified manner, and Mr. Impudence bolted back to his seat rather the worse for wear, on finding that Earl Russell was his respondent.

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

(From our own Traitor.)

Every man, said Sir Robert Walpole, has his price. Sir Robert Walpole knew the world tolerably well; and it has not particularly altered since his days. With money, anything and anybody can be bought. An oath of secrecy is taken by all the ministers who are summoned to a Cabinet Council. Oaths, however, are sometimes broken; and although it has cost us a great deal, we have considerable pleasure in presenting to our readers the following report:—

Place.—The official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. **Time:** one, p. m. **Present:** Lord Palmerston, alone. He looks at his watch.

Pam.—One o'clock. Well, I suppose they'll be here in a minute or two. Not that they're of much use, by-the-bye. Bar Gladstone—and he's too clever by half—by Jove, I think they are about the most utter imbeciles that ever!

Enter the Earl Russell, Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Grey, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl de Grey, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Granville, and Mr. William Ewart Gladstone.

Pam.—Ah; delighted to see you. Sit down. By Jove, it does one good to see such a phalanx of patriotism and talent round one. Do sit down. You see I stick to our old custom, wine and cigars. *Stare super antiquas vias*—eh, Gladstone? John, your Scotch trip has done you good. You look quite bronzed, my dear fellow.

Russell.—When I was a very little boy, it was a few years after the death of the late Mr. Burke, I once went to sleep in a hayfield in the middle of the day. When I went home, my mamma also told me that my face was quite bronzed. Singular coincidence, is it not? Oh! yes. Thank you. I am obligeed.

Pam.—Well, now, let's get to business. By-the-bye, Gladstone, which of those three cigars are you really going to smoke? You see time's getting on. People will expect us to have a policy, or something of that kind, to meet Parliament with. How about the South?

Gladstone.—Recognition within three months, and for these three reasons: First, independence practically achieved; second, incurable hostility to England of the North; third, Lancashire.

Pam.—Humph!

Russell.—Many years ago I recognized some revolution or other, I forgot its name. It was after the Reform Bill. But I really believe that the English people, in this instance, sympathize with the North.

Pam (sotto voce).—The English people are not such fools (*aloud*). What say the rest of you—eh? Now, Somerset.

Somerset.—I shall be silent if I prefer it! I shall only speak when I choose; and I won't be dictated to.

Lord Chancellor.—If my opinion is of any value, it ought to have been the first asked for. It was not. I decline to speak.

Lord Granville.—I think the best plan would be to invite both Cabinets, Federals and Confederates, to talk the matter over with us down at the "Star and Garter."

Sir Charles Wood (wandering in his mind).—"No," said the Bahadoor, "he is concealed in the talipot jungle." I know it was talipot. Deary me, how hard those Indian names are to recollect.

Pam.—Well, I suppose we must adjourn America. How about India?

Gladstone.—She requires three things: Improve the tenure of land; open up the country by rail and canal; give Government subventions to the culture of cotton and tea.

Russell.—Long before I was born, Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India. He was impeached, you know, and a very eloquent speech was made against him by the late Mr. Burke.

Pam.—Come, Wood, you're responsible for India. Now then!

Wood.—Well, bless my soul, you know the question's so complicated, I assure you I don't get any sleep at night, for I never can remember those Indian names, and I've just ordered a hospital to be built at Bhopal, and I know I meant Bombay, and what with the riots and the ryots, and the sycees and the old heathen woman that wants her dead body to be burnt alive, like Juggernaut, you know, and bungalows and rupees, I don't know what to do! 'Pon honour, I sit and look at the map all day till I cry.

Pam.—Well, we must let India stand over. How as to personal discipline?

Sir George Grey.—Transport everybody.

Duke of Newcastle.—I think it my duty to mention (incidentally) that if you do, or, in point of fact, if you transport anybody, you'll have a revolution in Australia.

Pam.—Well, we'll think it over. Now I fancy we've done everything except Poland and Reform. We shall do those better after lunch.

(Rings bell, and wakes Earl Russell who has fallen asleep.)

—*Fun.*

A BLESSED DAY.

"Well, Mr. Jackson," said a minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant, "well, Mr. Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week; and you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church."

"Ay, sir," replied Mr. Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day. I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing!"

The minister replied, "Good morning, Mr. Jackson," and straightway took his leave of that frank-spoken person.

THE master of an hotel in a quiet out-of-the-way village was taken up on a charge of having shaken his carpets out of a window, an act contrary to law. Totally ignorant of the trifling punishment inflicted for such an offence, the most severe being a fine of five francs, the man, frightened out of his senses at the bare thought of appearing before a bench of magistrates, confided his trouble to a lawyer's clerk. "Oh, your defence is very simple," he said; "you have only to tell the justice of the peace that you claim the benefit attached to Article 12 of the Penal Code, and you will be all right." The man, still doubting, but his hopes greatly raised, said, "Are you quite sure?" "Perfectly; only persist in claiming the benefit of Article 12." The hotel-keeper, completely re-assured, went before his accusers with a light heart, and heard the charge against him with a quiet mind. When the Belgian magistrate asked him what he had to say in his defence, he replied as he had been directed. The magistrates looked astonished. "Do you persist in claiming this benefit?" "Obstinately." "Then I will read it to you." The code-book was opened, and the *juge de paix* read, "Every one condemned to death is to have his head cut off!" To depict the horror of the man and the mirth of the spectators is impossible.

LONDON DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—In consequence of recent reductions, the London District Telegraph Company are now forwarding messages from any of their offices in London and the suburbs to Birmingham, Bradford, Chatham, Gravesend, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Runcorn, Sheffield, Wigan, Wolverhampton, &c., at the low rate of 1s. for twenty words. Several reductions of charges on continental telegrams has also occurred.

THE DANISH PRESENT FOR THE PRINCESS.—A Copenhagen letter states that the little library which the Juliana ladies were to present to the Princess of Wales on her marriage-day has been at length completed, and will be shortly sent over to England. It is intended to form a supplement to the collection her royal highness took with her, and contains the works of thirty-four Danish authors, together with several atlases and illustrated works. Among other writers of miscellaneous character, the King of Denmark is repre-

sented in it by his "Essay on Northern Antiquities," which heads the list in the Danish original, together with an English, French, Greek, Italian, German, and Czechian translation. The bindings of shagreen and moiré antique are provided with the initials of her royal highness, surmounted by a crown and tracery-work. In some of the bindings the ornamental gilding is executed after the drawings of eminent Danish artists, the workmanship being so neat and perfect in its way as to add not a little to the value of the hand-some gift.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

INVISIBLE INK.—The most curious of all kinds of invisible inks is that from cobalt. It is a very singular phenomenon, that the figures traced out with this ink may be made to disappear and reappear at pleasure. This property is peculiar to ink obtained from cobalt, for all the other kinds are at first invisible until some substance has been applied to make them appear; but when once they have appeared, they remain. To prepare this ink, take zaffre, and dissolve it in nitromuriatic acid, till the acid extracts from it the metallic part of the cobalt, which communicates to the zaffre its blue colour; then dilute the solution, which is very acrid, with common water; if you write with liquor on paper, the characters will be invisible; but when exposed to a sufficient degree of heat they will become green. When the paper has cooled they will disappear. Observe, if the paper is too much heated, they will not disappear at all.

CANINE MADNESS.—Dr. Buisson has addressed the following communication to the *Abbeille Médicale*. We give it verbatim:—"A single vapour bath is sufficient to prevent hydrophobia by eliminating the virus; nevertheless, for the sake of greater security, I caused seven to be taken in as many days, at a temperature of from 42 to 48 deg. Réaumur (127 to 140 Fahrenheit). Care should be taken to press the wound well while in the bath, in order to promote the expulsion. Immediately after the bite has been inflicted, wash the wound with a piece of linen dipped into liquid ammonia, and leave it on in a moist state for at least an hour to neutralize the virus. Treat the inflammation by cataplasmas of linseed, renewed every three hours, lest they should turn sour, and dress the wound with cold cream (*Ceratum Galenii*). I cause the patient to lie between two feather beds, and make him drink three or four litres of a warm infusion of borage per day. I prescribe much exercise, and let him eat what he likes. Above all, I forbade his attendants to allude to the accident, lest his imagination should be affected. My treatment does not prevent cauterization—a very uncertain process, since all those labouring under the disease whom I have treated had been cauterized. If the disorder has declared itself, I only prescribe a single bath, and leave the patient in till the cure is effected, taking care to raise the temperature gradually. Hydrophobia may last three days; experience has proved to me that the cure is certain on the first day of the outbreak; on the second day it is uncertain, and on the third impossible, from the difficulty and danger there would be in conveying the patient into the bath, and keeping him in. Who would wait for the third day, knowing my treatment? Nor should one wait for the outbreak; it ought always to be prevented. Hydrophobia never breaks out before the seventh day, so that there is time enough to perform a long journey to obtain what is called a Russian vapour-bath."

STATISTICS.

ENORMOUS IMMIGRATION INTO NEW YORK.—The immigration at this port alone for the year 1863, up to date, is computed at 163,000, while that for 1862, during a corresponding period, was 76,000, making an increase of \$4,000, or 8,000 more than the entire total of last year. Between the 1st and 30th Sept. of the present year, 11,384 emigrants arrived in this city in 29 sailing vessels and 17 steamers. Of these 10,871 were bondable passengers, and 513 were not bondable. During the same month last year 8,462 emigrants arrived in 43 sailing-vessels and nine steamers. The arrivals during two days of last month numbered 1,769 persons.

OCCUPATIONS OF EMIGRANTS.—It appears from the official returns that last year 2,438 agricultural labourers, gardeners, carters, &c., emigrated (as compared with 1,289 in 1861), 202 bakers (137 in 1861), 179 blacksmiths and farriers (96 in 1861), 27 bookbinders and stationers (9 in 1861), 309 boot and shoemakers (179 in 1861), 43 braziers, tinsmiths, whitesmiths, &c. (26 in 1861), 19 brick and tile makers, potters, &c. (12 in 1861) 499 bricklayers, masons, plasterers, slaters, &c. (363 in 1861), 27 builders (16 in 1861), 125 butchers, poulterers, &c. (68 in 1861), 46 cabinet-makers and upholsterers (34 in 1861), 938 carpenters and joiners (626 in 1861), 10 carvers and gilders (6 in

1861), 750 clerks (458 in 1861), 78 clock and watch makers (78 in 1861), 17 coachmakers and trimmers (8 in 1861), 185 coal miners (69 in 1861), 46 coopers (28 in 1861), 8 cutlers (6 in 1861), 120 domestic servants (54 in 1861), 12 dyers (4 in 1861), 33 engravers (9 in 1861), 226 engineers (95 in 1861), 4,127 farmers (3,207 in 1861), 1,667 gentlemen, professional men, merchants, &c. (888 in 1861), 26 jewellers and silversmiths (24 in 1861), 23,549 general labourers (17,913 in 1861), 4 locksmiths, gunsmiths, &c. (1 in 1861), 92 millers, maltsters, &c. (26 in 1861), 26 millwrights (9 in 1861), 1,720 miners and quarrymen (1,493 in 1861), 378 painters, plumbers and glaziers (220 in 1861), 28 pensioners (19 in 1861), 93 printers (51 in 1861), 11 ropemakers (4 in 1861), 32 saddlers and harness-makers (10 in 1861), 7 sailmakers (none in 1861), 49 sawyers (40 in 1861), 765 seamen (245 in 1861), 90 shipwrights (18 in 1861), 1,268 shopkeepers (1,146 in 1861), 166 general smiths (83 in 1861), 568 spinners and weavers (123 in 1861), 22 sugar bakers, boilers, &c. (16 in 1861), 25 surveyors (14 in 1861), 406 tailors (232 in 1861), 10 tallow-chandlers and soapmakers (4 in 1861), 22 tanners and curriers (21 in 1861), 10 turners (10 in 1861), 64 wheelwrights (21 in 1861), 9 woolecombers and sorters (12 in 1861), 1,050 other mechanics not specified (587 in 1861), and 7,728 not distinguished (3,930 in 1861). As regards the other sex, 8,983 were returned last year as domestic and farm servants, nurses, &c. (4,662 in 1861), 179 gentlewomen and governesses (64 in 1861), 378 milliners, dressmakers and needlewomen (169 in 1861), 12,854 married women (9,106 in 1861), 5 shopwomen (5 in 1861), 54 mechanics not before specified (38 in 1861), and 14,641 remained undistinguished (12,568 in 1861). The number of boys under 12 taken abroad last year was 7,538 (4,941 in 1861); of girls under 12, 7,190 (4,772 in 1861); of infants, 3,510 (2,224 in 1861); and the number of children undistinguished as to age or sex was 15,594 (19,248 in 1861).

THE STATUE IN THE GARDEN.

Ting clinging vines were beautiful,
The roses bright and rare;
But the poet could not rest until
He placed a statue there.
A bending form, a yielding grace,
Through green leaves gleaming white;
A seraph's smile, an angel's face,
Steeped in a fadless light.
The poet's neighbour shook his head,
With scornful smile and sneer—
"These book-men have strange taste," he said,
"That marble cost him dear."
"If he had put the money out,
Some wisdom he'd have shown;
But little good will come, I doubt,
From that dumb shape of stone!"
The morning after came a child,
Large-browed and eager-orbed
He saw with joyous cry and wild—
Then stood entranced, absorbed.
The blue veins swelled with wondrous thought,
Hot throbbing pulse and heart
Gave, with a speechless awe in wrought,
Mute homage unto art.
That beauteous thing, with heavenward face,
A deathless symbol grew,
Of what the boyish hands should trace—
The boyish will should do.
So, poet, thou didst fire a soul,
Though genius fanned the flame;
The neighbour's age two stones enroll—
Earth sings the sculptor's fame." A. D.

GEMS.

THINK before you speak, and consider before you promise. Take time to deliberate and advise; but lose no time in executing your resolutions.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

READ not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

To do evil for evil, is human corruption; to do good for good, is evil retribution; but to do good for evil, is Christian perfection.

WHEN you have no observers, be afraid of yourself. Observe yourself as your greatest enemy! so shall you become your greatest friend.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.—There is something solemn in the oldest inhabitant; he is the link between the dead and the living; in the course of nature the next to be called from among us; his place immediately

supplied by a second brother. Generations have gone, passed into the far world, and left him here their solitary spokesman—the one witness of the wonders that had birth among them. He remains here to check the vanity of the present by his testimony to the past. Where would be all human experience without the oldest inhabitant?

THE affection of woman is the most wonderful thing in the world; it tires not—faints not—dreads not—cools not. It is like the naptha that nothing can extinguish but the trampling foot of death.

FAME is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and the alloy, and feel the loss.

ACTIVE VIRTUE.—Many a virtue is locked up, like Ginevra in the oaken chest, until it becomes a mere skeleton itself. Virtue, like everything else, rots and wastes if not used.

Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon a tree, they show the nature of a man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEARLY all the ballet-girls and *figurantes* employed at the Paris theatres now are English girls.

THE American yacht *Gipsy* has been sold to an English gentleman for £2,500.

LORD PALMERSTON has just applied for a new lease of Cambridge House. The yearly rent of his town residence is £2,500.

THE IRON-CLADS IN THE MERSEY.—The Ottoman Government, it is asserted, is willing to purchase the two arrested iron-clads in the Mersey at the price of £130,000 each.

AN ANCIENT BELL.—An interesting archaeological discovery, it is said, has just been made at Ornolac, near Uzat-les-Bains (Ariège). On taking down a bell to make certain repairs in the steeple of the church, it was found to bear the date of 1079, and must consequently be one of the oldest bells in Christendom.

BEING DRESSED IN BLACK.—A Russian general of Polish descent, M. Kraskowski, while present during the performances at the grand theatre at Moscow, was ejected from the building by the fanatical populace, with his whole family, because his daughter was dressed in black. The young lady was in mourning for her mother.

THE steam navy of France consists of 325 vessels afloat, ranging in size from a first-class frigate to a gun-boat. Besides these wooden vessels there are six armour-clad frigates in commission, ten building, and 42 wooden frigates on the stocks. It is supposed that some of the latter will be converted into armour-plated frigates.

THE BLAKELY GUNS AT CHARLESTON.—We are given to understand that the heavy gun made on the Blakely pattern, which recently burst at Charleston, was constructed at Richmond. The 800-pounders sent from England were only being mounted when the latest advices left. The Prince Alfred gun, manufactured by the Mersey Steel and Iron Company, is now the property of Captain Blakely.

A STORM IN SPAIN.

DURING the night, in the neighbourhood of Barelona, a thunderstorm, accompanied by torrents of rain, like a waterspout, burst over the district between Rajadell and Hostalrich, and so swelled the torrents Lobrezat and Cardoner, that the country, for a space of four square leagues was, in a few hours inundated. The accumulated waters rushed through the town of Vich with such violence, as to leave it a mere heap of ruins, and drown a great number of the inhabitants, in spite of all that could be done to save them. The flood was at its height, and the storm still raging, when a train of nine carriages, which left Sirvac for Barcelona at half-past four, p.m., arrived at a temporary wooden bridge across the torrent at Hostalrich. The first two carriages of the train had already reached the opposite bank, when the bridge, having been weakened by the flood, gave way, and the other seven carriages were precipitated into the water.

Every possible means was immediately employed to rescue the passengers, but with only partial success, for even the official accounts state that twenty persons were taken out of the carriages quite dead, and thirty others more or less injured. Another account, however, represents the accident as far more disastrous, declaring that the number of passengers in the train was 180, all of whom, with the exception of twenty in the first carriages, were precipitated into the river, and that not more than four or five succeeded in getting out and reaching the bank. Many of the passengers had arrived from France by the diligences plying between Perpignan and Gerona.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. R. I.—Copyright commences from the moment of the publication of a work.

MARIA.—We will inquire, and, if possible, supply the information.

EXCELSIOR.—Apply for the license to the registrar of the district in which you reside.

J. C.—We cannot give you an answer, owing to your not having stated whether the property was freehold or leasehold.

A. D.—Ladies cannot help freely exercising the faculty of speech. Why, the tongue is the musical membrane that turns thought into sound.

L. L. L.—The custom of remaining uncovered in church commenced about the beginning of the seventeenth century. An order to that effect was issued soon after the accession of James, 1603.

J. E. U.—You should obtain an interview with the parent; but we think his likelihood of success slight. Had the lady recognized him, his chance would have been greater. The "cut direct" is a sad wound in affairs of the heart.

A TRUE SON OF EARTH should obtain an introduction through a relative of the lady. Any other mode would be romantic and likely to fail. Still, Irishmen are gallant by nature, and succeed oftener in such cases than woos of other countries.

S. D.—You have been gulled by a quack advertisement, and we should advise you to abide by the loss, and be wiser in future. In law you have a good action against the unprincipled adventurer.

J. W. D.—We do not subscribe to your definition. Suicide sometimes proceeds from cowardice; but not always, for cowards sometimes prevent it, since as many live because they are afraid to die, as die because they are afraid to live.

BATH.—The hired band could not be called the band of the regiment. Drums and fifes do not constitute a band, and militia regiments, unless embodied, rarely have any but a hired one for the three weeks' training.

L. W.—Alluvium is the crumpled soil derived from the washing of earths in water. Diluvium is a deposit formed by floods or a deluge (*diluvium*), in ages long gone by; silt is river mud or deposit; quartz is nearly pure flint, or as the geologists call it, silex.

ELIZA.—Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should not get married until she had spun herself a set of table and other linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain in England in all deeds and legal proceedings.

MARIE asks us for the derivation of the word honeymoon. We believe the following to be correct: It was the custom of the higher order of Teutones, a people who inhabited the northern parts of Europe, to drink mead, or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. The Saxons imported the custom into England, and from it, in course of time, arose the sober and more congenial way of enjoying the first month after marriage in retirement.

T. J.—If strong drink overpowers your discretion and draws you judgment, we should decidedly say abstain altogether. The great Dr. Johnson found total abstinence less difficult than occasional indulgence. We are no anarchists, but we say to all young people that the road to happiness is very wide and tempting, and if they would but consult their own welfare and honour, they would prefer taking the narrow one, leading to health and prosperity.

ANX.—Do not give way to despondency. As the old proverb says, "Crosses are ladders that do lead up to heaven." No one can go through life without being burdened with some troubles, and as another kind proverb says, "The worst of crosses is never to have had any," so kiss your husband, present to him a smiling countenance, have your house always tidy, your children clean, keep out of debt, and depend upon it you will find that happiness is not so difficult to obtain as you morbidly imagine.

P. S.—The coolness and humidity of the English climate arise from the great gulf stream, that vast oceanic current which sets from the coast of Mexico to the shores of England. Changes of temperature are, no doubt, extremely frequent; but then they are not great in degree. For example, the average temperature of winter is 40 deg. Fahrenheit; but of summer, 60 deg.; the extremes change comprised within a range of about 65 deg., whereas, in Germany and Hungary, the extremes of heat and cold at their respective seasons are much greater, and the range of the thermometer at least 100 deg. Such extreme changes give great force to the development of particular temperaments on the continent.

EMMA AND JANE.—Our young friends should consider that those living things for which they have conceived a horror are in themselves beautiful, and should be objects of our admiration. We believe there is not in the whole creation a thing that can properly be called disgusting. It may be troublesome and annoying, and may justly be removed, or, if necessary, destroyed. But in themselves, both insects and reptiles are most curiously and exquisitely wrought, and instead of shrinking from them with senseless horror, we may accustom ourselves to look at them with sensations of pleasure. It is to some persons, and might be to all, if they would cultivate the feeling, a source of infinite delight to watch the swarms of insects that people the whole creation in the midday of a summer sun. There are those who receive as much pleasure from the insect that settles on their finger as from the wild flower that blossoms under their feet. This compunction feeling in the contemplation of nature's living works, and that of persons who shrink from them with disgust, are merely habits of mind—the one just as well as cultivated as the other.

B. E.—We cannot accord to your sentiments any sympathy. War is a hideous curse, and it remains for the most powerful, the bravest, and the freest people of the globe to proclaim and establish the virtue and beauty, the holiness and necessity, of universal peace; and that they will proclaim it in due time we entertain no doubt. It has already occurred to the thinking masses of this great country, notwithstanding the humanizing creed which we profess, the civilization that we boast, and the increased intelligence of all classes of the population, that the ferocity of warfare is as brutal to-day as in the remotest times of savage ignorance—that the Christian and the heathen are to all intents and purposes one and the same when they meet as destroyers on the battle-field, and that what we call the glorious victories of British arms are scarcely to be distinguished from the butcheries of bar-

barous ages that we pity, and of more barbarous men whom we think proper to condemn. And it must be so. You cannot redeem, under any circumstances, the naked and horrid aspect of war, the offspring of brutality, and civilization's adopted child. War, in itself, is mighty evil, an incongruity in a scheme of social harmony, a canker at the heart of improvement, a living lie in a Christian land—a curse at all times.

JULIA.—Do not despair. A lover who could behave so meanly is not worth retaining. Young girls should not expect always to tread a path fringed with roses. Remember what a genuine poet, Sir Walter Scott, said; and if any man ever had crosses he had:

Even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe;
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
Weave the threads of human life.

AN ARTIST (Cirencester).—It is not by careless and desultory reading of indifferent or worthless books that you can earn the title of a well-read man or a scholar. A very small well-selected library (and remember the most useful and best books are the cheapest) will be as much or more than you can master thoroughly. But surely there is a public institution in your town where the leading books of reference are come-at-able at such hours as one in your position can avail himself of their use.

A. Y.—Asiatic Russia is of prodigious extent. It comprises almost all the whole length of Asia, from about the fifty-seventh degree of longitude east of London to more than one hundred and ninety degrees. As the northern latitude is very high, the degree shall only be assumed at thirty miles, and the length may be thus computed at about four thousand geographical miles.

A. L.—We admire your philosophy. You remind us of Moore's lines on the subject:—

"Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me—
'Tis not in man to charm me,
Unless joy be shared by thee.

B.—Woman should be tenderly and rationally loved—not treated to a dish of insane idolatry. You have been in the boundless realms of nonsense, and are now undeceived. The mists of passion have been rolled from before your vision, and you now find yourself and wife only mortal. Listen to an old truism. "There is always an indefinite charm attached to an object, the attainment of which we consider indispensable to complete our felicity; obtain it, and the illusion vanishes."

A SUBSCRIBER.—A gentleman offering his arm to a lady, ought not to be at a loss for words. If a stranger to her, the fewer and simplest would be the best. A couple are what is called "engaged," when they have exchanged promises of marriage, and the celebration of the great event is merely a matter of time and convenience.

ALICE JONES.—The coquetry and fastidiousness of the maid must not be allowed to rule the tastes and conduct of the wife. She must instruct herself in the manifold duties that have devolved upon her through her conjugal union, and so prepare herself for future contingencies, and she will be better able to resist crosses than be chagrined when they come. She must neither be too exacting nor too covetous of enjoyments, but bear in her remembrance that—

"Pleasure that comes unlooked-for is thrice welcome,
And if it stir the heart, if aught be there
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious, and the day it came
Is noted as a white day in our lives."

M. X.—If you can afford it, by all means gratify your taste for the antiquite, but it has been wisely said of the class of which you wish to become a member, that a thorough-paced antiquarian not only remembers what all other people have thought proper to forget, but he also forgets what all other people think it proper to remember.

ALICE DAY.—The first and most important quality of a woman is gentleness. Made to obey a being so imperfect as man, often full of vices, and often full of faults, she ought early to learn to suffer even in justice, and to bear wrong from a husband without complaining. It is not for his sake; it is for her own that she ought to be gentle.

P. P.—Coffee was introduced into England in the reign of James I. But it did not come into general use until a later period. In 1660, by an act of Charles II, a tax of 4s. was imposed on every gallon of coffee sold, and every vendor of the article was obliged to take out a license.

WINNIE LEE.—Who will take compassion on her? She tells her story in this wise:

Winnie Lee lives in a cottage,
All embowered in a dell;
Front of white, and walls of woolbining,
Where the linnets love to dwell.
Here, 'mid beauty, Winnie's happy—
Sunshine, flowers, leaves of green;
Revolving in pomp of nature,
One more happy never was seen!

ADA AND ALICE.—Two things, well-considered, would prevent many quarrels: first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

ANXINNE.—A ball-room introduction does not necessitate a recognition out of doors afterwards. Should the lady wish to renew the acquaintance she must be the first to bow in the street, park, public assembly, or wherever she may meet the gentleman.

A. WANDERER.—We cannot enter into the controversy. In proof of the Scriptural statements as to the ages of the antediluvian inhabitants of the globe, some eminent modern anatomists and physiologists have ventured to assert that the age of man could be prolonged indefinitely; indeed, a few maintain that he need not die at all.

A. W. M.—Man is so much the creature of habit as regards food, that he makes little or scarcely any provision for a scarcity of any of the particular articles of diet to which he has been accustomed. He abandons himself to despair and violence instead of profiting by his experience. In the present day there ought to be no such thing as a famine, or even high prices. Nature is not exhausted. Within her bosom may be thousands of precious substances, yet unknown. To doubt this, would be to repudiate the most logical inference afforded by the whole history of the earth. Corn and the

grape excepted, nearly all our staples in vegetable products are of comparatively modern discovery. Society had a long existence without tea, coffee, cotton, cocoons, sugar, and potatos. Who shall say there is not a more nutritious plant than the sugar-cane—a finer root than the potato—a more useful tree than the cotton? Buried wealth lies everywhere in the bowels of the earth, which needs but the true dividing rod of organized action for its discovery.

A. B.—The accepted explanation of the origin of the word *solecism* is the following:—Soli or Pompepolis was a colony of the Athenians, the inhabitants of which in time forgotting that native tongue, spoke a barbarous language; hence, anything rude or uncivilized is termed a *solecism*.

A. K. is desirous of forming an acquaintance with FANNY FERN. He is twenty-two years of age, has dark hair and whiskers, and is 5 ft. 8 in. He is in a mercantile office, and has £120 a year. If FANNY FERN thinks this worthy of notice, he will be glad to hear from her through THE LONDON READER.

HANNAH.—The study of the love of woman may be the study of a man's life, but what may be the study of the duration of a woman's love for a man is a question that requires solemn consideration. Men and women are so differently constituted that their different temperaments require different kinds of treatment.

M. K. is pleased with the description of HARRY INGSTRETE, and would like to hear more of him through THE LONDON READER, provided he is equally pleased with the following description:—M. F. is just twenty, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, has a fair complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, generally considered more ladylike-looking than pretty; of an amiable and affectionate disposition, and has a thorough knowledge of housekeeping, being the eldest daughter of a large family of brothers. Her family are highly respectable, and move in good society.

MARTIN.—A judicial separation, that is, as we have before explained, a separation which would not entitle the parties to marry again, may be obtained either by the husband or wife, on the ground of conjugal infidelity, or cruelty, or desertion, without cause for two years and upwards. Involuntary absence of either husband or wife from the conjugal roof does not amount to desertion. The mode of procedure is by petition to the court for "Divorce and Matrimonial Causes" or to any judge of assize at the assizes held for the county in which the husband and wife reside or resided last together. When the application is made by the wife, the judge has power to order her something for maintenance. The judge has also power to order the petition to be referred to the arbitration of counsel, and thus avoid the scandal of a public hearing. This seems to us the best way of disposing of this kind of matrimonial differences.

T. E. S.—In education it is the same as in business. Whatever you undertake let it be a fixed principle with you to keep on till you have accomplished your wishes. And here a habit of observation will also be of great assistance. By observation is meant the paying attention to what is going on around us, making proper use of our eyes. There are thousands of persons who never see anything—that is, they shut their eyes to everything, but the mere mechanism of life—the three meals a day, dressing, and undressing. But observation will show as a thousand facts that will add to our knowledge and experience. Note well the different characters of the people we work with, of those you meet in your daily business, and by-and-by you will find out they are not alike, and learn to value the best. Pay attention to handiwork; how many hints you may pick up which otherwise you would never have known! Are you taking a country walk? you will find in the trees and hedgerows, in weeds and stones, many things to make you thoughtful and increase your pleasures. It is not all barren; there is a multitude of delights for those who will take the trouble to look for them. Observation leads a man to form correct judgments; if he has any notions in his head he can always test their value by observation, by comparison with others. And, what is not least, by observation at home you will learn to understand differences in the character of your children, and to train them so as to bring out the good that is in their nature, and thus avoid the error of governing them by one limited, uncompliant rule.

M. T.—We can only repeat that it should be remembered that it is difficult, in the first instance, to make a child really understand precisely what is meant by truth and honesty. It is not every departure from veracity in a child just learning to speak, or every misappropriation of property into which it may slide, that should be banded with the opprobrious name of falsehood or theft. The culprit may be clear of any bad intention, and ignorant of any fault, although the fact may be clearly proved. Caution, discrimination, and much kindness are therefore requisite in correcting these evident faults, while advantage should be taken to inform the understanding and quicken the conscience, as to the broad difference between right and wrong. With those children who are the most sensible of this difference, and on whom the guilt of falsehood has been most firmly impressed, a frequent incentive to its committing is fear. An active and unlucky urchin meets with some trifling accident, or perhaps perpetrates some wanton mischief. Immediately his little heart beats quickly with dread of consequences. He knows that, if found out, he will be put to bodily pain. This his nature shrinks from, and he seeks means to avoid it. If he tell a lie, he may escape punishment; and accordingly he lies. This is sad; but what else can be expected? We do not look for the heroism of martyrs in our children, and we ought not to look for it. Now all this temptation and wrong-doing could and should be prevented. We would have every parent lay down as an absolute rule for himself or herself: Never severely to punish a child for a fault freely and frankly confessed.

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